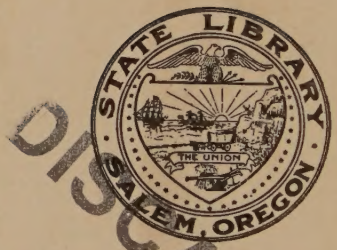

DISCARD

SHORT SCENES FROM SHAKESPEARE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS
ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO

SHORT SCENES
FROM
SHAKESPEARE

AND HOW TO ACT THEM

BY

ISABEL McREYNOLDS GRAY

NORTH HOLLYWOOD HIGH SCHOOL
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1929

WITHDRAWN
Pierce Library
Eastern Oregon University
1410 L Avenue
La Grande, OR 97850

COPYRIGHT, 1929.
BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Set up and electrotyped. Published November, 1929.

All rights reserved, including
the right of reproduction
in whole or in
part in any
form.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION ix

AS YOU LIKE IT

INTRODUCTION 3
SCENE — Act III, Scene 5. The Perfect Lover . . . 6
NOTES ON AS YOU LIKE IT 18

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

INTRODUCTION 24
SCENE — Act I, Scene 2. Julia Receives a Love-Letter . . 27
NOTES ON TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA 42

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

INTRODUCTION 43
SCENE — Act III, Scene 1. A Trap Is Set for Beatrice . . 46
NOTES ON MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING 54

OTHELLO

INTRODUCTION 57
SCENE — Act II, Scene 2. The Disgrace of Michael Cassio . 61
NOTES ON OTHELLO 87

KING RICHARD II

INTRODUCTION 88
SCENE — Act III, Scene 4. A Young Queen's Grief . . 92
SCENE — Act V, Scene 1. The Parting 102
NOTES ON KING RICHARD II 109

KING HENRY IV — PART I

INTRODUCTION 114
SCENE — Act I, Scene 3. Hotspur Defies the King . . 119
INTRODUCTION 138
SCENE — Act III, Scene 2. Prince Hal Is Called to Duty . 139
NOTES ON KING HENRY IV 148

KING HENRY V

INTRODUCTION 154
SCENE — Act III, Scene 4. The English Lesson . . . 157
SCENE — Act V, Scene 2. The Betrothal 164
NOTES ON KING HENRY V 182

PAGE

KING HENRY VI — PART I

Introduction 185
Scene — Act II, Scene 4. The White Rose and the Red . 188

KING HENRY VI — PART II

Introduction 199
Scene — Act II, Scene 1. Two Miracles 202
Scene — Act II, Scene 4. The Punishment of the Duchess . 224

KING HENRY VI — PART III

Introduction 233
Scene — Act II, Scene 5. Civil War 235
Notes on King Henry VI, Parts I, II, and III . . . 243

KING HENRY VIII

Introduction 249
Scene — Act I, Scene 4. Anne Bullen Meets the King . . 252
Notes on King Henry VIII 265

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Introduction 268
Scene — Act I, Scene 3. The Gentle Mother-in-Law . . 272
Notes on All's Well That Ends Well 287

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Introduction 289
Scene — Act II, Scene 2. Isabella Pleads for the Life of Her Brother 294
Notes on Measure for Measure 308

CORIOLANUS

Introduction 311
Scene — Act I, Scene 3. A Soldier's Wife 313
Notes on Coriolanus 322

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Introduction 324
Scene — Act V, Scene 2. The Death of Cleopatra . . 327
Notes on Antony and Cleopatra 358

Bibliography 361

Index 363

ILLUSTRATIONS

		FACING PAGE
ROSALIND.	So, take her to thee, shepherd; — fare you well .	12
JULIA.	Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker! Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines? . .	32
ALICE.	Oui; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess	172
CAESAR.	Bravest at the last: She levell'd at our purposes, and being royal, Took her own way.	356

INTRODUCTION

To the Directors

The Children's Bill of Rights must certainly include, along with the right to be reverent, to be good, to be healthy, to be happy; to be loved, clothed, fed, housed, and educated, the inalienable right to enjoy the good and beautiful things of this world: with their bodies to enjoy the gifts of nature, with their minds to enjoy the works of art.

This is a plea for the right to enjoy the plays of Shakespeare, and a diffident suggestion that, as customarily handled in our schools and colleges, it is impossible to enjoy them. Excellent as intellectual drills in character and plot analysis, or appreciation of language or style may be, the enjoyment to be derived by the ordinary student from such pursuits is limited. Far more highly to be valued than the intellectual appreciation of a work of art, are the emotional reactions which it inspires, since these have an immediate effect on conduct; and these emotional reactions, in the case of plays, are to be experienced only in playing or in seeing others play.

Experience would seem to prove that no other material affords such pleasure or such opportunity for growth to persons of all ages as do the plays of Shakespeare. The merest "mouthing" of the sonorous lines seems to release some inner spring of emotional life; and continued playing in character and scene induces an ever-growing understanding of the human heart and of the universal truth which illuminates Shakespeare's stage world. His plays are not for the few, but for the many with whom we in the public schools are concerned and among whom most of us belong. They were made to be spoken, to be acted, not to be read. Few, indeed, are those who can rise to the fine frenzy of Lamb, whose imagination painted such scenes for him in the seclusion of his study, that no mortal Lear, nor material stage could satisfy his artistic demands. Few can derive real pleasure from a purely scholarly and critical

perusal of a work regarded as a relic of the past age. But every one can enjoy watching or playing a play which tells an eternal truth about life. Though embodied in the speech of a vanished society, the comment on life of this great intelligence makes a universal appeal. Shakespeare's plays are modern in spirit, and everything of importance voiced by dramatists of to-day has been better and more profoundly stated by Shakespeare, whose scope embraces fantasy and romance, tragedy, heroics, comedy high and low, as well as realistic drama inclusive of the stark presentation of human folly in its most sordid aspects.

Many short scenes from the plays are admirably suited to classroom production, and many and varied are the results to be achieved by means of such presentations: an enriched vocabulary, the pleasure of rhythmic utterance, the unconscious attainment of new modes of expression, the joy of activity, the release of emotions, vicarious experiences leading to the establishment of new ideals of conduct, and contact with great truths vividly expressed.

This book is designed for general use by teachers and students of literature. The plays of Shakespeare should not be read silently, but should be spoken always, and acted whenever possible. The scenes included in this volume have been chosen because they reveal youthful characters in comic, heroic, or tragic conflict with life. In general, they have been chosen from plays less frequently read. The stage directions are of the simplest. They have been adapted from the traditional business of the great interpreters to the limitations of student players and of school platforms. Changes will naturally occur both to actors and to directors, when further adaptations are necessary. The introduction and notes to each scene, together with the explanatory matter included under the stage directions, are designed to relieve the student from all obligations in the matter of research. Best results will be obtained if no suggestion is made regarding "outside study." "Inside study" is indicated and usually it will be found that scholarly preoccupation with literature will lessen the desire and the ability to "get into character." When a student has enjoyed the experience of playing Shakespeare's characters in Shakespeare's situations, he is then capable of a scholarly approach to literary and critical study, and frequently he is ready for it. From the absorbing game of make-

believe, the student is enriched by experiences in characters profoundly conceived. He enjoys a new freedom of activity and an emotional outlet at once safe and satisfying. Best of all, he has fun. Within his capacity, he experiences *πρὸς ἡδονήν*, the rational pleasure defined by Aristotle. Pleasure is the only legitimate objective in the "study" of art. All others are destructive of the creative spirit.

To the Players

Acting is the only universal language. Babies act long before they speak; children make-believe the same stories the world over; the strayed traveler pantomimes his adventures to the natives and is understood. Plays are the universal entertainment. In some form, including pantomime, dancing, formal speech or impromptu dialogue, dramatic art is practiced wherever human beings gather in social groups. Indeed, some animals are very clever actors.

When a great artist makes a play, he gives us a plot and characters that tell us something eternally true about life, and this, if we choose to take it, may become a part of our own experience. Everybody can act. Everybody who grows up into a normal human being does a good deal of informal acting on the way. All of our conduct is acting. We "act naughty" or we "act nice" according to our moods or our desire to affect others. But too often, as we become older, we give up the free expression of our emotions and try not to act extraordinarily. This is a mistake. We should all have opportunities to act, to release the pent-up emotions in us: to play mad, or bad, or sad, savage or angelic, gay or desperate, to feel and taste the thrills and tears of adventure or of tragedy. It does not matter, particularly, how crudely we express ourselves; we should act for the fun of it, and we should act the plays that great dramatists have made, because in them we become acquainted with interesting places and events, and with people who are real, like ourselves.

Shakespeare is the truest of the dramatists. His characters are real people. Humanity does not change with the changes in the material world. Men and women are always the same, whether they live in the tents of the Arabs, in the damp stone palaces of seventeenth-century England, or in modern comfort. Shake-

speare's plays are as entertaining to-day as they were when he wrote them to the popular demand, because he made his characters real people and told the truth about them. Though they are far away in time and place and expressed in a language now strange to us, though the stories are often complicated, the characters are so true that we can readily understand all that they say and feel. King Lear and Cordelia are father and daughter. We could understand them no better if he were a rich and powerful man of to-day and she his loving but rebellious modern child.

The plays of Shakespeare may be compared with the ocean, those who enjoy his plays, to those who enjoy the ocean, according to their individual tastes and abilities. There are those who sit on the sand, watching, and listening to the roar and crash of the breakers. There are those who wade along the shallows, those who swim, those who sail the surface in ships, those who explore the depths in submarines and diving suits. For every type of mind there is pleasure to be found in great literature like these plays of Shakespeare. Actors are like the waders and the swimmers. They enter the ocean of Shakespeare's art and for the time become part of it.

There is a secret to acting. It is the magic word that opens the door to the treasure house. All children know this "Open, Sesame!" so they begin all their plays with "Let's pretend!" Imagination is the foundation of good playing. Imagine yourself *the person* in *the circumstances*. If you do, the director will never be obliged to suggest that you "look sad" or "look pleased." If you imagine yourself to be the little queen in the garden, you will *be sad;* if you are Prince Hal at the French Court, you will *be pleased*, because you *feel* the character. You may even feel a physical glow of triumph, or shed real tears. That is acting. Of course, there is another side to acting, the technical side, which must be mastered by those who are to become professionals. A certain amount of technique must be acquired by students, also, if their playing is to give pleasure to others. You should learn to breathe, to stand, and to walk correctly, and should cultivate a pleasant quality of voice. You should pronounce the words clearly and audibly. You should study the lines, giving emphasis to the important words and pausing when necessary. You should "suit the action to the word," allowing your body to express, by its positions and movements, what your

heart is feeling. Observation of the people you see daily will teach you the differences between the actions of an old man like Henry IV and an old man like Corin, or between the actions of old men and young men. Observation and reflection will teach the girls how to distinguish between the behavior of Julia and Lucetta, or Phebe and Rosalind.

On the stage, right and left, as directions, are understood to be the actor's right and left. Up stage is away from the audience, down stage is toward the audience. When entering, the up stage foot is the first to cross the threshold. When crossing from one side of the stage to the other, the up stage foot takes the first step. Gestures usually are made with the up stage hand. If you are compelled, by the positions of other players on the stage, to speak up stage, with your back to the audience, increase the force of your voice and enunciate with greater distinctness, so that what you say may be understood. Whenever the plot demands action, include it every time you speak your lines. Kneel to Angelo or to the Countess. Run away from the Beadle's staff or unmask in the character of Henry VIII. If you are Julia, see that Lucetta brings you a letter to tear up. If you are the Clown, insist upon having a basket of figs and vipers to bring to Cleopatra. Articles used in the play are called stage properties and it is always well to appoint a responsible person to be property man, or "props." This person should assemble the properties and have them ready for the players; and an earnest player will as terrified by a sweater belt pretending to be the viper, as by the deadliest snake of the Nile.

Never act unless you want to. Never closely approach a work of art unless it draws you. Do not act plays because some one says you should. If you cannot enjoy this kind of playing, it is not for you, now. You may grow to it, you may not. But do not force your inclination. The result of forced appreciation is barren, imitation culture, worth nothing. Never act unless you like it; but be sure about it. You may be bashful. Everything that a player needs to know about acting is included in Hamlet's speech to the players. Consider it well; then utter the magic word, and great happiness is yours for the taking.

You can find valuable instruction in acting, pantomime, voice, diction, etc. in *The Speech Arts*, by Alice Evelyn Craig.

SHORT SCENES FROM SHAKESPEARE

AS YOU LIKE IT

As You Like It is one of the best-known and best-loved of Shakespeare's comedies. It is a gay, delightful tale of young love and adventure in the Forest of Arden. Shakespeare based the story on the prose tale, *Rosalynde*, by Lodge, who, in turn, had drawn it from the *Tale of Gamelyn*, attributed to Chaucer. But Shakespeare created a new world of romance from the old materials. Rosalind is one of his most charming heroines, Jacques is one of his most fascinating philosophers, and Touchstone is the wittiest of all the merry company of the great Poet's fools.

The story of the play mingles serious matter with gayety, and disaster with good fortune in such a manner as to keep the audience in thrilled suspense until the happy ending. Orlando, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois, has been illtreated, since his father's death, by his older brother, Oliver, who even conspires to have him killed in a wrestling match. Orlando, however, upsets this plan, wins the match, the applause of the Duke, and the heart of the Duke's niece, Rosalind. Reversal of fortune follows immediately, upon the Duke's learning Orlando's name. Before Sir Rowland's death, Duke Frederick says, "I did find him still mine enemy." So Orlando is banished, but not before Rosalind has given him a token of her admiration and sympathy. Orlando, with his faithful old servant, Adam, departs for the forest. In that forest are gathered some other interesting exiles. Duke Frederick, it seems, is a usurper and the lawful ruler, his brother, with his banished nobles is keeping court "under the greenwood tree." Moreover, we learn, this

banished Duke is Rosalind's father. She has been kept at court only because her cousin, Celia, loves her so much that she cannot live apart from her. Duke Frederick suddenly determines that Rosalind is a dangerous person to have about, so he banishes her. In one of the loveliest scenes in all dramatic literature, Celia declares that she will go into exile with her cousin, and the two court ladies plan to disguise themselves as persons of humble rank, in order to escape notice. Rosalind declares that she will be a boy, since she is "somewhat more than common tall," and Celia will stain her face with "a kind of umber" and dress as a shepherdess. They will be known as Ganymede and his sister, Aliena. They take with them Touchstone, the jester from the court. Into the forest, then, comes Romance. Orlando goes about decorating the trees with verses — very bad verses! — in praise of Rosalind. These Rosalind finds, of course, and sighs over. She meets her lover, who never suspects her identity, so absorbed is he in his own thoughts about a certain court lady. She, in her character of saucy boy, dares even to ridicule him for being in love and agrees to cure him if he will come every day to her house and pretend that she is Rosalind! Celia is rather dubious as to the propriety of this proceeding, but so well does Rosalind play her part, that not a soul guesses she is not the boy she pretends to be. Phebe, a shepherdess, playing coquette with her faithful lover, Silvius, falls deeply in love with the "new boy." This little scene is the one we have chosen to study. It shows Rosalind at the height of her adventure, with tears in her eyes because Orlando has failed to keep his appointment with her, but with laughter on her lips because she knows that he loves her, and with a sigh in her heart because her masquerade is almost at an end. Rosalind loves playing the boy. Even her own father has not detected her. But she loves more to play the woman and so, at the end, in a Masque of Hymen, she makes clear all the mystery.

There are two other love tales in the play. Orlando's wicked brother Oliver comes to the forest and is made into a new and good man by certain adventures, and especially by his love for Celia. Touchstone, the court jester, finds a strange love in Audrey, the country girl. All the wicked are happily reformed, and all the good bountifully rewarded, while Jacques, throughout, utters his satirical comments on human folly.

THE PERFECT LOVER

AS YOU LIKE IT

Act III, Scene 5

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Phebe, *a shepherdess*

Silvius, *a shepherd*

Corin, *an old shepherd*

Rosalind, *daughter to the banished* Duke *and now disguised as a shepherd*

Celia, *daughter to* Duke Frederick *and now disguised as a shepherdess*

Scene: — *The Forest of Arden is the forest of romance. However we may create this, with draperies, slanting rays of light, whispering leaves, or bird-calls, there should be a tree, up left, behind which* Celia *may lurk with* Corin, *and a stump or log right center, to serve as a seat.*

Enter from the left, Phebe *and* Silvius. Phebe *is running. She is between laughing and pouting. She runs across the stage and flounces down on the log, facing right. She knows that* Silvius *is following her, so she does not look back at him. He runs in, a little breathless because for a moment he has lost sight of her. He pauses, addressing her eloquent back, even while it rejects him.* Silvius *does not despair of* Phebe, *but he has not sufficient confidence to win her — as yet. His smile, as he speaks, is wistful.*

Silvius

Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me;

She shrugs, still turned away. He goes swiftly to her, kneeling on the log beside her, and pleads to her averted face.

do not, Phebe:

He pops around to face her at right.

Say that you love me not,

She turns to the left and he pops back to the left to face her again.

but say not so

In bitterness;

Again she turns her back to him, moving away to the right end of the log so that there is room for him to sit at her left, which he does, earnestly addressing his plea to her back.

the common executioner
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

During this speech, which has served only to irritate PHEBE, CORIN, *with finger on lips, has ushered in* ROSALIND *and* CELIA. *They lurk near the tree up left. They are bubbling with mischief. Old toothless* CORIN *is grinning with delight at the "show" he has promised the strangers. The disguised princesses are aglow and agleam with health, youth, and the joy of their new-found freedom. Gentle* CELIA *is half alarmed and wholly charmed by the daring of* ROSALIND, *masquerading as a boy. She has just been laughing at her cousin whose heart is so tormented by her love for* ORLANDO. *These three in the shadow of the trees listen to Phebe's outrageous flirtation with poor, faint-hearted* SILVIUS.

PHEBE

(*Turning so fiercely to* SILVIUS *that he almost tumbles off the log*)

I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Their knees are almost touching as they sit facing each other. Now she clasps her hands about her knees and leans back.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye;

SILVIUS *watches her, enraptured with her coquetries. She wishes him to look at her eyes, and he does.*

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, (*she opens hers wide*) that are the frailest and softest things, —
Who shut their coward gates on atomies —
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Here she leans forward until her face is temptingly near his and frowns prettily. He dares not.

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart!
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;

Pause for effect! When she judges that SILVIUS *can endure very little more, she jumps up and towers over him in a fine rage.*

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now, fall down;

SILVIUS, *instead, leaps to his feet and might have her in his arms but that she suddenly shifts her mood, bewildering him by soft, tearful reproach.*

Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show some wound mine eyes have made in thee;

She touches him lightly over the heart and he imprisons her hand in his ardent grasp. She lets this rest for a moment, countering his eager gaze with wide-eyed earnestness.

Scratch thee but with a pin and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure

She turns his hands, which have been holding hers too warmly, and searches his palms for a wound. — Finding none, she pushes them away. His arms again would be about her, but she whirls aside, just out of reach, — waiting.

Thy palm some moments keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

She finishes with a fine show of righteous indignation. ROSALIND, *in the background, makes an impulsive gesture, and is restrained by* CELIA. CORIN *is delighted with his "pageant."*

SILVIUS *half guesses that* PHEBE *yearns to be mastered, but he lacks the hardihood to attempt heroic measures, so he speaks humbly, sadly; and his words find an echo in Rosalind's heart.*

SILVIUS

O dear Phebe, (*Phebe's laugh fills up the line.*)
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHEBE

(*Scorning him for a tame lover; angry, perhaps, because she wishes him something else, and so, vixenish*)

But till that time,
Come thou not near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

ROSALIND, *indignant at this affront to love, comes swiftly down.* CELIA *clasps her hands and raises her eyes in mock despair.* CORIN *observes with open mouth and eyes, and a hand to his good ear.*

SILVIUS *sighs deeply, and* PHEBE, *in vexation, stamps her foot at him. She opens her red mouth for other harsh words — to goad him to action, possibly, — but she is silenced by the vision that confronts her.* SILVIUS, *recognizing a superior, bows and steps back. He crosses behind* PHEBE *and stands at her right.* PHEBE *drops a low curtsy to this glorious new youth.* ROSALIND *advances like a vengeful young god, so lovely, so scornful, with a loveliness and a scorn as far beyond Phebe's as is the star beyond the rush-candle.* ROSALIND,

however disguised, can be no less than a princess. Her regal bearing, her lovely voice, her charm, bewitch poor PHEBE, *who falls fathoms deep in love with the very embodiment of Romance.*

ROSALIND

And why, I pray you?

PHEBE *drops another curtsy.*

Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,

PHEBE *turns the full blaze of her buxom charms on* ROSALIND.

As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed —

PHEBE *hangs her head and pouts prettily, not believing a word of it.*

Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

PHEBE *looks up, all her simple soul in her eyes, and smiles an invitation to the unknown youth.* ROSALIND *is at once impatient with the minx and delighted with this new proof of the success of her disguise.*

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work.

Ignoring this obvious absurdity, PHEBE *preens herself, looks up, looks down, sighs, fluttering her ribbons, turns half away and directs a killing glance over her left shoulder at* ROSALIND, *who is staggered by it, and in turn sends a look of comic dismay to the delighted* CELIA. CORIN, *chuckling, winks, slaps his leg and executes a little dance of glee.*

Od's my little life!

I think, she means to tangle my eyes, too. —

PHEBE *steps a little nearer, smiling.* ROSALIND *steps back.*

No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it; (PHEBE *pouts.*)
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

PHEBE *shrugs and turns away, up stage.* ROSALIND *crosses to* SILVIUS, *whose jealousy she disarms with her frank good will. She claps him on the shoulder.*

You foolish shepherd, why do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman.

To SILVIUS *this is heresy, yet he listens to the stranger with respect. His sadness and his simplicity lend him dignity.*

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments could show her.

ROSALIND *turns and beckons to* PHEBE, *who comes down on Rosalind's left.*

But mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,

She takes Phebe's right hand.

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.
For I must tell you friendly in your ear, —

She leans close to PHEBE.

Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer.

ROSALIND *hands* PHEBE *across to* SILVIUS, *whose arms are waiting for her.*

Foul is most foul, being foul, to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd; — fare you well.

ROSALIND, *with an eloquent nod to* SILVIUS, *turns to go left.* CELIA *and* CORIN *come down to meet her.* CELIA *and* ROSALIND *with difficulty restrain their laughter.*

PHEBE

(*Throwing Silvius' arms from her and following* ROSALIND)

Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;

ROSALIND, *effacing all signs of mirth from her face, turns and looks sternly at* PHEBE, *who bravely continues.*

I'd rather hear you chide than this man woo.

She clasps her hands and gazes, rapt, at ROSALIND, *who has difficulty in repressing her amusement.*

ROSALIND

(*To* CELIA)

He's fallen in love with her foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger:

To SILVIUS

If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. —

To PHEBE, *whose languishing look she meets with all her severity*

Why do you look so upon me?

PHEBE

(*She thinks she knows her own mind, and she throws such worlds of meaning into her speech that* CELIA *and* CORIN *are quite overcome.*)

For no ill will I bear you.

ROSALIND

(*Frowning and acting the man of the world for Celia's benefit*)

I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine.
Besides, I like you not.

ROSALIND *snaps her fingers and turns left — bubbling with mirth as soon as her back is toward* PHEBE. *She would hurry away, but*

Camera study by George Walters

Posed by students of North Hollywood High School

ROSALIND. So, take her to thee, shepherd; — fare you well.

soft-hearted CELIA *sees* PHEBE *sink to the ground in tears, and* SILVIUS *kneel beside her with offers of comfort. She reproaches* ROSALIND, *who goes back and stands over the sad pair.* SILVIUS *looks up resentfully, from his task of gently drying Phebe's lustrous eyes.* PHEBE *makes an appealing gesture with one pretty hand.* ROSALIND *hesitates, looks desperately at* CELIA *and* CORIN, *who have laughed themselves weak at her predicament. She turns back to* PHEBE *and says,*

If you will know my home,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here, hard by. —

ROSALIND *crosses left, turns, and sees* CELIA *still laughing at her*

Will you go, sister?

CELIA *pretends to be in awe of her "brother" yet does not move.* ROSALIND *assumes a more abrupt manner, to cover her embarrassment.*

Shepherd, ply her hard. —

SILVIUS, *his arms full of tearful* PHEBE, *sends the strange youth a threatening look.* ROSALIND *wishes to retreat in good order.*

Come, sister. —

CELIA *goes with* ROSALIND *to the exit, but hangs back for a last look.* ROSALIND, *really upset at her unwilling part in the triangle, gives* PHEBE *a last bit of friendly advice.*

Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud. Though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

ROSALIND *throws her arm about* CELIA, *and draws her away from the scene. Off stage we hear their laughter. Old* CORIN *toddles after them, cackling, with backward glances at the lovelorn pair.*

PHEBE

(*A softened, subdued, no longer vixenish girl, gazing after the vanished youth, addresses a beloved poet.*)

Dead shepherd! Now I find thy saw of might;
"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

SILVIUS

(*Hoping for some advantage to himself from this softened mood*)
Sweet Phebe. —

PHEBE

His name is music on her tongue, because she is thinking of that other boy.
Ha! What say'st thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS

Sweet Phebe, pity me.

They are sitting side by side on the ground.

PHEBE

(*Gently*) Why, I am sorry for thee, Silvius.

SILVIUS

(*Seizing a grain of comfort and arguing wisely*)
Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

PHEBE

She gives him her hand.
Thou hast my love. Is that not neighborly?

SILVIUS

I would have you.

He encircles her and she does not draw away. She nestles, rather.

PHEBE

(*Playfully reproachful*)
Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;

She pauses, collecting her thoughts, considering what she should do in this new state of affairs. SILVIUS *waits contentedly, holding her close, her head on his shoulder. Perhaps a trifle too much ardor in his clasp causes her to add.*

And yet it is not that I love thee now;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee, too;
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness, that thou art employ'd.

SILVIUS

(*The perfect lover*)

So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps; loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

She is indeed to be envied who inspires such devotion, and well does PHEBE *know it. It is* SILVIUS *who makes her sigh happily, here, though she moves away from him and signifies that she would like to rise from her lowly position. He springs to his feet and assists her to arise. She arranges her ruffles.* SILVIUS *gathers up his staff.* PHEBE *then asks, too casually, over her shoulder.*

PHEBE

Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me, erewhile?

SILVIUS

(*Frowning*)

Not very well, but I have met him oft.

He turns away, moodily, to the right.

PHEBE

(Looking at him kindly, shakes her head in pity. She is flattered by his jealousy even though she thinks she does not value his love. In the following speech, PHEBE *weighs her vanity against her infatuation, and all her changing moods are reflected in* SILVIUS, *who dies when she praises the stranger, and is resurrected when she scorns him.)*

Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'Tis but a peevish boy: —

SILVIUS *agrees with this, but his joy is short-lived.*

yet he talks well; —

SILVIUS *is not so eloquent.*

Yet what care I for words?

SILVIUS *would offer actions, but is diffident.*

yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases them that hear.
It is a pretty youth: —

SILVIUS *hates that prettiness.*

not very pretty: —

PHEBE *remembers the scorn of her own beauty, and is vindictive.*

But sure he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offense, his eye did heal it up.

She regards SILVIUS *thoughtfully, comparing him with her mental vision of her new love.*

He is not tall;

SILVIUS *is taller.*

yet for his years he's tall:

SILVIUS *is older.*

His leg is but so;

SILVIUS *has no reason to be ashamed of his.*

and yet, 'tis well;
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

PHEBE *goes close to* SILVIUS *and speaks with great earnestness, working herself into a pretty little passion, convincing them both.*

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but for my part
I love him not;

Good news for SILVIUS!

nor hate him not;

Not so good.

and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair, black;

His attention so called to her charms, SILVIUS *does them justice.*

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.
I marvel, why I answer'd not again:

A beautiful thought comes to her.

But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it. Wilt thou, Silvius?

In the most ingenuous entreaty, she puts her hand on his arm.

SILVIUS

(*Raising her hand to his lips, then holding it to his heart*)

Phebe, with all my heart.

PHEBE

(*Not withdrawing her hand*)

I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart;
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius.

[*She leads him away, talking sweetly*

CURTAIN

NOTES ON AS YOU LIKE IT

"It is the most ideal of any of this author's plays. It is a pastoral drama in which the interest arises more out of the sentiments and characters than out of the actions or situations." — Hazlitt (p. 305 — 1817): Furness, *Variorum.*

"It is the very pleasantest and sweetest of plays, sprinkled with a good deal of seriousness; and some unhappiness, but none of it cuts deep." — Bathurst (p. 76): Furness, *Variorum.*

"Upon the whole, As You Like It is the sweetest and happiest of all Shakespeare's comedies." — Dowden (p. 80): Furness, *Variorum.*

"To me As You Like It seems to be as much a love-poem as Romeo and Juliet; with this difference: that it deals with happy love, while the Veronese story deals with love crossed by misadventure and crowned with death." — Lady Martin (p. 406): Furness, *Variorum.*

who might be your mother: Variorum, p. 201 — Johnson: "It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying of those who commit it that they were born of rocks or suckled by tigers."

what though you have no beauty: Variorum, p. 203 — Grant White: "Rosalind's purpose is solely to take the conceit out of Phebe." Wright: "The negative is certainly required because Rosalind's object is to strike a blow at Phebe's vanity." Furness: "Unquestionably, Rosalind's object is 'to strike a blow at Phebe's vanity' and 'to take the conceit out of her.' The question seems to me: will this end be gained as effectively by denying that the girl has any

beauty at all as by granting that she has no more than the ordinary of nature's sale-work. To tell Phebe roundly that she has no beauty whatsoever would be overshooting the mark. The devotion of Silvius disproves that. Phebe knew she was pretty, and though inky brows and black silk hair were not deemed as bewitching, in former times, as those of gold, yet cheeks of cream have never been despised since blushes first mantled them. . . . Accordingly the text which I should follow would be Hanmer's." Hanmer: "What though you have some beauty." (It seems to me that "What though you have no beauty" is the better reading. Rosalind knows that Phebe knows what everyone knows — that Phebe is, in her own way, a beauty. But beauty is a matter of taste, and Rosalind is saying that Ganymede does not consider Phebe beautiful. It is a teasing remark, not intended to hurt deeply, for Rosalind is never really unkind to Phebe, and it is clear that Phebe is not hurt, at the time, because she does not believe that the beautiful "boy" can mean what he says. It is only after she has had time to think matters over that she works up her indignation over the disparagement of her charms. — Ed.)

Dead shepherd! Variorum, p. 300 — "Capell discovered the 'dead shepherd' to be Marlowe, whose saw: 'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight,' a line from Hero and Leander, Phebe found to be of might. Marlowe's poem was published in 1598 and provisional entry of As You Like It was made in the Stationers' registers on the 4th of August 1600. This seems to place the play between 1598 and 1600."

Rosalind: Variorum, p. 407 — Hudson: "For wit, this strange, queer, lovely being is fully equal to Beatrice, yet nowise resembling her . . . she is outwardly merry and inwardly sad at the same time. . . . Yet, beneath all her frolicsomeness, we feel that there is a firm basis of thought and womanly dignity; so that she never laughs away our respect. . . . It is quite remarkable how, in respect of her disguise, Rosalind just reverses the conduct of Viola, yet with much the same effect. For though she seems as much at home in her male attire as if she had always worn it, this never strikes us otherwise than as an exercise of skill for the perfection of her masquerade. And on the same principle her occasional freedoms

of speech serve to deepen our sense of her innate delicacy; they being manifestly intended as a part of her disguise, and springing from the feeling that it is far less indelicate to go a little out of her character in order to prevent suspicion of her sex, than it would be to hazard such a suspicion by keeping strictly within her character. In other words, her free talk bears much the same relation to her character as her dress does to her person, and is therefore becoming to her, even on the score of feminine modesty."

Celia: Variorum, p. 407 — Hudson: "Celia appears well worthy of a place beside her whose love she shares and repays." (Celia is a beautiful example of that type of girl — or woman — who can unselfishly rejoice in the triumphs of a sister, or of a friend, without the smallest sigh of self-commiseration because she, herself, lacks the brilliant qualities or the happy fortunes of the other. I suspect that Celia was as ready to fall in love with Orlando as was her cousin, but that she generously withdrew the first little feeling of personal interest and mingled it with a warm sympathy for Rosalind's more impulsive sentiment. At the court, her position was such that she might, by reason of it, have rivalled her cousin's popularity; but that she did not, is proved by Duke Frederick's words — "thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous, When she is gone." Her devotion to Rosalind draws her from her father's side, from the court and all its allurements, to play a contented second part in Rosalind's forest comedy. Her love for Oliver seems an act of devotion to Rosalind, since she chooses a brother of Rosalind's love, and redeems him from unworthy ways. Happy is the Rosalind who has a Celia, and happy is Celia, in her blessed selflessness! — Ed.)

Phebe: Mrs. Jameson — *Characteristics of Women:* "Phebe . . . is quite an Arcadian coquette; she is a piece of pastoral poetry; Audrey is only rustic. A very amusing effect is produced by contrast between the frank and free bearing of the two princesses in disguise, and the scornful airs of the real shepherdess . . ."

Phebe: Variorum, p. 203 — Fletcher: "Of Phebe, in name and character no less an ideal shepherdess than Rosalind is an ideal princess, it may be said that we might have been grateful for her creation, even had she been introduced for no other purpose than to

give us the enamoured lines which convey so exquisite a portrait of this terrestrial Ganymede."

Costume: Variorum, p. 430 — Richard Grant White (*Studies in Shakespeare*, 1886, p. 242): "It would seem as if all the Rosalinds — all of them — laid themselves out to defy both Shakespeare and common sense in the matter (of costume). . . . Let us see what Shakespeare did intend his Rosalind to be when she was in the Forest of Arden. . . . Plainly, when the young princesses set forth on their wild adventure they did all they could to conceal the feminine beauty of their faces. Celia put herself in the dress of a woman of the lower classes. Rosalind assumes not merely the costume of a young man, but that of a martial youth, almost of a swashbuckler. She says that she will have 'a swashing and a martial outside,' as well as carry a boar-spear in her hand and have a curtle-axe upon her thigh . . . merely a short sword, which she would wear as any soldierly young fellow of the day would wear his sword. . . . Thus browned, and with her hair tied up in love-knots, after the fashion of the young military dandies of that time, with her boar-spear and her cutlass, she would have yet revealed her sex to any discriminating masculine eye had it not been for certain peculiarities of costume in Shakespeare's day. These were the doublet and the trunk-hose. . . . A doublet was a short jacket with close sleeves, fitting tight to the body, and coming down only to the hip or a very little below it. Of course its form varied somewhat with temporary fashion and sometimes indeed it stopped at the waist. To this garment hose were attached . . . by silken tags called points. . . . But during the greater part of Shakespeare's life what were called trunk-hose were worn; and these, being stuffed out about the waist and the upper part of the thigh with . . . what was called cotton-wool, entirely reversed the natural outline of man's figure between the waist and the middle of the thigh, and made it impossible to tell, so far as shape was concerned, whether the wearer was of the male or female sex. . . . An essential part of Rosalind's dress as Ganymede is loose boots of soft leather, coming not only over leg, but partly over thigh, and almost meeting the puffed . . . trunk-hose. To complete this costume in character, she should wear a coarse russet cloak and a black felt hat with narrow brim and high and slightly conical crown,

Pierce Library
Eastern Oregon University
1410 L Avenue
La Grande, OR 97850

on the band of which she might put a short feather and around it might twist a light gold chain or ribbon and medal. Thus disguised, Rosalind might indeed have defied her lover's eye or her father's. . . . With this Rosalind, Phebe might fall in love; and Phebe must love a man. . . . Rosalind, for all her soft, sweet apprehensiveness and doubt about Orlando's value of that which she has given him before he had shown that he desired it, enjoys the situation in which she is placed. She sees the fun of it, as Celia, for example, hardly sees it. . . . If that situation is not emphasized for the spectators of her little mysterious mask of love by what is, for them, the absolute and perfectly probable and natural deception of Orlando, Rosalind lacks the very reason of her being."

Rosalind's Costume: Actresses and critics alike seem to have forgotten — or perhaps they have never noted — that young boys and young girls are much alike in appearance. They differ in manner because and when their education differs. A girl reared among boys and men will probably be masculine in manner and appearance, while a boy reared among girls and women often acquires feminine mannerisms and ideas, which affect his appearance to some degree. But ordinary boys and girls, educated in the usual manner, look much alike and either can easily masquerade as the other. Shakespeare's women were played by boys, who evidently created illusions of loveliness satisfactory to the Elizabethans. The difficulty of turning these heroines back into boys, then, would never have presented itself to the great playwright's mind. If it had, he surely would have said to the actress, "suit the action to the word, the word to the action," for any actress worthy of the name can act like a boy, if she sincerely wishes to do so. Young Rosalinds will find no difficulty in looking like Ganymede. It is the mature actress who fails to convince us by her appearance while she charms us by her scholarly and artistic concept of the part; for, alas, the professional stage is seldom graced by a young woman who has served her art with sufficient devotion to warrant her aspiring to Shakespeare's young heroines.

As to the comments on Rosalind's costume, quoted above from Studies in Shakespeare by Richard Grant White, I find that the lines of the play prove the noted author to be mistaken. Phebe

describes Rosalind's complexion in detail — such details as would not have been discernible, had her face been stained with umber; and Phebe admires Rosalind's leg, which she couldn't have seen, had Ganymede worn long boots and trunk-hose. To be sure, the princesses plan elaborate disguises before they run away, and some such costume as White describes may have been worn by Rosalind when she departed for the Forest. But it is evident that she discarded it for something simpler and more comfortable after she had reached the friendly shades of Arden. In the essential contention, of course, the celebrated critic is right. Rosalind did look like a boy. There is no coquetry of dress, no noticeable feminine charm or characteristic either of dress, person or manner, to betray her to any one not in her secret.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Two Gentlemen of Verona is a charming comedy belonging to Shakespeare's first period. It is considered to exhibit flaws in workmanship, and to contain materials and situations used to better advantage in later plays. But it is, nevertheless, entertaining, interesting, and actable. Julia and Silvia are among Shakespeare's loveliest girls; while Launce and Speed — particularly Launce — have contributed generously to that loud laughter which is the gift of low comedy.

The story of the play is based, probably, on an Italian tale popular in Elizabethan England, and is not in itself very convincing; but Shakespeare has so adorned its artificial situations with convincing characterization that the loves of Julia and Proteus, Silvia and Valentine are real to us in spite of improbabilities of action and situation. In the first act we find Valentine leaving Verona for adventures abroad at the Court of Milan. Proteus, who is in love with Julia, must stay behind on that account because he cannot be happy away from her. Valentine for the present is fancy-free. Next we see Julia, in the little scene we are to study, receiving a letter from Proteus and coyly pretending that she does not care about it; but she does reply, and ardently, for we later see Proteus happily reading her letter. He is interrupted by his father, who tells him that he, too, should travel and study, and commands him to join Valentine at the Court of the Emperor at Milan. Proteus takes sorrowful leave of Julia, exchanging rings with her, and departs. Valentine, meantime, at the Court, has seen Silvia and has fallen in love with her. She has many suitors but she

returns Valentine's love and they are secretly betrothed. Then comes Proteus to the Court and meets Silvia. Valentine tells his friend all about his love and expects Proteus to tell of Julia; but Proteus, light-minded fellow, is dazzled by the new beauty and wants Silvia for himself! He struggles a little with his inclination, trying to remember his friendship for Valentine, but gives up rather easily and makes a most treacherous plan to win Silvia away from Valentine. He finds that he cannot win the girl, but he manages to win the father, which is more to his purpose. He convinces the Duke that Valentine is unworthy, betrays the secret plan for an elopement, confided to him by Valentine, and manages to have Silvia locked in a tower and Valentine banished. Now Julia, unable to endure Verona without Proteus, follows her love to Milan. She is the first of Shakespeare's heroines to disguise herself as a boy. We remember that Shakespeare's ladies all were played by boys. There were no actresses in his time. It was not hard, therefore, for those boy-heroines to look like boys again; but it is nevertheless important that we should insist that girls who play these disguised ladies should look and act like boys. Julia, Rosalind, Viola, Portia, and Imogene are, as far as those about them are concerned, boys until their moments of revelation arrive and they step back into their true characters. Jessica, on the other hand, does not plan her masquerade, is ashamed of her page's suit and cannot forget that she is a woman. Julia is not suspected by any one until she is forced by sorrow to disclose her identity. Even then, the ring of Proteus must play its part in making her known to her inconstant lover. She is carefully disguised and speaks, walks, acts — even thinks — like a boy as long as she is observed by any one else in the play. When she is alone she resumes her own character. At Milan Julia finds her faithless Proteus sighing for another and sacrificing friendship, even honor, in an effort to win his new love. In her

character of boy Julia is sent by Proteus with a message to Silvia, and instructed to deliver to the court lady that very ring which she, herself, gave Proteus at their parting. Silvia, who knows of Proteus' former love for Julia, refuses to accept the ring, little dreaming that the messenger is the very girl whose cause she defends. Julia learns that Silvia is in no way to blame for Proteus' bad behavior, so she is deprived even of the poor comfort of jealousy. Valentine, in the forest, becomes the leader of a band of outlaws. Silvia, aided by Sir Eglamour, escapes to the forest, where she is captured by the outlaws and rescued by Proteus who has followed her and who, in turn, is followed by Julia. Now Julia has to endure hearing Proteus protest his love for Silvia until Valentine appears and rescues his love from the unwelcome embraces of his false friend. Suddenly Proteus experiences a revulsion of feeling. Under the deserved reproaches of Valentine his former friendship revives and so generous is his repentance that the two friends are reconciled, and Valentine, not to be outdone in generosity, resigns his right in Silvia's love to Proteus! This is too much for Julia, who forgets that she is supposed to be a boy, and faints. Still, to all the others, Julia is a boy, until, giving the wrong ring to Proteus, she is forced to a full explanation. Proteus, perhaps charmed with her masquerade, returns to his allegiance, and all ends happily.

The play contains many lines of great beauty and an immortal lyric, the serenade, "Who is Silvia?" which, nearly two hundred years after Shakespeare's death, was set to immortal music by Franz Schubert.

JULIA RECEIVES A LOVE-LETTER

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Act I, Scene 2

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Julia, *a lady of Verona*
Lucetta, *waiting-woman to* Julia

Scene: — *It is a corner of an Italian garden, with perhaps a wall running straight across and confining the action to a narrow stage. Behind the wall may bloom a fragrant tree. Against the wall, to the left of the center, we may place a marble seat with gay cushions, and near, to the right of it, a stool or bench. Julia's doorway is at the right. One feels that the sky is deeply blue and the still air softly warm. The sun-drenched place is filled with the hum of bees and a thousand flowery perfumes.*

Julia *enters first, from the right. Her eyes are filled with daydreams which she has come into her garden to indulge. She has come but a few steps from her door when she pauses, draws in a deep breath of delight, presses her fingers to her smiling lips, and then slowly spreads wide her arms, throwing her kisses to a lovely world. She stands so a moment, then relaxes, laughing gently, and goes swiftly to her cushion-covered marble couch by the wall. In the meantime, sly, wise* Lucetta *has followed her, eyes full of mischief, her right hand clutching something in the pocket of her gown. She keeps an eye on* Julia, *as she slips this something — a letter — out of her pocket and into her corsage. Then she must hurry to* Julia *to arrange the cushions so that young lady may recline comfortably and with grace. Now the letter seems too large for its hiding-place, so* Lucetta *turns away, cautiously taking it out again as* Julia *speaks.*

JULIA

But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

LUCETTA

(*Thrusting the letter back into her pocket and seating herself with a sigh of relief at the right of* JULIA)

Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

JULIA

(*Ten thousand fathoms deep in love, yet not fully aware of her condition, she sighs romantically.*)

Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

LUCETTA

(*Vastly entertained, and fully aware of Julia's condition, this maid, who is rather a valued companion than a servant, answers demurely, with a twinkle in her eye.*)

Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

JULIA

What think'st thou (*another sigh*) of the fair Sir Eglamour?

She kisses a rose and throws it to LUCETTA.

LUCETTA

(*Catching the rose and playing with it*)

As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

She tosses the rose over the wall.

JULIA

(*Clasping her hands behind her head and swinging one foot nonchalantly*)

What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

LUCETTA

(*Very enthusiastically*)

Well, of his wealth,

(*Very flatly*)

but of himself, so, so.

JULIA

(*Suddenly still, from head to foot, gazing up into the sky, she speaks softly. This name is music on her lips.*)

What think'st thou — of the gentle Proteus?

LUCETTA

(*Looking for a moment at the dreaming girl, then bursting into teasing laughter*)

Lord, lord! To see what folly reign in us!

JULIA

(*Sitting up straight, a frown of displeasure on her face*)

How now! what means this passion at his name?

LUCETTA

(*Skillfully adjusting her manner to the altered mood of her mistress and answering hauteur with humility*)

Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

This is almost overdone. JULIA *suspects that* LUCETTA *knows her secret and that she is making fun of her. She will NOT be teased by* LUCETTA, *so she shrugs and pretends indifference.*

JULIA

Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

LUCETTA

Then thus —

She leans forward impressively, and in spite of her effort to appear inattentive, JULIA *holds her breath for the words.*

of many good I think him best.

JULIA

(*Recovering her poise, but leading* LUCETTA *on to say what she longs to hear*)

Your reason?

LUCETTA *thrusts her hand into the pocket to bring out the letter, thinks better of it and brings out instead some ribbons which she begins to weave and tie into a decoration for Julia's hair.*

LUCETTA

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

This is exactly Julia's sentiment. She relaxes into the cushions again and the dreams come back to her eyes.

JULIA

And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

LUCETTA

(*Unable to resist teasing*)

Aye, if you thought your love not cast away.

JULIA

(*Freezing again at the mocking implication that* PROTEUS *might not love her*)

Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

LUCETTA

(Who, after all, is leading up to the letter, burning her pocket, and who wholly approves of Julia's preference for PROTEUS.)

Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

JULIA

(Pouts, saying untruths of PROTEUS, *that she may have the pleasure of hearing* LUCETTA *refute them.)*

His little speaking shows his love but small.

LUCETTA

(Rising, goes to JULIA *and tries the effect of the ribbons in her hair.)*

Fire that is closest kept burns most of all.

JULIA

(Submitting to the try-on, gazes wistfully before her.)

They do not love that do not show their love.

LUCETTA

O, they love least that let men know their love.

Satisfied with her handiwork, LUCETTA *gives* JULIA *a glass in which to view herself.* JULIA *takes it, turning her head this way and that. Then, looking earnestly at her image in the mirror, she says —*

JULIA

I would I knew his mind.

LUCETTA, *chuckling, brings out the letter. It is large, white, impressively sealed.*

LUCETTA

Peruse this paper, madam.

JULIA

(Putting aside the glass, she rises and takes the letter, gingerly. She reads the address.)

To Julia: —

Her heart leaps, races. She looks at LUCETTA *who stands by smiling so wisely. Lucetta's manner nettles her. She asks impatiently.*

Say, from whom?

LUCETTA

(Too, too wise, intolerably smug)

That the contents will show.

She turns away as though to leave her mistress alone with the letter.

JULIA

Say, say; who gave it thee?

She seizes LUCETTA *by the shoulder and spins her about.*

LUCETTA

(Who knows when she has gone far enough)

Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:

JULIA *starts.*

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it;

LUCETTA *has good reason, perhaps, to respect Julia's temper. The young lady is breathing fast, crumpling the letter in her clenched hand, darting scornful glances from her eyes.*

pardon the fault, I pray.

LUCETTA *bows humbly — but we suspect a repressed giggle, just the same! So does* JULIA, *who bursts out in righteous indignation.*

JULIA

Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?

Camera study by George Walters

Posed by students of North Hollywood High School

JULIA. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, see it be return'd;

She holds out the crumpled paper imperiously to LUCETTA, *who takes it, bows again, making a saucy face as soon as Julia's back is turned.*

Or else return no more into my sight.

JULIA *throws herself down among her cushions, tapping the marble angrily with her fan.*

LUCETTA *goes slowly to the right, pauses at the door, looks at the letter, looks back at* JULIA, *shakes her head, sighs, then ventures to say, too gently.*

LUCETTA

To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

JULIA

(*Knowing well that* LUCETTA *knows she is yearning to read the letter, and enraged that she should know, threatens her with a pillow.*)

Will you be gone?

LUCETTA

(*Aside, with another saucy face*)

That you may ruminate.

[*Exit* LUCETTA

Alone, JULIA *permits a happy smile to steal back to her face, sends a soft sigh over the wall to find* PROTEUS, *wrinkles her brow in perplexity, and says —*

JULIA

And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

She pauses, thinking — jumps up and runs to call LUCETTA — *but checks herself in mid-flight.*

It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

She turns back, beating her hands softly together in pretty gestures of despair.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?

She clasps her hands and hangs her head.

Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, "Ay."

She returns to her marble seat and flounces down upon it, scolding herself.

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

She is smiling now.

My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.

She arranges herself comfortably among the cushions, in a reclining position, the picture of lazy contentment. — She has forgotten all about the letter! — Her pose would deceive any one, except Lucetta, *perhaps. She calls sweetly.*

What ho! Lucetta?

Re-enter Lucetta, *very much on her dignity. Her feelings have been hurt, and she presumes to let* Julia *know it.*

Lucetta

What would your ladyship?

She is toying with the letter. Julia *can see it out of the corner of her eye, though she pretends not to.* Lucetta *drops the unfortunate missive on the floor.* Julia *is annoyed with her. Lucetta's attitude is irritating.*

JULIA

(*Quite forgets her good resolutions and asks rather curtly.*)

Is it near dinner time?

LUCETTA

(*Answers with the petulance of a privileged servant, as she stoops and retrieves the letter.*)

I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat
And not upon your maid.

She turns to go, as though she had been dismissed.

JULIA

(*Sitting up, crosser than ever*)

What is't you took up
So gingerly?

LUCETTA

(*Sulking*)

Nothing.

JULIA

(*Rising to her feet imperiously*)

Why did'st thou stoop, then?

LUCETTA

(*Respectful in words only*)

To take a paper up that I let fall.

JULIA

And is that paper nothing?

LUCETTA

(*Shrugging elaborately*)

Nothing concerning me.

JULIA

Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

She turns her back on LUCETTA, *impatient for her to be gone so that she may read the letter without a witness.*

LUCETTA

Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

The little war of wits that follows is one of the most amusing bits in all the Comedies. The retorts come quickly, stingingly. Neither girl is really angry with the other. Laughter is near the surface and so are tears. It is a little passage at arms such as is often indulged in by the best of friends and will leave no bitterness behind it. JULIA *is in love and* LUCETTA *is teasing her about it. The play on musical terms shows them both to be cultured, witty, delightful conversationalists.*

JULIA

(*Laughing unkindly*)

Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

She sits down with her back to LUCETTA *and picks up the mirror. If only* LUCETTA *would put the letter down and go away! But she stands there with it in her hand, and tosses the jest back to* JULIA.

LUCETTA

That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

JULIA

(*Taking the ribbon ornament from its place in her hair and trying its effect on the other side*)

As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o'Love.*

This jeer at Proteus' letter is met by Lucetta's reassuring assertion.

LUCETTA

It is too heavy for so light a tune.

JULIA

(*Skipping away from the implication that the letter is important*)

Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

LUCETTA

(*Making a play on the words:* the "burden" of a song is the melody.)

Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

JULIA

And why not you?

She tries the bow in another position.

LUCETTA

I cannot reach so high.

PROTEUS *is a nobleman.*

JULIA

(*Throwing the bow away and putting aside the mirror*)

Let's see your song; —

LUCETTA, *simpering, gives her the letter.* JULIA *opens it, glances through it rapidly, flushing, palpitating. — But there is* LUCETTA, *still looking too arch. She must be put in her place.* JULIA *pretends that her displeasure is caused by the contents of the letter.*

How now, minion?

She reads the letter again, hastily, saying "Hm!" *and* "Ha!" *angrily, under her breath.*

LUCETTA

Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks I do not like this tune.

JULIA

(*Sharply, but still reading and exclaiming*)

You do not?

LUCETTA

No, madam, it is too sharp.

JULIA

You, minion, are too saucy.

LUCETTA

(*Daring to nudge* JULIA *with a knowing elbow*)

Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

The mean would be a third voice — PROTEUS, *of course.*

JULIA

(*Folding the letter with trembling fingers*)

The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

LUCETTA

Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

JULIA *cannot longer tolerate Lucetta's blunt speech. Romance cannot live in such a matter-of-fact atmosphere.* JULIA *will not allow herself to be taken so for granted. Stung to perversity, she tears the letter to bits and throws them from her. A wind, blowing in from the left, tosses them about.*

JULIA

This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

LUCETTA, *truly sorry to see this, goes scurrying about to gather up the flying scraps of paper, exclaiming in protest.*

Here is a coil with protestation! —

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them to anger me.

LUCETTA

(*Aside, but loud enough to be overhead by the already repentant* JULIA)

She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter.

[*She exits, right, with her nose in the air. She is well aware that* JULIA *has hurt herself in destroying the letter.*

JULIA

(*Choking back her tears and struggling to justify her conduct to herself*)

Nay, would I were so angered with the same!

But, as she is not, and cannot be, she scolds herself.

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!

She looks at her pretty hands, then stoops and sets them to picking up the bits of paper which the wind is blowing about. When she has gathered most of them —

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

She does so, then eagerly searches them for the ruined message.

And, here is writ — "kind Julia" — unkind Julia!

She bites her lip, stamps her foot. Tears are in her voice.

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

She throws the scrap to the floor and grinds it under her dainty shoe.

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Now she searches again for the message among the scraps in her hand.

Look, here is writ — "love-wounded Proteus" —

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be th'roughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

She kisses the scrap and hides it away in her bodice; then looks about for his name again. Failing to find it on the scraps she holds, she looks for more on the ground. The wind catches some of the pieces and tosses them about. JULIA *pursues them.*

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock
And throw it thence into the raging sea!

She has almost all of the bits at last, and now finds the best one.

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ, —
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
"To the sweet Julia."

She frowns at her offending name.

that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names. . . .

And now LUCETTA *intrudes.* JULIA *turns her back and conceals the scraps.*

LUCETTA

(*Observing that most of the scraps have been rescued, smiles at Julia's back.*)

Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.

JULIA

Well, let us go.

She faces about and crosses past LUCETTA *swiftly, to the door.* LUCETTA *moves to the center of the stage and stoops to pick up the few remaining scraps.*

LUCETTA

What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

JULIA

(*Knowing that she has most of the letter and still unable to endure Lucetta's wise looks*)

If you respect them, best to take them up.

LUCETTA

(*Smiling broadly*)

Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

LUCETTA *gathers up all the remaining scraps.* JULIA *hides all hers in her corsage.* LUCETTA *is aware of this, but pretends not to see.*

JULIA

(*Laughing, from the doorway*)

I see you have a month's mind to them.

She means, "You can remember them a long time."

LUCETTA

(*Getting up and shaking a finger at* JULIA)

Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

She nods wisely. JULIA *is able to forgive and forget, now that she knows the contents of her letter. She laughs and extends a friendly hand to* LUCETTA.

JULIA

Come, come, wilt please you go?

[*They go out, laughing gayly*

CURTAIN

Notes on Two Gentlemen of Verona

month's mind: Johnson: signifies not "desire" or "inclination," but "remembrance."

Julia: The Works of William Shakespeare, Windsor Edition, Cambridge Text, Volume III: Julia is one of those exhibitions of female piety, sweetness and devotion, wherein Shakespeare so far excels all other writers.

Julia: Cambridge Text, page 14: "She is exhibited at first in the capricious self-will of a girl in love, but coy, who will not accept her lover's letter, and yet chides her maid that the latter has not forced her to read it; she tears it to pieces before she has opened it, but afterwards gathers up the fragments in order to try and spell over the contents. Suddenly, however, this coyness is quite forgotten, nay, turns into its opposite, for, casting aside all girlish shyness, she dresses herself in man's attire and sets out after her faithless lover, acts as his messenger in carrying love letters to Silvia, and finally, after enduring all this mortification, again throws herself into his arms." — Ulrici: *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

The Situation of a lady discussing her suitors with her maid was used again by Shakespeare, elaborated and with greater significance, in the Merchant of Venice. Portia, discussing her affairs with her companion, Nerissa, characterizes each of the entrants in her marriage lottery, and betrays her preference for one.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Much Ado About Nothing is a comedy which comes near to tragedy in one of its situations, but yet veers away and is saved for a happy ending through the offices of one of the most amusing "low comedians" in all literature — Dogberry. Beatrice and Benedick, in their merry war, furnish us with endless delight. Hero presents a fond, tender, and forgiving object for the jealous, unstable affections of Claudio. The action moves rapidly from one situation to another, mounting to a climax of enthralling interest. The play belongs, with *As You Like It*, to Shakespeare's second period, during which he gave to the world seven of his best comedies, and two of his most interesting histories.

The story of the play may have been drawn from Italian sources or it may have been invented by Shakespeare. Leonato, Governor of Messina, has a lovely daughter, Hero, and a lovely niece, Beatrice. Leonato learns that the Prince of Arragon is to visit Messina with his train of young officers lately home from a successful war. Among these heroes are Claudio and Benedick. Beatrice, who has a biting wit, amuses herself with attacking Benedick's reputation, to the great amazement of the messenger, who had brought word of the approach of the Prince's party. When the Prince arrives with Claudio and Benedick, Beatrice and the latter begin their wordy battle, each delighting in teasing the other — while Claudio and Hero proceed to fall in love more quietly. Claudio confesses his love to the Prince, who promises to arrange matters for him. Benedick declares that *he* will never fall in love. Now Don John, the worthless brother of the Prince, takes a hand in the drama, from pure

malice. He hears that Claudio wishes to marry Hero, and because he is jealous of his brother's affection for Claudio, he determines to prevent the marriage. At a mask ball Don Pedro manages Claudio's affair so well that Claudio and Hero are formally pledged. Beatrice gives Benedick some uneasy moments and teases Hero and Claudio as well. Don Pedro, who is a busy matchmaker, decides that Beatrice would be an excellent wife for Benedick, since she professes to scorn men as much as he professes to scorn women. A plot to bring them together is then hatched. In the meantime Don John makes his plan to entice Hero's maid to speak to Borachio, Don John's servant, from Hero's window, thereby giving color to the injurious story that Borachio has been coached to tell Claudio. The plot against the peace of mind of Benedick proceeds. While he is reading in the garden, he overhears Don Pedro talking to Claudio and Leonato of the sad case of Beatrice, who is pining away for love of him — Benedick — which she is too proud to confess! Though somewhat suspicious of a hoax, the cleverness of his friends and his own vanity persuade Benedick to believe all he hears. His heart is touched. Likewise, Hero and her gentlewomen play a similar trick on Beatrice. This is the scene we are to present. Beatrice, in turn, believes all she hears, and realizes that she has loved Benedick, even while she pretended to scorn him. Now, the day before the wedding of Hero and Claudio, Don John tells Claudio that Hero is unfaithful and bids him watch her window after dark. This scene is followed by a low-comedy scene in which Dogberry, a police officer, sets his men to watch the streets, and these men, in turn, overhear Borachio tell another of Don John's men that the plot against Hero has been carried out. The watch arrest Borachio and Conrade. The next morning Dogberry comes to Leonato to tell of the arrest, but his style is so labored that Leonato can make nothing of his errand, and tells him to examine the prisoners himself, and make a report

later. At the church, the furiously jealous Claudio denounces Hero. He is upheld by the Prince, who also has heard and believed the evidence against the bride. The unfortunate girl falls as though dead and is left to her distracted father and to Beatrice. The Friar persuades Leonato that there must be some mistake, and urges him to conceal the fact that Hero still lives. The Friar believes that if Hero is thought to be dead of grief, the guilty person will confess the plot against her. Dogberry examines his prisoners and learns the entire plot. Leonato, in the meantime, consults with his brother Antonio, and becomes convinced of his daughter's innocence. He wishes to punish Claudio, who still has the protection and the confidence of the Prince. Benedick, urged on by Beatrice, now his acknowledged love, challenges Claudio to a duel. Now Dogberry brings Borachio and Conrade before Don Pedro and a full confession of the plot is made. Claudio is properly heartbroken. A last little device is used. Leonato forces Claudio to consent to marry his niece — supposedly a daughter of Antonio. Claudio, eager to make amends for his lack of faith in Hero, assents; but when the lady unveils she is found to be Hero, herself. So Claudio fares better than he deserves; but Hero no doubt considers his jealousy a compliment.

A TRAP IS SET FOR BEATRICE

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Act III, Scene 1

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Hero, *daughter to* Leonato, *governor of Messina*
Beatrice, *niece to* Leonato
Margaret, *a gentlewoman attending on* Hero
Ursula, *a gentlewoman attending on* Hero

Scene: — *It is Leonato's garden, in Messina. Shakespeare had an English garden in mind; but whether we choose to represent a northern scene, or whether our decorations be Moorish, Spanish, or Sicilian, there should be a formal hedge or wall across the stage, behind which* Beatrice *may run to the "pleached bower" at the right, in which she conceals herself; and there should be a bench of some sort at left of the center. We might suggest a clear, sunny afternoon, the brilliance of southern foliage, and the nearness of the sea. The three girls are laughing gayly as the curtain rises.* Ursula *has thrown herself back in the right corner of the garden seat.* Hero, *sitting a little more primly beside her, is looking up at* Margaret, *who stands somewhat to her left, in front of her.* Margaret *is laughing more boisterously than the others, with saucy, gay little gestures. She answers Hero's commands with nods, waves of her hands, blown kisses, and with curtsies, as though to say, "I obey — trust me! — I'll play the joke on Beatrice! — You shall see how well I will do it!"*

Hero

Good Margaret, run thee into the parlor;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice

Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper in her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; — like favorites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: — there will she hide her,
To listen our purpose: This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

MARGARET

I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[*She runs left, looks back at them, and, with a last peal of laughter, she runs out*

HERO

(*Rising and extending a hand to* URSULA, *who also rises. They walk slowly right, their arms about each other. When they have reached center stage, they pause and* HERO *speaks.*)

Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

Enter BEATRICE *from the left, behind the hedge. She crouches low and runs swiftly to center.* HERO *sees, from the corner of her eye, but does not let* BEATRICE *guess that she sees her. Instead, she turns in such a manner that she keeps her back toward* BEATRICE *and draws* URSULA *close, speaking aside.*

Now begin;
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close to the ground, to hear our conference.

URSULA *also is careful not to let* BEATRICE *suspect that she has been discovered. The two girls turn and cross left as* BEATRICE *runs right and enters the bower.* URSULA *clasps her hands in delight over the situation and answers* HERO *aside.*

URSULA

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear not you my part of the dialogue.

BEATRICE *is now comfortably hidden in the "woodbine coverture" and the others have reached the left, where, with heads together, they seem to be talking secrets.* BEATRICE *tries to overhear them without being seen.*

HERO

Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. —

They turn and again approach the bower, their arms about each other, and apparently so engrossed in their discussion that they have no eyes or ears for anything else. When they have reached a spot near the bower, they pause, turn their backs upon it, and begin.

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

BEATRICE *is startled to hear her dear cousin speak so; but at the next remark she almost falls out of her hiding-place. Indeed, she makes such a rustling that the others must hold their handkerchiefs to their lips, to stifle their laughter.*

URSULA

But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

HERO

So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

URSULA

(*After a short pause in which they recover their composure somewhat*)
And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

HERO

(*Raising her voice and speaking with emphatic pauses so that none of this may escape the listener*)

They did entreat me to acquaint her of it: —
But I persuaded them, — if they lov'd Benedick, —
To wish him wrestle with his affection, —
And never let Beatrice know of it.

BEATRICE *expresses her disdain with eyebrows up and mouth corners down.*

URSULA

(*Pretending distress for* BENEDICK)

Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

HERO

O god of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much of love as may be yielded to a man:

A scornful exclamation from BEATRICE *almost upsets them. There is a pause in which* HERO *seems to be mastering strong emotion. Then* BEATRICE *is astounded, indignant, thoughtful, and abashed in turn as her cousin analyzes her character so unflatteringly.*

But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

BEATRICE *can scarcely believe that it is* HERO, *her dear friend and constant companion, who speaks so of her. The conspirators laugh silently and dry their eyes, before* URSULA *manages to answer.*

URSULA

Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

HERO *peeks over Ursula's shoulder and sees* BEATRICE, *with her head bent to catch her every word. She urges* URSULA *a bit closer to the bower.* HERO *loves* BEATRICE *deeply. She is not drawing this caricature of her cousin in a spirit of unkindness, but rather to let* BEATRICE *know, in this oblique fashion, that she is sometimes too sharp-tongued.* URSULA *accompanies the following speech with head-shakings, "*tch! tch!*" and other little expressions of disapproval.* BEATRICE *snaps off a twig and longs to switch* HERO *with it. — Still, she listens, amazed that gentle* HERO *could have had all this censure unsuspected in her heart, and blushes at the uncomplimentary truth.*

HERO

Why, you speak truth: I never saw a man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate, very vilely cut:

If speaking, why, a vane blown by all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

URSULA

Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

We now see a transformation taking place in BEATRICE. *She abhors this picture of herself, painted by* HERO. *She agrees with every line of it, scorns herself more deeply than she ever scorned another, and resolves to change. So generous is her nature that she never dreams that* HERO *can be playing with her, but takes the full measure of the arraignment upon her and finds herself convicted.*

HERO

No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

URSULA

Yet tell her of it. Hear what she will say.

For an instant BEATRICE *fears she has been discovered, but is relieved at Hero's reply.*

HERO

No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders

To stain my cousin with. One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

This is sad hearing for BEATRICE, *and* HERO *is indeed generous, to put herself in such a bad light, even in a good cause. She would never do such a thing, of course, and* URSULA *giggles at the idea, but hastens to say earnestly*

URSULA

O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Benedick.

BEATRICE *considers this gravely. She is beginning to think well of* BENEDICK — *very well!*

HERO

He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

BEATRICE *does not think so much of* CLAUDIO. *She is pleased to hear Ursula's preference for* BENEDICK.

URSULA

I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valor,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

HERO *and* URSULA *are so full of laughter by now that they must go away to let it out. They move slowly left, stifling their mirth between speeches.*

HERO

Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

URSULA

His excellence did earn it, e'er he had it. —

HERO *laughs out here and to cover it,* URSULA *asks hastily*

When are you married, madam?

HERO

(*Unable to stop laughing,* HERO *pretends that the change of subject is the reason for her hilarious behavior.*)

Why, every day; — to-morrow. Come, go in;
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel
Which is best to furnish me to-morrow.

At the exit, left, URSULA *looks back toward the bower and says, aside to* HERO

URSULA

She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

HERO

(*Aside to* URSULA)

If it be so, then loving goes by haps,
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[HERO *and* URSULA *go away, left, smothering their laughter*

BEATRICE *comes from her hiding-place and looks after them. . . . Her world is in conflagration. Her universe rocks. Hero's words have caused a cataclysm in her nature.*

BEATRICE

What fire is in my ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.

She thinks of BENEDICK, *who, they have said, loves her. She knows, now, that she has loved him, too, a long while; that she spoke scorn-*

fully to him to hide that love even from herself. She is as romantic, now, as though she had never vowed to die unwed, nor ever frightened off a suitor with sarcasm.

And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

She moves thoughtfully to the bench and sits, pulling a flower to pieces as she speaks.

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

She sighs, scatters the flower, smiles and sighs again. From across the garden comes the faint sound of laughter, but BEATRICE *does not heed.*

CURTAIN

NOTES ON MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Furness, *Variorum:*

Proposing: conversing.

pleached: thickly interwoven.

our purpose: our propose, that is, *our* conversation.

like a lapwing: Hazlitt — (p. 301): "There is something delightfully picturesque in the manner in which Beatrice is described as coming to hear the plot."

Anon. — (*Shakespeare's Garden of Girls* — p. 196): "Hero has used her eyes when she has gone abroad . . . so, in describing Beatrice's running, she accurately describes the lapwing's flight."

haggards of the rock: wild hawks.

know of it: Fletcher — (p. 260): "The brevity with which Hero and Ursula speak of Benedick's alleged passion and the ready credence which it nevertheless obtains in the mind of Beatrice, as contrasted with the more hesitating admittance which Benedick yields to the story of Beatrice's enraged affection for himself, results with perfect nature and propriety from the very different character

of the source from which the pretended information comes. . . . When we consider the quiet, modest, simple character of Hero, and the relation of sisterly intimacy and affection so long established between her and Beatrice, we see it to be utterly impossible that the idea should once enter the apprehension of the latter that her cousin might be engaged in a plot of this nature, however innocent, upon herself."

Mrs. Jameson — (p. 138): "The immediate success of the trick is a most natural consequence of the self-assurance and magnanimity of Beatrice's character. She is so accustomed to assert dominion over the spirits of others, that she cannot suspect the possibility of a plot against herself."

—(p. 136): "The character of Hero is well contrasted with that of Beatrice, and their mutual attachment is very beautiful and natural. When they are both on the scene together, Hero has but little to say for herself. Beatrice asserts the rule of a master spirit, eclipses her by her mental superiority, abashes her by her raillery, dictates to her, answers for her, and would fain inspire her gentle-hearted cousin with some of her own assurance. But Shakespeare knew well how to make one character subordinate to another, without sacrificing the slightest portion of its effect, and Hero, added to her grace and softness, possesses an intellectual beauty of her own. When she has Beatrice at an advantage, she repays her with interest, in the severe but most animated and elegant picture she draws of her cousin's imperious character and unbridled levity of tongue. The portrait is a little overcharged, because administered as a corrective, and intended to be overheard."

spell him backward: Stevens — an allusion to the practice of witches in uttering prayers. (That is, turn his good qualities into defects, or as Hero says in line 73, "turn him wrong side out.")

empoison liking: Lady Martin — (p. 313): "It is, of course, an overwhelming surprise to Beatrice to hear that Benedick loves her so entirely. She is at first incredulous. Still, her attention is fairly arrested. She listens with eager curiosity; but begins to feel a tightening at the heart when her cousin says 'But nature never framed a woman's heart, etc.' (lines 53–60). . . . The feeling of shame and bitter self-reproach deepen as Hero goes on. . . . We

know that all this is overstated for a purpose. But Beatrice has no such suspicion. She is wounded to the quick, and Hero's words strike deeper, because Beatrice up to this time has seen no signs of her cousin having entertained this harsh view of her character. The cup of self-reproach is full, as Hero proceeds: 'No, rather I will go to Benedick (lines 87–91). . . . Ursula's more kindly rejoinder is some balm to Beatrice (lines 92–96). What follows is not unwelcome to her ears, for it is all in praise of Benedick."

every day; — to-morrow: Capell — (p. 127): "This reply is a levity, indicating her raised spirits, that are quickly to have a tumble. Divers of these ominous speeches occur in Shakespeare."

Wright: "Hero thinks of nothing else."

What fire is in my ears? Variorum, p. 144. The editor says, of a comment to the effect that Beatrice's "ears were burning" because she had been talked about — "What that fire of purification is, lit up by Hero, by whose quickening light Beatrice sees a new world with a new heaven and a new earth, (if one cannot tell) he had better close his Shakespeare and read no more."

better than reportingly: It is neither simplicity nor vanity that makes both the hero and the heroine so readily admit the suggestion. . . . It is, that the heart of each whispers them how very possible it is. . . .

Beatrice: Lady Martin — (p. 315): "When they are gone, and Beatrice comes from her hiding-place, she has become to herself another woman. It is not so much that her nature is changed, as that it has been suddenly developed. She is dazed, astounded at what she has overheard. Am I such a self-assured, scornful, disdainful, vainglorious creature? . . . After this complete self-abasement comes fresh wonder, in the remembrance of what Hero and Ursula have said of Benedick's infatuation for her. That he likes her she has probably suspected more than once. . . ."

OTHELLO

Othello is one of the great plays. Almost all of the distinguished Shakespearean actors have interpreted the character of Othello, and many of them have acted, also, the rôle of Iago. Aristotle says that the ideal tragic hero must not be a wholly good man, nor a wholly bad man; but a man who, in the main noble and honorable, has a fatal weakness of character which brings about his downfall. Such a man is Othello. He is a heroic figure: a man possessed of many of the most beautiful traits of character, and able to inspire the love and admiration of noble men and women in that foreign country to which he has given his allegiance. He possesses the highest of ideals. He leads a blameless life. He is modest and unassuming, though his victories have won him the highest praises of the country he serves. What, then, is his weakness? Under all this nobility must lurk selfish vanity, for the man is jealous. It is possible to deceive him, to destroy him through this weakness; and Iago does so destroy him. Iago is Shakespeare's greatest villain, because he is so like the everyday mischief-maker whom every one knows. He is true to life. We all know Iagos. They are the ones who call themselves our friends — perhaps so consider themselves — and who lead us on to do our worst. Each of us has a little of Iago within. We can understand his capacity for treachery and his delight in mischief, even while we fear and despise such baseness.

The story of the play is based on an old romance, and has an authentic historical foundation. The Turks, under Mustapha, did attack Cyprus in May, 1570. Othello, then,

should wear the uniform of a Venetian general of the sixteenth century. Many actors have made the mistake of dressing him like an oriental. The tragic tale begins in Venice. We find Iago confiding to Roderigo that the office he coveted — that of lieutenant to Othello — has been given to Cassio. Iago claims that the place of lieutenant rightfully belongs to him. He declares that he will be avenged, both on Othello and on Cassio. He has been taking money from Roderigo presumably to buy presents for Desdemona to whom Iago's wife, Emilia, is companion. Roderigo is in love with Desdemona and the news that she has just been married to Othello upsets him greatly. He and Iago rush to the home of Desdemona's father to tell him of his daughter's elopement. Brabantio, the father, is stricken with grief and rage at the news. He, in turn, rushes to the council-chamber to ask the Duke to interfere and restore his daughter to him. The chief charge against Othello is that he is a Moor, of a darker and therefore, so Brabantio argues, of an inferior race to that of Desdemona, the Venetian lady. The Duke and his senators, however, are more concerned with affairs of the State than with Brabantio's family troubles. The Turks are reported to be about to attack the Venetian island of Cyprus, and Othello is needed to repel them. In the meantime, the double-dealing Iago has hastened to Othello and has told him of the rage of Brabantio, pretending the most friendly concern. Cassio, who has had word of the Turkish news, has told Othello of this, and has summoned him to the Duke's council-chamber. Here Othello is confronted by the angry father of his bride, and makes a most noble answer to the insults of the latter. Desdemona is sent for, comes, and in a beautiful speech declares her love for Othello. She asks permission to go to Cyprus with him. Othello must set sail at once, with his soldiers; and provision is made for Desdemona and her attendants to come after in another ship, with Iago. A storm delays Othello's ship so that Iago,

with Desdemona and her women, arrives first. The same storm has destroyed the Turkish fleet. Upon the arrival of Othello at Cyprus, there ensues that scene which we have chosen to interpret. In it we see the beginning of Iago's revenge. He leads Cassio to acts which bring about his disgrace. He continues to encourage Roderigo in the belief that Desdemona will welcome attentions from other men than her husband. As the play progresses, Iago, by a word here and an act there, causes Othello to believe that Desdemona loves Cassio. He compels his wife, Emilia, to steal from Desdemona a handkerchief which Othello has given her. He then gives this handkerchief to Cassio. When Othello has once begun to suspect the fidelity of his wife, and the honor of his former friend, Cassio, the rest is easy for Iago. But so clever is the villainy of this man, that no one suspects him until the dreadful tragedy has been accomplished. Othello, believing Desdemona to be false, kills her. Too late, Emilia tells him the truth about the stolen handkerchief and other villainies of Iago which she has just discovered. Iago kills his wife. Othello, realizing his fatal blunder — the result of his own faults of character — takes his own life. Iago is punished with death by torture and Cassio is made general.

The character of Desdemona is beautiful. She is a loving, gentle, noble girl; yet she, too, has a tragic weakness. She is a moral coward. She does not tell the whole truth when she is confronted by a difficult situation. She lies about her lost handkerchief and says it is in her room, when she knows that it is lost, and when her husband knows that it is in the possession of Cassio. She does this because she fears Othello's wrath at her carelessness. This weakness of hers acts upon his weakness of jealousy and each increases the other; so the tragedy is made. Shakespeare has dealt with other jealous husbands and innocent wives: in the Winter's Tale, Leontes, King of Sicily, wrongfully accuses

his wife, Hermione, and almost brings about a tragedy; Imogene, the lovely princess in the play called Cymbeline, is wrongly suspected by her jealous husband, Leonatus, and suffers many painful adventures before she is restored to his confidence; Hero, in Much Ado About Nothing, is the victim of her promised-husband's jealousy; and Mistress Ford, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, is subjected to many a noisy row before she reforms her jealous man.

THE DISGRACE OF MICHAEL CASSIO

OTHELLO

Act II, Scenes 2 and 3

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Herald
Othello, *a Moor, and General of the Venetian Army*
Desdemona, *his wife, a Venetian lady*
Cassio, *his lieutenant*
Iago, *his ancient*
Montana, *his predecessor in the government of Cyprus*
Roderigo, *a Venetian gentleman*
Gentlemen of the guard
Attendants to Desdemona
Attendants to Othello
Citizens of Cyprus
A Lamplighter

Scene: — *Famagusta, a fortified town in the island of Cyprus. We are to suppose ourselves near to the castle of the governor; and here is a platform on which are stools and a table. There may be a view of the sea. The sun has just set.*

Enter Herald *with a proclamation. He is followed by interested citizens and soldiers. He mounts the platform and reads his proclamation pompously and with an air of great importance; "sawing the air" grandly and pausing for applause at each period.*

HERALD

It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general. —
That upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph. —
Some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addition leads him. —
For besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. —
So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. —
All offices are open and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. —
Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello. —

[*Exit the* HERALD, *to the left. His voice is heard off, repeating the proclamation, and dies away in the distance. Some of the people have followed him, and others go away in other directions. There is an air of gayety. The Lamplighter sets lights about the platform.*

Enter from the direction of the town — let us say, from the right — OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO; EMILIA *and two other ladies attendant upon* DESDEMONA, *and three gentlemen attendant upon* OTHELLO. *They cross to the center, and there pause.* CASSIO *is to take his leave of his general, and remain at "the place of guard" while the bridal party go forward to the governor's palace, which we may imagine to be off left.*

OTHELLO *turns to* CASSIO *and speaks warmly, laying his hand in a most friendly manner on his lieutenant's shoulder. It is plain, from his speech, that* OTHELLO *has the utmost confidence in* CASSIO. *This heightens the dramatic effect of what is to follow.*

OTHELLO

Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

CASSIO

(Evidently returning Othello's regard, and proud to be the trusted lieutenant of such a commander, answers eagerly.)

Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

OTHELLO

Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night. To-morrow, with our earliest,
Let me have speech with you.

"Good night" bows are exchanged between DESDEMONA *and* CASSIO; *and between* CASSIO *and the attendant ladies and gentlemen.* OTHELLO *takes his wife's hand, to lead her off left, saying*

— Come, my dear love.

At the exit he turns again to CASSIO.

Good night.

CASSIO *salutes.* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA *and the attendants exeunt left.* CASSIO *turns swiftly right, as though to call up the guard, and encounters* IAGO, *who enters gayly, right, carrying a wine jug "somewhat more than half a gallon" in size.* CASSIO *greets him happily.*

CASSIO

Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

IAGO

(Although he envies CASSIO *his place, and plans to get it for himself, by whatever means he can, there is not a trace of malice in Iago's manner. He is apparently the best of fellows, open-heartedly ready to do any one a good turn — everybody's friend. He laughs a good deal.)*

Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us thus early for love of his Desdemona. . . .

Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine: and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

CASSIO

Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Both young men are talking gayly. IAGO *refuses to take Cassio's excuses seriously. He pretends to rebuke him gently for not being a "good fellow."*

IAGO

O, they are our friends; but one cup;

He winks and nudges CASSIO *with a jovial elbow.*

I'll drink for you.

CASSIO

I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified, too, and behold, what innovation it makes here:

He touches his face, which is flushed, even with a cup of wine "qualified" with water.

I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

But IAGO *makes light of his protests.*

IAGO

What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

CASSIO

(*Giving in to Iago's seemingly good-natured urging, shrugs* —)

Where are they?

IAGO

(*Leading him right*)

Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

CASSIO

(*Laughing ruefully, shamed into being a "good fellow" against his better judgment*)

I'll do it; but it dislikes me.

[*Exit* CASSIO, *right.* IAGO *looks after him and bursts out laughing. He runs to the platform, pours out a cup of wine, leans against the table, but pauses before drinking to talk the matter out with himself. He plots gayly. He is a cheerful villain with no qualms of conscience*

IAGO

If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offense
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus, — noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honors in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle, —
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch, too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend their isle: —

He hears voices off right.

But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter, from the right, CASSIO, *showing slight signs of intoxication. This should not be overdone. We have his own word, and Iago's,*

that wine makes Cassio *quarrelsome. We see now that he chatters a bit foolishly, and is only a little uncertain in his actions. All this he tries to conceal, and with it, his inward disgust with himself and the others. He is followed by* Montano *and several other men.*

Cassio

'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Montano

Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

With much laughter and loud chatter, the men take their places about the table on the platform, filling up their cups and drinking. Iago *remains leaning against the front of the table.* Cassio *sits on a stool to the left of the table,* Montano *to the right of it.*

Iago

Some wine, ho!

His cup is filled. He makes a great show of drinking, but does not drink much. His song is gay and heartening —

And let me the cannikin clink, clink;
And let me the cannikin clink:
A soldier's a man;
And life's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

Attendants run in from the left and refill the bottles, while the companions of Iago *applaud him loudly. Some citizens gather at the corner to enjoy the fun.* Cassio, *struggling with his rising impatience, tries to join in the spirit of the occasion.*

Cassio

'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

IAGO

I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander, — Drink, ho! — are nothing to your English.

At his call the boys fill the cups again. All are drinking more than IAGO, *and more than* CASSIO, *who waves the wine aside.*

CASSIO

(*Inclined to argue*)

Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

IAGO

Why, he drinks you, with felicity, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Allemain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

CASSIO

(*Desperately recalling himself to a sense of his duty in this place, rises unsteadily. He raises his cup.*)

To the health of our general.

This calls for cheers. The cups are refilled, the toast drunk, and the cups filled again.

MONTANO

I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

They drink Othello's health. IAGO *is the happiest of the lot.* CASSIO *eases himself down upon the stool again, and takes out his handkerchief, with which he wipes his burning face.*

IAGO

O sweet England!

He sings again, to the accompaniment of clanking cups.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor — lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Again the cups are filled and again Iago's song is loudly applauded. His efforts have resulted in a carousal of the noisiest. CASSIO, *remembering that he must not let his rising anger get the best of him, still tries to enter into the spirit of the time, and says heartily*

CASSIO

Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

IAGO

Will you hear it again?

There is a storm of "yes's" from the others, but all at once Cassio's disgust gets the better of him, and he shouts

CASSIO

No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does these things. —

Seeing that his words have somewhat dampened the joy of the company, he hesitates.

Well — Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls that must not be saved.

IAGO

(*With a wink at the others, to say that* CASSIO *is a bit "under the influence"*)

It's true, good lieutenant.

CASSIO

(*Fumbling with his handkerchief, which he cannot get into any of his pockets*)

For mine own part, — no offense to the general, nor to any man of quality, — I hope to be saved.

IAGO

(*With a teasing quality in his voice*)

And so do I too, lieutenant.

CASSIO

(*Rising to the challenge in Iago's tone, stands, and gesticulates futilely with his handkerchief.*)

Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient.

The handkerchief falls from his fingers. He looks around at the faces of the men, and again is filled with a sense of his danger.

Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. —

In trying to recover his handkerchief, he sinks to his knees. Finding himself in the attitude of prayer, he folds his hands and prays —

Forgive us our sins!

Laughing, IAGO *offers to assist him to his feet, but* CASSIO *brushes away his hand and gets to his feet with the help of the table; stands, swaying slightly. His face is deeply flushed, his eyes angry.*

Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, that I am drunk:

The faces of the gentlemen tell him that they consider him, indeed, drunk. This angers him further. He tries to force them to believe him. He points to IAGO —

this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left hand; — I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

ALL

Excellent well.

It is a joke, with them. But they do not care to provoke him too far.

CASSIO

Why, very well, then; you must not think that I am drunk.

He makes a great effort, controls himself and walks steadily across the stage, to exit right. MONTANO, *touched by a sense of shame, after* CASSIO *has gone, rises.*

MONTANO

To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

The cups and bottles are cleared away. The men group themselves on the platform. IAGO *draws* MONTANO *down to stage left. The other men march off, left.*

IAGO

You see this fellow, that is gone before: —
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Caesar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;

. . . . . .

I fear, the trust Othello puts in him,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

MONTANO

But is he often thus?

IAGO

'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.

We know, from Cassio's own words, that this is not true. He seldom takes wine because of his "infirmity." But IAGO *is busily manufacturing evidence against* CASSIO, *and* MONTANO, *the former governor of the island, will be a weighty witness.*

MONTANO

It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils; is not this true?

IAGO *would make some reply to this, but is prevented by the entrance of* RODERIGO, *a gay young gentleman, who comes in eagerly from the left.* IAGO *hurries to him, and speaks to him, aside, very confidentially.* RODERIGO *is a very vain young person, easily flattered, and without judgment or prudence. It is easy for* IAGO *to cause him, by a hint, to speak to* CASSIO *in such a manner as to anger the lieutenant to the point of violence.*

IAGO

(*Aside to* RODERIGO)

How now, Roderigo?

The rest of the line is whispered.

I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[*Exit* RODERIGO, *right, bent on finding* CASSIO *and calling him to account*

MONTANO

(*He is a grave man, concerned, as becomes the former governor of Cyprus, with a matter that may affect the public safety. When* IAGO *returns from his whispered conference with* RODERIGO, MONTANO *continues the discussion of* CASSIO.)

And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action, to say
So to the Moor.

IAGO

(Though he enjoys hearing MONTANO *express his own thoughts on this subject,* IAGO *will not appear to agree. He seems the soul of sincerity as he speaks of his affection for* CASSIO.)

Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark!

Since Roderigo's exit, IAGO *has been straining his ear to the right, listening for sounds of trouble. He now hears something that interests him. But he exhibits only the gravest anxiety —*

what noise?

IAGO *and* MONTANO *go up stage, to the right, and look off. There are cries of "*Help! Help!*" Then* RODERIGO *runs in, driven by* CASSIO, *in a dangerous rage.*

CASSIO

You rogue! you rascal!

CASSIO *raises his sword, threatening to strike* RODERIGO *with the flat of it.* MONTANO *comes down on Cassio's right.* IAGO *remains up stage.*

MONTANO

What's the matter, lieutenant?

CASSIO

A knave! — teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

RODERIGO

(A little braver, now that he believes he has defenders)
Beat me!

CASSIO

(Striking him with the flat of his sword)

Dost thou prate, rogue?

MONTANO

(*Catching and holding Cassio's right wrist*)

Nay, good lieutenant;
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

CASSIO

(*Struggling furiously with* MONTANO)

Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

MONTANO

(*Disgusted and offended*)

Come, come, you're drunk.

CASSIO

(*Stung into greater fury, wrenches free from Montano's grip and lunges at him with his sword.*)

Drunk!

MONTANO *counters, and they fight in deadly earnest.* CASSIO *tries to kill* MONTANO, *and* MONTANO *tries to disarm* CASSIO. IAGO, *seeing that matters are going exactly to his desire, crosses left to* RODERIGO *and pushes him toward the left exit.*

IAGO

(*Aside to* RODERIGO)

Away, I say! go out, and cry — a mutiny.

RODERIGO *very willingly runs off left toward the governor's house, calling* "Help! A mutiny!" *The noise of a gathering crowd is heard, from off left and off right.* IAGO *turns toward the fighting men and remonstrates with them. Some directors here allow* IAGO, *in circling about* CASSIO *and* MONTANO, *to thrust in his own sword and wound* MONTANO, *unknown to either of the fighters.* MONTANO *is wounded, whether by* CASSIO *or by* IAGO; *everyone believes by*

CASSIO, *and there is nothing in the text to tell us otherwise.* IAGO *appears to be trying to stop the fight.*

Nay, good lieutenant, — alas, gentlemen, —
Help, ho! — Lieutenant, — sir, Montano, — sir; —
Help, masters! — Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

The alarm bell rings, off left.

Who's that that rings the bell? — Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant! hold;
You will be shamed forever.

Things are going so exactly to suit IAGO *that he can act as though he sincerely wished to save* CASSIO *from disgrace. Indeed, his own show of grief at Cassio's actions makes* CASSIO *seem all the more to blame. At the entrance of* OTHELLO, IAGO *hangs his head as though he were the offender. He is blushing for his friend.* CASSIO *and* MONTANO *are still fighting.*

Enter from left, OTHELLO *and several gentlemen; from the left and right, alarmed townspeople.* OTHELLO *is calm, dignified. His displeasure at the disturbance is not violent.*

OTHELLO

What is the matter here?

MONTANO

I bleed still, I am hurt to the death; — he dies.

He offers to lunge again at CASSIO, *who comes on furiously.*

OTHELLO

Hold, for your lives.

IAGO *here comes in between the fighters and separates them.* CASSIO, *at the command of his general, recalled to himself and a knowledge of all that has happened to him, suddenly sobers, but* IAGO *makes a show of disarming him, while others assist* MONTANO.

IAGO

Hold, hold, lieutenant, — sir, Montano, — gentlemen, —
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

IAGO *makes such a clamor, and stirs up the gentlemen who are assisting* MONTANO *to such a pitch of excitement that* OTHELLO *seems to be facing a disorderly mob — though* CASSIO, *shamed and despairing, stands silent at the right.*

OTHELLO

(*Raising his voice to sharp command*)

Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

. . . . . .

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion. —

All the men present lower their swords. There is silence among them, broken by a fresh peal of the alarm bell. OTHELLO *looks about, from* MONTANO, *suffering from his wound, to* IAGO, *to* CASSIO. *He speaks to a man at his left.*

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety. —

The man salutes and exits, left. The bell continues a moment, then ceases. OTHELLO *renews his scrutiny of the faces of his officers, and then asks gently —*

What is the matter, masters? —

No one answers him. IAGO *hangs his head.* CASSIO *looks straight before him.*

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this?

Still IAGO, *the picture of distress, yet with a story bursting from his seams, hesitates. Sternly,* OTHELLO *commands him —*

on thy love, I charge thee.

IAGO

(*The perfect dissembler, stammers, as though dazed by the rude occurrences.*)

I do not know; — friends all but now, even now,
. . . . . I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

OTHELLO

(*Turning with a show of grieved disappointment to the man he loves and trusts above all others* — CASSIO).

How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

CASSIO

(*So deep in humiliation and understanding so well how* OTHELLO *feels toward him, that he cannot utter more than a surly* —)

I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

OTHELLO

(*His just wrath rising at these evasions, turns to* MONTANO, *his predecessor as governor of the island, and a man of reputation.*)

Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure; what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

MONTANO

(Though severely wounded, and resting in the arms of friends, MONTANO *is resentful of Othello's rebuke, which he does not feel that he deserves. He has been attacked without provocation by an officer of the new governor. He replies, giving* OTHELLO *the same title as* OTHELLO *has just given him —)*

Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you —

OTHELLO

Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
. . . . . Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offense,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. —

He looks about. His eyes fall upon the glowering CASSIO. CASSIO, *it must be understood, is hating himself, blaming no one but himself. Yet he looks angry and resentful.* IAGO *is the one who looks apologetic and remorseful.* OTHELLO *has a grievance, and he voices it.*

What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous. —

He looks them all over again and catches a gleam in Iago's eyes.

Iago, who began it?

IAGO, *his mouth open, hesitates.* MONTANO, *who really does not know the cause of Cassio's quarrel with* RODERIGO, *but only that, as* IAGO *has told him,* CASSIO *is quarrelsome when drunk, fears that* IAGO *may wish to spare* CASSIO *because they are brother officers. He speaks fiercely to* IAGO, *though he is weak from suffering.*

MONTANO

If partially affin'd or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

The speech which follows is a masterpiece of duplicity. While telling almost the truth, IAGO *conveys a false impression. While pretending to be Cassio's friend, and deceiving even* CASSIO, *he brings about his disgrace, just as he has planned to do. Concerning his own honor as a soldier he pretends to be very sensitive, and answers* MONTANO —

IAGO

Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offense to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. —

In the pause, all hearers condemn CASSIO, *standing black and sullen by himself.* OTHELLO *is cut to the heart with disappointment in a friend and trusted officer. He listens sternly to* IAGO.

Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself, being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following him, with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman

IAGO *indicates* MONTANO, *who listens intently.*

Steps in to Cassio, and entreats him pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamor, as it so fell out,
The town might fall into fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I never might say before: when I came back,

For this was brief, I found them close together
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report: —

Here he disclaims any knowledge of Cassio's motives in punishing Roderigo — *and carefully omits mention of the wine, drunk to Othello's health, by* Cassio *at his suggestion. He pretends to defend* Cassio —

But men are men: the best sometimes forget: —
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him, —

Indicating the wounded Montano

As men in rage strike those that wish them best, —
Yet, surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Iago *rests his case against* Cassio. *With every show of regret, he steps back, giving way to* Othello, *who slowly advances toward* Cassio, *who raises his head and looks up, managing to face the reproachful eyes of his general.* Othello *has used Cassio's first name for the last time. But though his tone says that nothing will alter his sentence, there is no bitterness in it. There is sadness and dignity. He looks first, back at* Iago, *then at* Cassio.

Othello

I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. — Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine. —

Cassio *starts as though he had received a mortal wound. The faces of all the other men reflect the gravity of that sentence.* Iago *fairly droops with woe.*

Enter, from the left, Desdemona *and her* Ladies, *frightened by the commotion.* Othello, *turning away from the crushed* Cassio, *sees them and goes to meet his wife.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up; —

Taking Desdemona's hand, he turns again toward Cassio, *to say gravely —*

I'll make thee an example.

Desdemona *cannot understand why* Othello *should speak so to* Cassio, *their most intimate friend, the one who brought* Othello *to court her, and helped them to marry. She looks inquiringly from her husband to* Cassio, *and back again.*

Desdemona

What's the matter, dear?

Othello

(*Unwilling to grieve her with the truth, puts it off with reassurances.*)

All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.

He pauses beside Montano.

Sir, for your hurts,

Perhaps the unfinished line indicates the time taken to look at Montano's wound and to see that it is not fatal.

Myself will be your surgeon:

To the men who have been supporting Montano.

Lead him off.

They do so, going out left. Othello *calls* Iago *down to him.*

Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted. —

Iago *salutes and crosses right, as though to leave — but pauses.* Othello *leads his wife left.*

Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

Without another look at Cassio, Othello *leaves, with* Desdemona *and her attendants. They exeunt left. Others exeunt right.* Iago

and CASSIO *are left alone.* CASSIO, *who has held himself rigid under the eye of his general, sinks to the floor after Othello's exit.* IAGO *hurries to him and bends over him solicitously.*

IAGO

What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CASSIO

Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO

(*Assisting* CASSIO *to rise*)

Marry, heaven forbid!

CASSIO

(*Breaking away from him with a gesture of despair*)

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. —

He sinks down on the step of the platform, moaning.

My reputation,

Iago, my reputation.

IAGO

(*Speaking quite sincerely*)

As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offense in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again . . . sue to him again, and he is yours.

CASSIO

I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet

an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? —

His shame and sorrow wring this cry from him —

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee — devil!

CASSIO *buries his face in his hands.* IAGO *regards him a moment, in the rôle of a fairly sympathetic friend, and then asks lightly —*

IAGO

What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

CASSIO

(*Miserably*)

I know not.

IAGO

Is it possible?

CASSIO

(*Tortured almost beyond endurance by his own thoughts, reflected, as he supposes, in Iago's mind, starts to his feet. He is in a rage at himself.*)

I remember a mass of things, but none distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. —

With another despairing gesture — perhaps, outflung arms —

O, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

IAGO

Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

CASSIO

It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another to make me frankly despise myself.

CASSIO is so humiliated that he scorns even his own anger. His shoulders droop. IAGO goes to him and gives him a hearty slap on the back.

IAGO

Come, you are too severe a moraler . . . I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

CASSIO

I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! — Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and every ingredient is a devil.

IAGO

(Cheerfully, endeavoring to lift CASSIO from his gloom).

Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

This is the old, familiar argument. By it and by his use of Cassio's lost title, IAGO increases his power over the mind of the weaker man. And note the subtlety of the last "I think you think I love you"! With it he slides his arm about Cassio's shoulders and turns him toward right center. He seems a kind, warm friend. CASSIO cannot doubt him.

CASSIO

I have well approved it, sir. —

But CASSIO *is not thinking of any one but himself, and exclaims with renewed disgust.*

I drunk!

IAGO

You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. . . .

Here IAGO *lays the train of the plot which ends in tragedy, but to* CASSIO, *and to the audience, he sounds plausible. It is just such a suggestion as might be made to* CASSIO *by one who had his best interests at heart.*

Confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

CASSIO

(*Cheered and heartened*)

You advise me well.

IAGO

I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

CASSIO

I think it freely;

CASSIO *wrings Iago's outstretched hand, in gratitude.*

and, betimes in the morning, I will

beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

IAGO

You are in the right.

He urges CASSIO *toward the exit, right.*

Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

His manner says that CASSIO *is as good as restored to his place.* CASSIO *is almost cheerful, as he leaves.*

CASSIO

Good night, honest Iago.

[*Exit* CASSIO *right.* IAGO *looks after him, with a smile. He is satisfied with matters so far, and cheerful. He should not sneer, nor "play the villain." He is quite simply a rogue, but one whom everyone calls "honest." Edwin Booth, the great actor, said,* "Even when (Iago is) alone, there is little need to remove the mask entirely. Shakespeare spares you that trouble."

IAGO

And what's he, then, that says, — I play the villain?
When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
Probal to thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor again? . . .
. . . . . How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: . . .

He looks off left and sees RODERIGO, *who has been waiting in the shadows for a chance to speak to* IAGO *alone.*

How now, Roderigo?

RODERIGO *enters, left, whining.*

RODERIGO

I do follow here in this chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgeled; and, I think, the issue will be — I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

He crosses, past IAGO, *as though to leave, by the right exit.* IAGO *smiles.*

IAGO

How poor are they, that have not patience! —

RODERIGO *pauses, to hear more, for* IAGO *sounds encouraging.*

. . . . . Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:

RODERIGO, *delighted at this news, comes to* IAGO *with renewed confidence.*

Content thyself a while. —

RODERIGO, *who feels that he has so much at stake — at least most of his money is in Iago's hands — would like to cling close, until something pleasant happens. But* IAGO *is impatient to be rid of him. He sniffs the air and exclaims —*

By the mass, 'tis morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short. —

He takes RODERIGO *by the arm and firmly leads him right.*

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted;

RODERIGO *protests, but is rushed off.*

Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone.

The last is almost a threat, and the timid RODERIGO *scampers off, right.* IAGO *returns eagerly to his plotting. He is cheerful about it. Things are going exceedingly well. He enjoys this game.*

Two things are to be done —
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Does he pause, here, to consider some device, like that of the handkerchief?
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: — Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit* IAGO *left, swiftly*

CURTAIN

NOTES ON OTHELLO

his addition: his position.

All offices are open: In the great houses, the store-rooms where the food and other supplies were kept were called the offices. The men in charge were called officers. At times of feasting, these rooms were thrown open and the officers served refreshments to all who applied.

it dislikes me: We have a similar expression, "It displeases me."

pottle deep: a pottle was a jug holding somewhat more than half a gallon.

Allemain: German.

lown: a base fellow.

ancient: a corruption of enseign, an officer in personal attendance upon the general.

his own second: the office of lieutenant was second in command to general.

twiggen: wicker.

mazzard: head.

probal: probable.

The characters of Othello and of Iago have been much discussed by the distinguished critics of Shakespeare's plays, and of the great actors who have interpreted these characters. The most interesting book which students may consult on this play is *Shakespeare on the Stage*, by William Winter.

KING RICHARD II

King Richard II is considered by Coleridge to be the "first and most admirable of all Shakespeare's purely historical plays." It deals with a wonderfully interesting young king, the son of England's hero, the Black Prince. Richard was a child of ten when he came to the throne in 1377. He had great personal beauty and unusual talents. As he was surrounded by every luxury and indulged in every pleasure that the time and country afforded, it is no wonder that he grew into a willful, extravagant, unreasonable king and estranged the love of his people until it was possible for his powerful cousin, Henry of Lancaster, to take the throne from him. Shakespeare drew his historical facts from Holinshed's *Chronicle of Englande, Scotland and Ireland*, and on the whole he followed the history carefully, diverging only when he felt the need of added dramatic interest. The most noteworthy instance of deviation is in regard to Queen Isabelle, the little daughter of Charles the Sixth of France, who had been sent to England in 1396 at the age of nine, as Richard's second wife. (His first wife, Anne of Bohemia, whom he had married when he was fifteen, and whom he loved dearly, had died in 1394.) At the time of Richard's abdication Isabelle was only eleven. Shakespeare has made her a little older than that, but still he has kept her extreme youth constantly before us, and Richard treats her always with that gentle tenderness one shows to a beloved child. The love of Richard and his child-wife is an invention of the Poet, but it is one of the most beautiful romances in the Plays. Shakespeare invented, also, the gardeners; and the groom who visits Richard in prison to tell him of his favorite horse. The

character of Richard is an amazing study in the psychology of a talented, magnetic, lovable youth who is nevertheless weak and worthless. An interesting fact concerning the real Richard is that the poet Chaucer was attached to the court during his lifetime. Shakespeare has made Richard a poet in feeling and has put many noble and beautiful lines into his mouth. When, on the coast of Wales, news comes of Bolingbroke's successes, he exclaims, perhaps in premonition of his own fate —

> ". . . . . within the hollow crown,
> That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
> Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,
> Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
> Allowing him a breath, a little scene
> To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
> Infusing him with self and vain conceit, —
> As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
> Were brass impregnable, and, humor'd thus,
> Comes at the last, and with a little pin
> Bores through his castle wall, and — farewell king!
>
> . . . . . .

He lacks virility, and his mind runs on to meet his defeat. The scene of Richard's abdication, in which he calls for the mirror and searches his image for signs of sorrow, no less than the scene of his death, reveals him to us as possessing some of the nobility and much of the weakness of the ideal tragic hero. In drawing Richard's character, Shakespeare has placed before us a man of great charm, both of body and of spirit. Though he is a failure as a king and as a man, we are forced to pity him and to feel the pathos of that failure, rather than to blame him for it. The little queen loves him so much that we see him, through her eyes, all noble. When he is away in Ireland, she grieves, and when reminded that she promised the King to be cheerful during his absence, she replies —

"To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles; at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king."

It is this sorrow which comes to her knowledge fully in the scene with the gardeners, which we are to study.

The character of John of Gaunt, Richard's uncle and Bolingbroke's father, is noble and inspiring. His death scene in Act II is one of great pathos. In this scene we find that gem of poetry in which Gaunt, speaking of "this England," rises to the heights of impassioned patriotism. The most portentous figure in the play is Bolingbroke. He is the vigorous tree in whose shade Richard, "that sweet, lovely rose" must fade. As he appears in this play, so he remains in the two plays of Henry IV, a wise, powerful, ruthless ruler of weaker men. We are to study later Act III, scene 2 of the First Part of Henry IV, in which Henry Bolingbroke, then the king, defends his usurpation of Richard's throne to his own son, Prince Hal. The scenes chosen from Richard II are two of those invented by Shakespeare, and have all the perfections of his delicate art of characterization.

The story of the play covers the time from April 29, 1398, to the beginning of March, 1400. Richard is thirty-one when the play begins and has been King of England twenty-one years. In the first act Richard is called upon to settle a dispute between two powerful nobles, Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and Henry Bolingbroke, the eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. At first giving permission to these lords to meet in single combat, Richard changes his mind and exiles them both. John of Gaunt dies,

reproaching Richard for taxing the people too heavily, to raise funds for a campaign in Ireland. When Gaunt is dead, Richard seizes his estates. Henry Bolingbroke makes this an excuse to return from exile. The people welcome him. There is a general feeling that he will make a better king than the prodigal Richard. (Richard and Henry are cousins, grandsons to Edward III.) Rumors of disaster reach the young queen. Richard returns from Ireland and meets Bolingbroke, who declares that he is loyal, but only wishes his exile repealed and his estates restored. Richard agrees, and returns to London with Bolingbroke. On the way, the people clearly show their preference for Henry. The latter, who is now more powerful than Richard, and who has the support of powerful lords, forces the King to abdicate. Richard is sent to the tower, and his young wife, after a sorrowful leave-taking, is sent back to France. Henry Bolingbroke is crowned as Henry IV, and certain of his friends, thinking to please him, murder Richard in his prison. At the last, Richard acts and dies like a man — "as full of valor as of royal blood," exclaims Sir Pierce of Exton, instantly regretful of the deed.

A YOUNG QUEEN'S GRIEF

KING RICHARD II

Act III, Scene 4

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Isabelle, *Queen to* King Richard

First Lady, Second Lady } *attendants to the* Queen

Gardener

First Servant, Second Servant } *assistants to the* Gardener

Scene: — *Langley. — The Duke of York's Garden. Let this be a small enclosed part of the garden, with walls or hedges on three sides, an arched entrance left and a smaller arch up right. The hedges would be slightly overgrown, ready for the pruners; or if walls are indicated, there must be branching plants growing against them too luxuriantly. Across the stage from left to right runs the bowling green. At right is the apricot tree, either on stage or bending over the wall with fruit-laden branches. There are trees or bushes up left with a bench to the right of them. There is another bench down left.*

Enter from the left through the arch, the Queen *and two ladies.* Queen Isabelle *is young and lovely — too young for such cares and griefs and fears as are tormenting her. The* Ladies *are lovely, too, and young, though not so young as the* Queen, *who is scarcely in her 'teens. They follow her into the quiet little garden enclosure. The* Second Lady *carries a lute. The* First Lady *has a cloak for* Isabelle. *The* Queen *comes in swiftly, as though in this garden she sought a refuge from unfriendliness. She stops at the center of*

the green and looks about at the trees and flowers, relaxing a little from her attitude of strain. The First Lady *crosses up left and lays the cloak upon the bench above the green. The* Second Lady *stops near the bench down left.*

Queen

What sport shall we devise here in this garden
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

She turns to her ladies, smiling, with a little of that happiness belonging to her years and to the garden. The First Lady, *responding gladly, picks up a bowl and holds it out to the* Queen.

First Lady

Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Crossing left, the Queen *takes the bowl and stands at the left end of the green. She swings her arm, at first gayly, then half-heartedly, at last letting the bowl slip from her fingers without momentum. Her lips quiver —*

Queen

'Twill make me think,
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainst the bias.

She takes out her handkerchief and presses it to her eyes, walking away to extreme right. The Ladies *exchange glances of sympathy. The* First Lady *motions to the* Second Lady *to play, and she plays, softly yet gayly, a dance tune. The* First Lady *strikes an attitude.*

First Lady

Madam, we will dance.

The Queen *turns to watch her. The* First Lady *executes some graceful steps, approaching the* Queen, *to whom she makes a deep curtsy, extending, at the same time, her hand in invitation. Poor little* Queen Isabelle *attempts to join her, even stepping two or three stately measures; but breaks off suddenly and presses her handkerchief to her eyes again.*

QUEEN

My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl;

Again she dries her eyes, smiles bravely and attempts to assume the bright, regal bearing of a grown-up queen.

some other sport.

She crosses to the bench up left and seats herself, motioning the Ladies *to be seated. The* SECOND LADY *sits on the bench down left and lays aside her lute. The* FIRST LADY *stands for a time at the right of the* QUEEN.

FIRST LADY

Madam, we'll tell tales.

It is really in her thought that so young a girl as the QUEEN *may easily have her mind diverted from her sorrow by some engrossing story; but* ISABELLE, *older than her years in sad wisdom, questions.*

QUEEN

Of sorrow, or of joy?

FIRST LADY

(*A bit discouraged because it seems clear that the royal lady cannot forget her trouble in any sort of entertainment*)

Of either, madam.

QUEEN

(*Indulging her sadness*)

Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:

For what I have I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

The First Lady *makes a great effort. She clasps her hands as though at a happy thought, whirls away to the right, and curtsies low as the* Second Lady *takes up the lute.*

First Lady

Madam, I'll sing.

The Second Lady *plays a prelude. The* Queen *silences the music with her raised hand, smiling ruefully at the* First Lady.

Queen

'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

First Lady

(*Running impulsively and sinking to her knees at the right of the* Queen)

I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen

(*Caressing her*)

And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

They rise, and, arms about each other, walk slowly right. They are both weeping, and so is the Second Lady *who also has risen.* Isabelle *is the first to dry her eyes. As she turns to walk back, she glances out of the gate which is up right, and sees the gardeners approaching.*

But stay. Here come the gardeners;

She leads the First Lady *quickly to the left, and extends a hand to the* Second Lady.

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

They conceal themselves to the left of the trees. They are in view of the audience, but are hidden from the gardeners.

Enter up right: the Gardener *and his two servants; the* Gardener *carries a basket, the* First Servant *has a number of cords and a pair of steps. The* Second Servant *has pruning shears and a basket in which to catch the cuttings.*

The Queen *speaks softly aside to the* Ladies.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state: for everyone doth so
Against a change. Woe is forerun with woe.

The men come down, quite unaware of the presence of the Queen *and her* Ladies. *They are intent only on their work.*

Gardener

(*Directing the* First Servant *to the right*)

Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs. —

The First Servant *sets the pair of steps under the apricot tree and sorts out his pieces of cord preparatory to carrying out orders. The* Gardener *addresses the* Second Servant, *motioning him upstage.*

Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government. —

The Second Servant, *snipping his shears, goes back to the hedge and clips off straggling bits, dropping them into his basket. The* Gardener *goes right to the* First Servant, *observes what he is doing, with a nod of approval; goes back to the* Second Servant, *approves with another nod.*

You thus employed, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

He comes down to the green, and with difficulty gets to his knees — that is, if he is somewhat venerable and corpulent — about center stage. He weeds the green as he talks, dropping the weeds into his basket. The First Servant *has an idea. He loves to talk. Looking over his left shoulder, he expounds with great seriousness. He sometimes forgets his task and makes the elaborate gestures of a stump-speaker.*

First Servant

Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

The Second Servant *has stopped working and listens with approval. The little* Queen, *dismayed, lays her hand over her racing heart. This criticism of the* King *and his ministers by an assistant gardener is evidence that the whole country is in a state of dangerous unrest — as the* Queen *well knows.*

Gardener

(*Still weeding busily*)

Hold thy peace: —

The Servants, *getting a stroke of work in occasionally, listen to the* Gardener *with respect and a lively interest in the subject.*

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:

At this direct statement of the downfall of King Richard, *the* Queen *puts out her hands. Her* Ladies *clasp them in warm sympathy.*

The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;

He plucks up a weed and throws it disdainfully into the basket. The Servants *have come to him, one on either side. He looks from one to the other.*

I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

First Servant

What, are they dead?

These bad men were favorites of the ill-advised King. *News of their death is good news to respectable citizens.*

Gardener

They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king. —

With nods and shrugs the Servants *return to their tasks. The poor little* Queen *is almost fainting in the arms of her* Ladies.

Oh! what a pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden!

The Gardener *rises, taking up his basket. He turns right, addressing the* First Servant, *who is busy with his cords.*

We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty.

He turns to the Second Servant, *who is snipping and listening with approval.*

All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:

Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

FIRST SERVANT

(*Turning to speak to the* GARDENER)

What, think you, then, the king shall be depos'd?

The SECOND SERVANT *leaves his work and comes down to hear the answer.*

GARDENER

Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be. Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's
That tell black tidings.

QUEEN

(*Thrusting the protecting arms of her* Ladies *from her*)

O, I am press'd to death
Through want of speaking!

She comes from her concealment, followed by her Ladies. *The* Servants *fall back to the right of the* GARDENER. *The three men remove their caps and stand respectfully before the youthful* QUEEN. *In her rebellion against misfortune, she speaks harshly. Yet her childish appearance and her forlorn state make it easy to forgive her.*

Thou, old Adam's likeness,
Set to dress this garden, how dares
Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings? speak, thou wretch.

GARDENER

Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news: yet, what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke;

The QUEEN *turns away from him to the ready sympathy of her* Ladies. *She hides her face against the shoulder of the* FIRST LADY.

their fortunes both are weigh'd;
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the British peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.

The little Queen's head comes up at this. She turns imperiously on the old GARDENER. *He continues kindly, but with such conviction that she is forced to believe all his dreadful news.*

Post you to London and you'll find it so:
I speak no more than every one doth know.

QUEEN

(*Beating her hands together in helpless suffering*)

Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it?

She presses her hands to her heart.

O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. —

With a great effort she masters her emotion, holds her head high, turns and extends a hand to each Lady.

Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.

She takes one step to the left, toward the gate, is again overwhelmed by grief and almost falls. The Ladies *console her.*

What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?

Again she rallies her courage and turns back to the GARDENER *with childish fury.*

Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.

[*She goes out swiftly, followed by her* Ladies

GARDENER

(*Looking after her and shaking his head in sympathy*)

Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse. —

The Servants, *too, are impressed by the sad, youthful beauty of the* QUEEN, *and shake their heads dolefully. The* GARDENER *moves left, looking at the spot where the little* QUEEN *stood.*

Here did she let fall a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

The three men set about their tasks.

CURTAIN

THE PARTING

KING RICHARD II

Act V, Scene 1

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Isabelle, *Queen to* King Richard
King Richard
Earl of Northumberland
Ladies *attendant on the* Queen
Guards *of* King Richard
Attendants to Northumberland

Scene: — *London, a street leading to the tower. This may be represented simply by a curtain. Or the curtains may hang in divisions, with bits of gray sky to be seen between them. However the place is suggested, there should be an atmosphere of chill and cheerless desolation.*

Enter the Queen *and her* Ladies *from the right. They are veiled and cloaked in dark colors. They pause at center stage. The sad young* Queen *lifts her veil and speaks gently to her sympathetic* Ladies. *They unveil, also, and look off anxiously to the right.*

Queen

This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:

These words of the young Queen *alarm her* Ladies, *for* Bolingbroke *is already King Henry IV of England.* Richard *has abdicated in his favor, but his little* Queen *refuses to credit the hateful fact.*

Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Now the Queen *sees, off right,* Richard *and his* Guards *approaching. She moves impulsively to meet him.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither:

She turns her back on the approaching procession — yet controls and reproaches herself —

Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve in dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears. —

She crosses and Richard *comes to meet her. His* Guards *fall back respectfully. They and the Queen's* Ladies *turn away their eyes from this sad meeting. The* Queen *approaches her husband with outstretched hands, which he takes in his. She looks mournfully up at him, noting his altered appearance.*

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map of honor; thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favor'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph has become an alehouse guest?

She hides her tears against his shoulder and he holds her in a close, comforting embrace. Richard *has already suffered the sharpest pangs of his grief and has achieved a calm, if despairing mood; but the sorrow of his little* Queen *is harder to bear than his own.*

King Richard

Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;

From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this:

He looks at his Guards, *standing so grimly by. The* QUEEN *looks up at him, startled by his despairing tone.*

I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death.

She draws away a little, scarcely able to believe this to be her spirited young husband, "the god of her idolatry."

Hie thee to France
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Clasping her hands earnestly, the QUEEN *tries to stir Richard's former spirit with heroic words. He turns his face from her and hangs his head. He well knows how useless any show of resistance would be.*

QUEEN

What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

KING RICHARD

(*Bitterly, thinking of the people, his subjects, who have betrayed him to* Bolingbroke)

A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead;

The QUEEN *begins to cry bitterly. Richard's voice takes on added tenderness. He puts his arms about her.*

and even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of the rightful king.

Is not this half-playful turning of their personal misfortune into a tale to be told in some far-off place and time, a device that one employs to assuage the sorrow of a child? RICHARD *himself is childlike, in that he can dramatize any event that touches him into a pageant of imagined wonders. Now he and the* QUEEN *and all the* Ladies *are weeping. The* Guard *is respectful, if unmoved.*

Enter into this tender scene, NORTHUMBERLAND, *with three noblemen and a train of clanking men-at-arms. They come from the right.* RICHARD *looks up, horror in his face. The* QUEEN *clutches at her husband, as though to save him from his enemies. There is the ring of authority in Northumberland's voice.*

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower. —

RICHARD, *his arms dropping away from his* QUEEN, *steps back among his* Guards, *who step closer to him. The* QUEEN *retreats to her* Ladies. NORTHUMBERLAND *says sternly to her,*

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

RICHARD *faces* NORTHUMBERLAND *with something of his former spirit. The great earl listens, perhaps recognizing the truth of Richard's words, but unmoved by it. The little* QUEEN *holds up her head and grows an inch taller to hear* RICHARD *again speak like a King.*

KING RICHARD

Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne, —

Some gesture of the prophet here

The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurp'd throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger and deserved death.

NORTHUMBERLAND

(*Gruffly*)

My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part, forthwith.

At these cruel words the young husband turns again to his girl-wife. She is almost fainting in the arms of her Ladies.

KING RICHARD

Doubly divorc'd? —

He turns fiercely to his captors.

Bad men, ye violate

A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife. —

He goes to the QUEEN, *stooping over her as though to kiss her forehead. He does not kiss her, but takes her drooping form into his arms.*

Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet, not so, for with a kiss 'twas made. —

He looks at NORTHUMBERLAND *gloomily, despairing and resigned once more.*

Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

The QUEEN *opens her eyes and looks up at her husband. For her, again, this little fancy of the sympathic seasons is an offering of Richard's love to her youth. She starts in sudden realization.*

QUEEN

And must we be divided? must we part?

KING RICHARD

Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

QUEEN

(*Leaving the shelter of her husband's arms and crossing right to* NORTHUMBERLAND)

Banish us both, and send the king with me.

NORTHUMBERLAND

(*Smiling grimly at her childishness*)

That were some love, but little policy.

QUEEN

(Begging, like a very little girl, she lays her hand timidly on the great earl's arm.)

Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

NORTHUMBERLAND *glares at her so sternly that she loses all hope and begins to sob disconsolately. She turns back to* RICHARD, *who puts his arms around her again.*

KING RICHARD

So two, weeping together, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near'.

He hands her over to her Ladies *who receive her with comforting whispers and caresses.*

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

QUEEN

So, longest way shall have the longest moans.

These two children — though only one of them a child in years — play out their last fancy together, made of their very sorrow. The KING *will groan twice at every step of his shorter journey, to equal the sighs of the* QUEEN *on her longer journey!*

KING RICHARD

Twice for each step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow, let's be brief,
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and doubly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

They kiss, and the KING *turns away to his captors. But the* QUEEN *holds him fast.*

QUEEN

Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

They kiss again.

So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

She retreats to her Ladies, *but keeps her eyes fixed on* RICHARD.

KING RICHARD

We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

RICHARD *follows the* QUEEN, *kisses her once more, then goes right quickly, to* NORTHUMBERLAND, *turns for a last look, then goes out, preceded by* Guards *and followed by* NORTHUMBERLAND, *the noblemen and other* Guards.

[*The* QUEEN *stands, looking after him. When he has disappeared from her sight, she lowers her veil, turns and goes out left, followed by her* Ladies

CURTAIN

NOTES TO KING RICHARD II

play at bowls: "A lawn game somewhat similar to Quoits or curling. Biased or weighted balls are rolled along the sward, the object being to place them as near a stationary ball, or *jack* as possible. . . . The balls are made with a bias, that is, oblate on one side and prolate on the other, and are of a size which admits of their being grasped more or less firmly between the thumb and the fingers. — Webster.

'gainst the bias: see above.

compass of a pale: the space inclosed by a fence or wall.

Nimble mischance: "Bad news, that travels fast, should you not have come first to me, etc."

the model where old Troy did stand: The queen is appalled at the change in Richard's appearance. She compares his person to a

castle, a tomb, or a "beauteous inn," now inhabited by "hard-favored," or ugly grief and asks why triumph, which should belong to beautiful Richard, is now the guest of Bolingbroke, who is common in appearance, like an "alehouse."

Join not with grief: "My own grief has almost killed me — do not add yours to kill me at once."

betid: happened.

pines the clime: makes the climate bad.

some love but little policy: "That would be nice for you but not very wise for Bolingbroke."

Better far off: "Better that we should be far apart, than that we should be near and still separated" — "so near, and yet so far!"

Historical facts. *A Student's History of England.* Samuel L. Gardiner. Longmans, Green, p. 166: — "'Woe to the land'" quoted Langland from Ecclesiastes in the second edition of Piers the Plowman (1362), "'when the king is a child.'" Richard was but ten years of age when he was raised to the throne. The French plundered the coasts and the Scotch plundered the borders. . . . Wycliffe . . . was now busy with a translation of the Bible into English and sent forth a band of "poor priests" to preach the simple gospel which he found in it. . . . In collecting the Poll taxes . . . injurious acts of collectors aroused the peasants . . . Peasants' Revolt in 1381 when Richard was fourteen. . . . One hundred thousand enraged peasants headed by Wat Tyler and Jack Straw released John Ball (another peasant) from gaol and poured along the roads to London. They hoped to place young Richard at their head against their enemies in the gentry. The boy was spirited enough, and in spite of his mother's entreaties insisted on leaving the Tower and being rowed across the Thames to meet the insurgents on the Surry shore. Those who were with him, however, refused to allow him to land. . . . The peasants broke into London, plundered and murdered those who had proposed the tax. . . . The boy-king met the mob at Mile-End, and promised to abolish villeinage in England. Charters of manumission were drawn out and sealed, and a great part of the insurgents returned contentedly home. About thirty thousand, however, remained. . . . When

King Richard came among them at Smithfield, Wat Tyler threatened him, and Walworth, the Mayor of London, slew Wat Tyler with his dagger. A shout for vengeance was raised. With astonishing presence of mind Richard rode forward. "I am your king," he said; "I will be your leader." . . . the peasants returned home . . . Parliament cancelled the charters of manumission. . . . Lords and commons alike stood up for the rich against the poor and the boy-king was powerless to resist them, and it is possible that he did not wish to do so. . . . English society of the time is seen in the tales of Chaucer, the predecessor of modern literature, as Wycliffe was the predecessor of modern religion. . . . In 1382 Richard at the early age of fifteen was married to Anne of Bohemia. . . . In 1383 an expedition against France failed. In 1385 Richard invaded Scotland and burned Edinburgh with no permanent results. In 1389, when Richard was 22, he declared the regency at an end and assumed his place as king. . . . From '89 to '96 he gave England a constitutional government. . . . For some years Richard showed himself wise. . . . He made a French alliance. . . . Anne died in 1394 and in 1396 the daughter of Charles VI of France, a child of nine, was married to Richard and a truce was signed that was to last for thirty-nine years. . . . "Whether Richard was mad or not, he at all events acted like a madman. . . . In 1398 he summoned a packed parliament to Shrewsbury . . . which announced that no restraint could legally be put on the king. . . . Richard was thus made an absolute ruler unbound by the necessity of gathering a Parliament again. . . . Richard . . . was now in every sense of the word a despot. . . . Henry of Lancaster, called Derby, son of the Duke of Lancaster, banished . . . came back ostensibly to regain his estates . . . was helped to the throne by the Percies and other nobles. . . . Richard abdicated and was murdered. . . . Henry IV was crowned in 1399.

The Cambridge Text — Windsor Edition. *Richard II.* Vol. 6, p. 5. Sources: — Holinshed's *Chronicle of England, Scotland and Ireland* — probably the second edition of this work, published in 1586, which alone contains the withering of the bay-trees. (II, 4, line 8.) Among the chief divergences (from this source) are: (1) the re-creation of the characters of the queen and of Gaunt; (2) the death-bed scene of Gaunt, and the deposition

scene of Richard; (3) the introduction of the gardener, the servant, and the groom; (4) changes in historic time and place.

Characters: — Coleridge: See here the skill and judgment of our poet in giving reality and individual life, by the introduction of accidents in his historic plays, and thereby making them dramas, and not histories. How beautiful an islet of repose — a melancholy repose, indeed — is this scene with the Gardener and his servant! (p. 147).

Hereford: The Eversley Shakespeare. Shakespeare has elaborated his wonderful study of Richard. Scorn for the ruler is never allowed to obliterate a compassionate sympathy, enforced both by the pathetic helplessness of his fate and by a certain native exquisiteness and charm of mind. At times we seem to detect something like a calculated sequence of the two effects: the damning exposure, for instance, of the scene of Gaunt's death-bed being followed at once by the allaying pathos of the queen's wistful forebodings for her "sweet Richard." Indeed the queen — in Holinshed a mere child of eleven — has no other *raison d'être* in the drama than thus at intervals to reinforce our difficult and precarious pity for the King. His personal beauty, too, counts for something; not altogether the delicate flower-like beauty suggested by Isabelle's "my fair rose," and Hotspur's "Richard, that sweet lovely rose"; for York can compare him with the paragon of English knighthood — the Black Prince (Richard's father) — "His face thou hast, for even so look'd he." When his action is least kingly we are reminded that he "yet looks like a king" . . . popular indignation excited by his rule is brought into prominence only in later stages of the action . . . in the second act it is hearsay; in the third after his capture, it finds expression only in the grave dialogue of the gardeners; . . . in the fifth it becomes at length virulent and ferocious, and the "dust thrown upon his sacred head" by the Londoners tempts us to forget what excellent reasons he had given them for throwing it. . . . With his landing in Wales a new and subtle aspect of his character emerges, which belongs wholly to Shakespeare's imaginative reading of it . . . once dethroned, Richard acquired the pathos of overthrow; while Bolingbroke, crowned, becomes a prey to the jealous disaffection that attends usurped power.

Hudson — The Works of Shakespeare: Bolingbroke is the moving and controling spirit of this play . . . he looks solely to results

. . . keeps his designs and processes most carefully hidden: a thorough-paced politician . . . far too deep and subtle to make use of any artifice . . . power flowing forth and so secretly, that whatsoever he does, the thing seems to have done itself to his hand, and himself to have had no part in bringing it to pass. How intense his enthusiasm, yet how perfect and how imperturbable his coolness and composure! . . . how pungent and forcible, always, yet how calm and gentle, and at times how terrible his speech! . . . to all which add a flaming thirst of power, a most aspiring and mounting ambition, and the result explains much of his character and fortune as developed in the subsequent plays . . . for the Poet keeps him the same man throughout . . . the quick, keen sagacity, the firm, steady, and easy self-control, moulding his whole action, and making everything about him bend and converge to a set purpose: — a character hard and cold indeed to the feelings, but written all over with success: which has no impulsive gushes or starts, but all is steady, forecast design. . . . And this perfect self-command is in great part the true secret of his strange power.

Guizot — *Shakespeare and His Times:* "the character of Richard II is . . . one of the profoundest conceptions of Shakespeare."

Agnes Strickland — *The Lives of the English Queens,* Vol. I. A most interesting account is given of the life of Isabel of Valois, as well as of her younger sister, Katherine, who married Henry V.

KING HENRY IV

Part I

"The Henry Shows," as they are called by Shakespearean players, are the most popular of Shakespeare's histories. The First and Second Parts of King Henry IV, and King Henry V form a trilogy dealing with England's best-beloved "Hal" as Prince and as King. It is the First Part of King Henry IV that sets the vivid picture of England's feudal age before us, from that lowly but lusty kingdom of Eastcheap where Falstaff is king, to the court of Henry IV — that Bolingbroke who deposed Richard II — or to the field of Shrewsbury where Harry Hotspur storms his associates into unequal conflict with the King's forces. The vigor and amazing reality of all the characters in the play, from the humblest tapster to the regal figure of Henry IV, have earned a popularity for the play that has extended to the others of the trilogy and have provided us with some of our most cherished rôles. The character of the fourth Henry is developed consistently along the lines laid down in King Richard II and is more faithful to history than are any of the other portraits of the play. Prince Hal, the gay, charming "sworn brother to a brace of drawers" and by them declared to be "the king of courtesy," we learn to love in his revels with Falstaff, Poins, Peto, Bardolph and Pistol, at the Boar's Head Tavern. We perceive that the Prince, while he loves the free humanness of these contacts, is playing at being a commoner — masquerading as a free-lance while he remembers always that his playtime is short and that he must soon take the cares of his position upon him. Falstaff

is unique. There is no one like him in all literature. He is old, white-haired, ruddy, disgracefully fat; sentimental, witty, incredibly young in spirit, utterly lacking in moral sense and yet so endearing that we cannot resist his "more than impudent sauciness"; and Hal's repudiation of him, at the end of the Second Part, comes as a shock to us. The young King's stern "I know thee not, old man:" is too great a change in fortune for so late a reveler, and we are not surprised to hear Mistress Quickly tell us that Falstaff is dying, because "the king hath killed his heart." Hotspur — Harry Percy — is younger in these plays than in history, so that he may be contrasted more interestingly with the Prince. His headlong, fiery enthusiasm wins him his title. He is a popular hero, but he meets his death at the hands of Harry Monmouth, the Prince, who gathers to himself, as he vowed to do, all the glories of the fallen rebel. We have this picture of him from his wife, Katherine, who, in the Second Part of *King Henry IV*, Act II, Scene 3, dissuades Hotspur's father, Northumberland — the same who helped Bolingbroke to dethrone Richard II — from further aiding the conspiracy against the King. . . .

". . . . . by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practic'd not his gait:
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him. So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humors of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. . . .

The story of the play covers the time from the defeat of Mortimer by Glendower, June 12, 1402, to the Battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403. It will be remembered that Northumberland and his son and brother, the Percies, had helped Henry Bolingbroke to take the throne from Richard II. Harry Percy — Harry Hotspur — married Katherine Mortimer, and her brother, Edmund Mortimer, in defending the King's territory against the Scots, was taken prisoner by Owen Glendower, a powerful Welsh gentleman. Shakespeare makes a mistake, due to the omission of a comma in Holinshed's History, in stating that the captured Edmund Mortimer had been named successor to the throne by Richard. Hotspur's brother-in-law was the uncle of the young Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who was the lineal heir to England's throne, and who, for that reason, was held a prisoner in England. But Henry IV was in no hurry to ransom the elder Mortimer, because he, too, had a claim to the throne, after his nephew, and prior to Henry. In the first scene we find King Henry planning a crusade; but he is forced to abandon the idea by news of uprisings in Wales and Scotland. The Scots under Douglas are defeated at Holmedon by the English forces under Hotspur. The King demands the prisoners. Hotspur refuses to give them up unless the King will ransom Mortimer. In the scene we have chosen to study, we see the attitude of the Percies toward the King they helped to the throne. Hotspur releases his prisoners without ransom and plots with the Scots and the Welsh to overthrow Henry. The King is distressed by the behavior of the heir to the throne, Prince Henry, who prefers the society to be found at the Boar's Head to that of his father's courtiers. With the jolly old rogue, Falstaff, and other low companions, Prince Henry passes a riotous night at the tavern in Eastcheap. But when word comes to him of Hotspur's rebellion, he immediately returns to court to offer his dutiful services to his father. In the second scene

we have chosen to act, King Henry reproaches his son for his unprincely behavior and contrasts him to his disadvantage with Hotspur. The Prince vows to redeem his tarnished reputation and is given command of a part of the army. Hotspur does not receive the reinforcements expected from his father, Northumberland, and from Wales, but, undaunted he goes into battle. King Henry leads his army in person and before Shrewsbury holds a conference with the rebels, promising pardon if they will lay down their arms. Hotspur misunderstands the terms offered and begins the battle. The King's forces are victorious. Hotspur is killed by Prince Hal — though Falstaff claims the credit for the great deed. The King begins to realize that the Prince is worthy of his name.

The Second Part of King Henry IV begins while the news of Shrewsbury is still uncertain. It is rumored that Hotspur has killed the Prince and that Douglas has killed the King. Northumberland, however, soon learns the truth and recalls the prophecy of the deposed Richard. He hears that the Archbishop of York has joined the rebellion and he vows to lend his aid, in vengeance for his son's death. Falstaff is allowed by the Chief Justice to escape punishment for his robbery of the travelers, because of his supposedly gallant action at Shrewsbury and also because he is detailed to recruit soldiers and to join Prince John at York. The King falls ill and Prince Hal is truly grieved, though all his friends think him "a most blessed hypocrite." Lady Percy — Hotspur's widow — dissuades Northumberland from joining the rebel forces. The Prince slips away from his duties once more to spy on Falstaff at the Boar's Head in the disguise of a tapster; and is disturbed by a hasty summons back to Westminster. Falstaff musters a miserable lot of recruits and meets a former friend in Justice Shallow, from whom he plans to borrow on his return from war. The armies of the King, under Prince John, meet the armies of the rebels. The leaders hold a

conference. Prince John promises redress of all grievances upon condition that the rebels disperse their forces. He agrees to disperse his own army. However, after the rebel forces are disbanded, Prince John's army remains in the field and the leaders — Mowbray, the Archbishop, and Hastings — are arrested as traitors. King Henry is dying. Prince Hal, watching at his bedside, believes him already dead, and in a most affecting scene, assumes the crown with prayerful humility. He leaves the room and the King awakes. Prince Hal is called back and reproached by the King, but succeeds in convincing his father that he is not impatient to be king, but only deeply conscious of his approaching responsibility. After the King's death Hal convinces his brothers and the Chief Justice that he has, indeed, changed from his former wildness to become a serious, wise, and warlike ruler. Falstaff, hurrying to London with Justice Shallow and other cronies, to greet his "sweet boy" is sternly rebuked by the new King and sent to the Fleet, together with others of the old company of the Boar's Head,

". . . till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world."

The historic time of the play lies between 1403, the year of the Battle of Shrewsbury, and 1413, the year of the fourth Henry's death.

HOTSPUR DEFIES THE KING

KING HENRY IV, PART I

Act I, Scene 3

PERSONS REPRESENTED

King Henry the Fourth
Sir Walter Blunt, *friend to the King*
Thomas Percy, *Earl of Worcester*
Henry Percy, *Earl of Northumberland*
Henry Percy, *surnamed,* Hotspur *his son*
Several other lords in attendance on the King

Scene: — *London. A room in the palace. The stage may be set in a shallow triangle with the apex at right of center. Curtains are more suitable than any other setting, for the walls of this time were hung with tapestries or other draperies. The throne or chair of state should be placed against right slope of the wall, leaving sufficient room for* Blunt *to stand down stage beside it.* Northumberland, Hotspur, *and* Worcester — *father, son, uncle — are standing along the left, facing obliquely both the throne and the audience. Other nobles of the court are grouped farther to the left.* King Henry *is seated in the royal chair.*

We are in the midst of the contest of wills between the King *and the* Percies. *These powerful lords, who helped the* King *to his throne in 1399, are not now, three years later, disposed to assume the humble behavior he seems to expect from them; on the other hand,* King Henry *clearly means to force them to submit to his will.*

KING HENRY

(*Speaking gravely to* HOTSPUR, *who faces him squarely and gives signs of growing impatience*)

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

NORTHUMBERLAND *is diplomatic. He gives the* KING *his respectful attention though one can read neither agreement nor dissent in his face.* WORCESTER, *however, bursts out indignantly, reminding this monarch that he could never have reached the throne without the aid of the* Percies.

WORCESTER

Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

At these bold words the KING *rises and lifts his hand, glaring at* WORCESTER. NORTHUMBERLAND *tries to avert an open break with the* KING.

NORTHUMBERLAND

My lord —

KING HENRY

(*Pointing to the door, left*)

Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger
And disobedience in thine eye:

WORCESTER *starts, as though about to answer, catches a warning look from* NORTHUMBERLAND, *thinks better of it, and bows to the* KING.

O, sir,
Your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you —

[WORCESTER *bows again and leaves by the left exit. The* KING *frowns after him a moment, then turns to* NORTHUMBERLAND.

You were about to speak.

The KING *is seated again.*

NORTHUMBERLAND

(*He makes a slight bow. Though he is defending his son, he attempts to do so in terms that will not offend the* KING. *He is almost too mild.*)

Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here

Suavely he indicates his fuming son.

at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied,
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

HOTSPUR *can endure the situation no longer. He bursts indignantly into rapid speech. He is vivid, headlong, inspired by every impression that comes to him, responsive to every look of those about him. His hot temper takes offense at a hint of opposition — and he has much more than a hint here! — He dramatizes his narrative, reliving the scene he describes, imitating himself on the battlefield, imitating the fop, bringing the whole vividly before his hearers. He rushes on at such a pace that there is no stopping him. The* KING *listens and*

observes him gloomily. HOTSPUR *is a boy after the King's heart. This is such a son as he could wish — one to whom he would be glad to leave the throne. In his thoughts, the* KING *is contrasting* HOTSPUR *with his own son,* Prince Hal, *all to the disadvantage of the latter.*

HOTSPUR

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

Scornfully he imitates the mincing manners of the courtier. If one such is present among Henry's gentlemen, he will serve to point the moral.

Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A poncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again; —

Here he imitates the dandy taking snuff.

Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff: —

A short, angry laugh.

and still he smil'd and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them — untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

He pauses abruptly, catches some sign that he construes as encouragement in the King's eyes. He crosses past his father, close to the royal chair and speaks with great earnestness.

With many holiday and lady terms

He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what:
He should, or he should not; —

His voice is rising with his anger.

for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums,

Shouting.

and wounds, God save the mark!
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

Here he shouts scornful laughter, breaking off suddenly, to bow to the KING.

This bald unjointed talk of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;

He lowers his voice to a natural tone and manages a show of respect in his last words.

And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

All the courtiers are anxious to avoid a clash with the Percies. BLUNT *hopes that* HENRY *will not press them too far. He, too, makes a diplomatic speech at the King's right hand.*

BLUNT

The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

But HOTSPUR *does not take this hint to promise to deliver the disputed prisoners to the* KING. *Instead, he shuts his mouth stubbornly.* NORTHUMBERLAND *lowers his eyes under the King's inquiring glance. Henry's indignation rises higher. He answers* BLUNT *angrily, pointing at the silent, stiff-necked* HOTSPUR.

KING HENRY

Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso, and exception, —
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd

HOTSPUR *starts angrily at this.*

The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny's cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

At these repeated insults to his brother-in-law, Hotspur's anger mounts until it boils over in violent speech.

HOTSPUR

(*Steps backward, recoiling from* HENRY, *and roars.*)

Revolted Mortimer!

This line is completed by stammering rage, possibly — that "speaking thick, which nature made his blemish" —

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; —

Again he dramatizes, for he can see this battle and he makes his hearers see it.

To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing bandiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling weeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Color her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

HOTSPUR *storms in defense of his friend and the* KING *storms back at him.*

KING HENRY

Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him,
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee,

The incomplete line is filled with a gesture of angry protest from HOTSPUR *and an answering imperious gesture from the* KING, *who rises.* HENRY *fears* Glendower, *who is reputed to be a wizard.*

He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed?

The KING *moves left, advancing upon* HOTSPUR.

But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:

He stands eye to eye with HOTSPUR, *who dares to look his* KING *in the face.*

Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. —

The KING *turns to* NORTHUMBERLAND, *who has been listening uneasily to this tilt.*

My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son: —

NORTHUMBERLAND *bows. He nudges his son, who, with bad grace, bends also as the* KING, *followed by* BLUNT *and the other courtiers, leaves by the door at left.*

NORTHUMBERLAND *places a strong hand on Hotspur's arm and holds him from rushing after the* KING. *The youngest* Percy *is beside himself with rage and shouts.*

HOTSPUR

And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them: —

He rushes toward the door but is caught by his father. He struggles. NORTHUMBERLAND *pushes him to the right.* HOTSPUR *protests.*

I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

NORTHUMBERLAND

What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile;
Here comes your uncle.

WORCESTER, *who has seen the* KING *leave, re-enters, from the left. He and* NORTHUMBERLAND *exchange significant looks.* HOTSPUR *takes no notice of his uncle, but stamping on the dais and shaking his fist at the chair of state, he rages.*

HOTSPUR

Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

He turns to his father and uncle.

Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

He is so angry that he scarcely knows what he is doing. He strides up and down, muttering, striking his hands together, clasping them behind him, shaking his fists in the air. The older men are familiar with these furies. They know that for the moment HOTSPUR *will not listen to reason.* NORTHUMBERLAND *says, rather humorously to* WORCESTER —

NORTHUMBERLAND

Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

WORCESTER *and* NORTHUMBERLAND *both feel that the King's palace is not the best place in which to indulge Hotspur's temper.*

WORCESTER.

Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

HOTSPUR

(*Turning on his uncle with a flood of violent words*)

He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

WORCESTER

I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

This catches Hotspur's attention.

NORTHUMBERLAND

He was; I heard the proclamation.
And then it was, when the unhappy king
Whose wrongs in us God pardon! did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

WORCESTER

And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

To HOTSPUR *this may be old news, but he hears it now with new interest. It sends his imagination soaring.*

HOTSPUR

But soft, I pray you. Did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

NORTHUMBERLAND

He did; myself did hear it.

The torrent of words that gushes forth here cannot be stopped by his uncle nor by his father; though they try to interrupt — to suggest that this is neither the time nor the place — that he may be overheard by the King's officers — he rushes on, his enthusiasm mounting, his rage increasing.

HOTSPUR

Nay, then, I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you — that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation, — shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather? —
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king. —

He strides to them, places a hand on the shoulder of each.

Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf, —
As both of you, God pardon it! have done, —
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?

Both the elder Percies *utter protests but their words are drowned.*

And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem

Your banish'd honors, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say, —

He must take a breath here and his uncle seizes the advantage.

WORCESTER

Peace, good cousin, say no more;
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;

WORCESTER *urges* NORTHUMBERLAND *and his son to the right, away from the door and lowers his voice cautiously.*

As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HOTSPUR

(*Snatching at a joke, tingling with excitement at the hint of some dangerous adventure, interrupts.*)

If he fall in, good night; —

He strides away from them.

or sink, or swim; —
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honor cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple; —

He wheels about to stare at them.

O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, then to start a hare.

Again he paces up and down, muttering and gesticulating. WORCESTER *looks indignantly at his nephew.*

NORTHUMBERLAND

Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOTSPUR

(*Pausing near the door, left, he whirls about, with gleaming eyes.*)

By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her hence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

He turns a scornful shoulder on his relatives.

WORCESTER

He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend. —

He beckons HOTSPUR *to come to him.* HOTSPUR *returns right.*

HOTSPUR

I cry you mercy.

WORCESTER

(*Drawing the two men close and lowering his voice* —)

Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners, —

HOTSPUR

(*Shouting and starting away*)

I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:

No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Shaking his right hand defiantly, he halts at extreme left, stands with his back to them. He then grips his hands behind him.
WORCESTER *is almost exasperated.*

WORCESTER

You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes. —

WORCESTER *crosses to his nephew and speaks over his shoulder, almost whispering.*

Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOTSPUR

Nay, that I will; that's flat: —

He whirls about and strides to right, shaking his fist at the throne.

He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;

Facing about to his father and uncle.

But I will find him when he lies asleep,
Nay,

Again, probably the line is to be made up with stammering fury.

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

He strides left again. WORCESTER *catches him as he passes and turns him about.*

WORCESTER

Hear you, Cousin; a word.

HOTSPUR

All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

With a scornful laugh he jerks away from WORCESTER *and goes right again.*

WORCESTER

(Gravely offended)

Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

He crosses left to the door.

NORTHUMBERLAND

(Clapping his son on the shoulder and yanking him about, to face him)

Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

HOTSPUR

(Panting with rage, his words tumbling out almost incoherently)

Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time, —

He snaps his fingers, fuming.

A plague upon't! —
What do you call the place? —

With gestures of impatience, he searches his memory for the name he wants.

it is in Gloucestershire; —
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York; — where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

NORTHUMBERLAND

At Berkley castle.

HOTSPUR

You say true: —

The rest of this line is probably made up in an effort to collect his strayed thoughts.

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, —

Here he dramatizes the KING.

"when his infant fortune came to age,"
And, "gentle Harry Percy," — and "kind cousin," —
O, the devil take such cozeners! —

Calming abruptly, he speaks in an entirely different tone.

God forgive me —
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

WORCESTER

Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

HOTSPUR

I have done, i'faith.

He listens quietly to his uncle's plan, following the details and agreeing with nods, to return the Scotch prisoners and to make terms with Douglas.

WORCESTER

Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which — for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written, — ·

WORCESTER *indicates that "walls have ears."*

be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. —

WORCESTER *turns to* NORTHUMBERLAND, *who is considering all this gravely.*

You, my lord,
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd, —

He goes close to his brother and speaks softly.

Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The Archbishop.

HOTSPUR *lowers his own voice. He is a soldier, not a politician, but he knows that the* Archbishop of York *may have cause to hate the* KING.

HOTSPUR

Of York, is't not?

WORCESTER

True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

HOTSPUR

(*Enthusiastic at any promise of danger and glory*)

I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

NORTHUMBERLAND

(*Not at all confident that the plan can succeed, says sourly to* HOTSPUR.)

Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

HOTSPUR

(*With growing enthusiasm, but lowered voice*)

Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot: —

He turns from his gloomy father to his more confident uncle.

And then the power of Scotland and of York, —
To join with Mortimer, ha?

WORCESTER

And so they shall.

HOTSPUR

In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

WORCESTER

(*Speaking to* Westmoreland)

And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head:
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

HOTSPUR

He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

WORCESTER *clasps Hotspur's outstretched hand.*

WORCESTER

Cousin, farewell; — No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which shall be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold in much uncertainty.

NORTHUMBERLAND

(*Less certain of the wisdom of this course than are the others, shakes hands with his brother.*)

Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

HOTSPUR

(*Placing a hand on the shoulder of his uncle, another on his father's shoulder*)

Uncle, adieu: — O, let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!
[*They move toward the door, left*

CURTAIN

PRINCE HAL IS CALLED TO DUTY

King Henry, the stern, hard, ambitious man, is now suffering heart-break because his son seems to be unworthy of the succession. Though we may have hated Bolingbroke's cruelty to Richard, and though we may sympathize with Hotspur's rebellion against the tyranny of "the unthankful king," still we must be sorry for the man, in his rôle of a father, growing old, broken in health, surrounded by enemies, and forced to doubt the loyalty of the son for whose future he has built so ruthlessly. And we are glad at last, when that son assumes his responsibilities and relieves the king's mind of its doubts and discouragement.

Shakespeare has changed Prince Hal, the hero of history, very little. He is the blunt, fearless, capable leader, with the passion for accomplishment and the scorn of reward; the English ideal of valor.

PRINCE HAL IS CALLED TO DUTY

KING HENRY IV, PART I

Act III, Scene 2

PERSONS REPRESENTED

King Henry the Fourth
Henry, *Prince of Wales*
Sir Walter Blunt
Six other Lords

Scene: — *London. A room in the palace. The walls are hung with heavy tapestries, parted to form an entrance at center back. The chair of state, of massive design, is at stage left, placed at an angle. Near it is an impressive table. There are no other furnishings.*

The Prince *is standing at right with three* Lords. *The* King, *seated at left, overlooks a document presented to him by a* Lord *who faces him across the table. Three other* Lords *are standing near the center entrance. When the* King *has set his seal upon the document, and the* Lord *has bowed himself away and out at center, the* King *looks at his son, frowns, and rises.*

King Henry

Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some conference. Be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. —

The Courtiers *bow and leave by the center door. The* King *bows slightly to them.* Prince Hal *bows to the departing* Lords, *and then approaches his father, halts at center stage, and stands respectfully awaiting his pleasure. The* King *speaks from a deep anger and from a deeper hurt.*

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood,
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, — that thou art only mark'd
To punish my mistreadings.

He sits down, heavily, as though tired and discouraged. The PRINCE *makes an impulsive gesture of protest, is about to speak; but the* KING *continues.*

Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

PRINCE HENRY

(*Speaking gravely, yet happily and with confidence, because he knows that he has repudiated all of his past and has already begun to live as his father would have him live; and also because he knows that he has not been guilty of anything but harmless pranks* —)

So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offenses with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal;

He speaks with some heat of those who have carried false reports of him to the KING.

Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd, —
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear —
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

He crosses to the KING *and drops to one knee before him.*

KING HENRY

(*Raising his hand in benediction*)

God pardon thee! —

The PRINCE *rises and retreats a step or two. During this speech of the King's,* PRINCE HAL *begins to see himself in a new light.*

Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.

The PRINCE *is stung, ashamed, angry; but conscious of the justice of all that his father says.*

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, "*This is he*";
Others would say — "*Where, which is Bolingbroke?*"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,

And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.

In all his life, we suspect, this stern, unfriendly man has never before expressed his inner motives — and in all the world, this son is the only creature to whom he would tell the simple truth about himself. The PRINCE *listens attentively. This is no ordinary lecture of a father to his son. The* KING *is speaking to his successor.*

Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;

These scornful words, that might be a description of his own behavior, cause the PRINCE *to hang his head. The* KING *presses home his advantage, striking at his son's folly with the contemptuous words he hurls at the wretched* RICHARD.

Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,

As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no such extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd and full.

The KING *pauses, rises, looks sadly at the* PRINCE; *crosses to him and lays a hand upon his shoulder.*

And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;

PRINCE HAL *raises a miserable, conscience-stricken face to his father who turns away, overcome by emotion, and concludes with breaking voice —*

Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

PRINCE HENRY

(*Striving to control his own strong emotion, speaks stiffly, yet with a ring of sincerity.*)

I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

The KING *masters his momentary weakness and returns to his chair. He regards his son thoughtfully a moment before continuing.*

KING HENRY

For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.

Prince Hal starts at the name of Percy. *His head comes up, his eyes flash. The King's admiration for the rebellious young Scot sounds in his voice, and raises a jealous rage in his son.*

Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor color like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm:
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being in no more debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.

The Prince is bursting with fiery words, but his father ignores him.

What never-dying honor hath he got
Against renowned Douglas, whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?

A passionate gesture from Hal indicates that he, too, is capable of heroic deeds, but his father storms on in praise of Harry Percy.

Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlarg'd him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.

At this news, the Prince comes to the table and strikes his hand upon it. The King rises, facing his son across the table.

And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.

PRINCE HAL *is thinking only that here is an opportunity, ready, for his needs. But the* KING *turns away, disheartened, and exclaims bitterly.*

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of our foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?

The PRINCE *goes swiftly to his father and touches his sleeve. The* KING *turns to him and throws into his face the final insult —*

Thou that art like enough — through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen —
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much degenerate you are.

The PRINCE *is not hurt by his father's cruel words. He is only increasingly enraged with those who have so blackened him to the* KING. *His answer has the ring of truth and of courage. It brings the light back to the eyes of his father and seems to fill the old man with renewed strength.*

PRINCE HENRY

Do not think so, you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them, that have so much sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favors with a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.

He is inspired. His vision is prophetic. The KING, *watching him, believes and is happy.*

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honor and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,

And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.

His face and body settle into "fighting lines."

For every honor sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

He raises his hand, swearing solemnly.

This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

He falls to his knee before the KING, *who stoops and raises him up, embracing him.*

KING HENRY

A hundred thousand rebels die in this: —
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Thus the father, only too gladly, restores the son to his rightful place in his affections, and in the state.

SIR WALTER BLUNT *enters at center, greatly excited. He halts respectfully, plainly wishing the* PRINCE *somewhere else.*

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

BLUNT *comes down right and faces the* KING, *bowing.* PRINCE HAL *steps to the right of his father.*

BLUNT

So hath the business that I come to speak of;
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word —

He pauses, as though uncertain whether the news should be told in the Prince's presence. The KING *and the* PRINCE *exchange glances.* BLUNT, *seeing that the son is in the father's confidence, continues.*

That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

KING HENRY

The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old: —

BLUNT *bows and backs to the right, slightly discomfited, but with renewed admiration for the* KING, *who knows so well what is going on in his kingdom.*

On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
Forward:

The PRINCE *waves his arm in a gesture of enthusiasm.*

on Thursday, we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*The* KING *puts his arm about Prince Hal's shoulders.* BLUNT *bows as they exeunt center*

CURTAIN

Notes on King Henry IV, Part I

Harry redeemed himself in the battle of Shrewsbury, and the gallant Hotspur went down before the rising fortunes of the Prince. In Act IV, Scene 1, Shakespeare takes us to the rebel camp, where Sir Richard Vernon brings news of the advancing forces of the King.

Hotspur

He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Vernon

All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry — with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd —
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur

No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fierce-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,

And yet not ours: — come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse. —

In Act V, Scene 4, the Prince and Percy meet upon the battlefield.

HOTSPUR

If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE HENRY

Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

HOTSPUR

My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE HENRY

Why then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more.
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the prince of Wales.

HOTSPUR

Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us. And 'would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

PRINCE HENRY

I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honors on thy crest
I'll crop to make a garland for my head.

In the duel which follows, Hotspur is wounded and falls. The Prince at once lowers his sword and stands in sorrowful admiration over his vanquished rival.

HOTSPUR

O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh.
But thought's the slave of life, and life, time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue. — No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for —

He dies, and the Prince finishes his speech for him.

PRINCE HENRY

For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart! —
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. — This earth, that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal. —

The Prince gently covers the face of the dead hero with his scarf.

But let my favors hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph! —

Falstaff, who, in an encounter with Douglas, has pretended to be killed, and who has lain still during the duel between the Prince and Percy, is now discovered by the Prince. Supposing the old rascal to be dead, Hal takes leave of him in these words —

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.

After the exit of the Prince, Falstaff revives, recovers sufficient valor to wound the dead Percy; and when Prince Henry returns with Prince John, Falstaff impudently claims to have killed the famous Hotspur. Prince John is incredulous, but Prince Henry, to whom the deed itself is sufficient, allows the fat knight to take the glory of it, saying —

For my part, if a lie can do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

Furnivall — The Leopold Shakespeare: "Through every scene of the first Henry IV beats the full, strong pulse of vigorous manhood and life."

Dowden — *Shakespeare*, p. 13: "From the coldness, the caution, the convention, of his father's court (an atmosphere which suited well the temperament of John of Lancaster) Henry escapes to the teeming vitality of the London streets, and the tavern where Falstaff is monarch. There, among hostlers and carriers and drawers and merchants and pilgrims and loud, robustious women, he at least has freedom and frolic. 'If it be a sin to covet honor,' Henry declares, 'I am the most offending soul alive.' But the honor that Henry covets is not that which Hotspur is ambitious after: —

'By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon; —'

The honor that Henry covets is the achievement of great deeds, not the words of men which vibrate around such deeds. Falstaff, the despiser of honor, labors across the field, bearing the body of the fallen Hotspur, the impassioned pursuer of glory, and, in his fashion of splendid imposture or stupendous joke, the fat knight claims credit for the achievement of the day's victory. Henry is not concerned, on this occasion, to put the old sinner to shame. To have added to the deeds of the world a glorious deed is itself the only honor that Henry seeks."

Hudson — *Works of Shakespeare:* "One of his (Hotspur's) leading excesses manifests itself in a wirey, close-twisted, red-hot speech,

which burns into the mind such an impression of him as must needs make any commentary seem prosaic and dull. . . . He is as much a monarch in his sphere as the King and Falstaff are in theirs, only they rule more by power, he by emphasis and stress . . . he makes everything bend to his arrogant, domineering, capricious temper. . . ."

Verplanck — *The Illustrated Shakespeare:* "With all sorts of readers and spectators this (King Henry IV, Part I) is the greatest favorite of the whole of Shakespeare's English histories, and indeed, is perhaps the most popular of all dramatic compositions in the language . . . of the ten plays of this historic series, the first part of Henry IV is the most brilliant and various, and, therefore, the most attractive. . . ."

Ibid: "Of all the distinctly historical personages of this first part, Henry the Fourth alone seems drawn entirely and scrupulously from historical authority, and his is a portrait rivalling, in truth and discrimination, the happiest delineations of Plutarch or of Tacitus. He is contrasted alike to the frailties and to the virtues of his son; his talent, and the dignity with which it invests his cold and crafty policy, the absence of all nobler sentiments from the sagacious worldly wisdom of his counsels and opinions, his gloom, melancholy, and anxiety — all combine to form a portrait of a great and unhappy statesman, as true and as characteristic, though not as dark, as Tacitus has left of Tiberius. . . ."

A Summary of Dates

1399 — Deposition of Richard II
1400 — Death of Richard II
Glendower's estate seized by Grey
1402 — King Henry the Fourth's expedition into Wales
Homildon. Hotspur takes prisoners which he refuses to give up.
1403 — Shrewsbury. Hotspur killed. Worcester captured and beheaded.
Prince Henry aged fifteen.
1413 — Henry the Fourth dies. Henry the Fifth becomes king aged twenty-five.

Act I, Scene 3

the great magician, damn'd Glendower: The King, in common with many others, perhaps even Glendower himself, believed the Welsh warrior to be a wizard.

such cozeners: flatterers.

Act III, Scene 2

robe pontifical: rich robe worn by a priest or bishop on feast days at the service.

every beardless vain comparative: the gay young men with whom Richard associated.

Enfeoff'd himself: bound himself.

but my factor: agent: one who does business for another.

KING HENRY V

"O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. . . ."

King Henry the Fifth is a pageant play of the military glory of England. In it, English fighting men — yeomen, nobles and king — are shown in a brilliant succession of heroic deeds, alternated with scenes of rollicking comedy. In it, Harry the Fifth, England's hero, redeeming his reputation from the cloud that rested over his riotous youth, wins the devotion of his people, high fame as a general, France for his kingdom, and the beautiful Katherine of Valois for his bride. In spite of his attractiveness, Henry was disappointed in his first love affair. Froissart recounts that the little widow of Richard the Second, Isabelle of Valois, was sought in marriage by Harry Monmouth, then Prince of Wales. Henry the Fourth favored the marriage. Isabelle's dowry had been a rich one, consisting largely of jewels, which had been seized by the usurping king and divided among his six children, the largest portion going to the Prince of Wales! Henry the Fourth doubtless felt that it would be an act of thrift to keep the youthful dowager-queen, and her dower, in England. The Prince seems to have been sincerely and romantically in love with the little widow, who, however, scorned him and loathed him, as the son of the man who had

dethroned and, perhaps, caused the death of her beloved Richard. — During the exile of Bolingbroke, Harry Monmouth had been a hostage at Richard's court. There he had met the little Queen, and had given her a boy's first romantic devotion. It was only natural that his love should seek her, after Richard's death. But Isabelle long treasured the memory of her beautiful, accomplished, ill-fated husband, and did not marry again until years after she had returned, dowerless, to France. — At the time of Henry's courtship, she was thirteen and he was sixteen, and it appears that he did not quite give up hope until she married the most brilliant prince in Europe, the poet duc d'Orleans. Isabelle died in 1410, aged twenty-two. In 1414 Henry began his war against France. — The duc d'Orleans was taken captive at Agincourt, and, because he was in the line of succession to the French throne, he was held captive in England for twenty-three years! — Henry asked for the hand of the second daughter of the French King, Marie; these French princesses were all famous beauties; but she was pledged to the Church. — So, ten years after the death of his first love, Henry fell in love again and married the third daughter of the King of France. She, it seems, had long admired the English warrior King, and was very glad to become his Queen.

The story of the play covers ten days of a six-year period, beginning with the opening of Parliament in Leicester, April 30, 1414, presenting the high points of Henry's conquest of France, and ending with his betrothal to Katherine, May 20, 1420. The first act presents Henry, soon after his coronation, resolving to secure himself on the throne and increase his popularity by foreign conquests. His demand for certain French dukedoms is taken as a jest by the Dauphin, who sends him a bag of tennis balls in reply, evidently believing that Henry is still a frivolous boy. Falstaff's death occurs in the second act. The reformation of Henry causes the rise of great military enthusiasm in England. The

French bribe three English lords to kill the king. They are detected and sentenced. Harry's speech to the traitors is a revelation of nobility of character and the highest of ideals. In the third act Harfleur is stormed and capitulates. The English army suffers sickness and privation, and is threatened by a large force under the Dauphin. Henry, nevertheless, pitches camp near the French at Agincourt. At the opening of the fourth act, the French are throwing dice for the expected prisoners, and the small English force is watchful. Disguised, Henry goes through his camp, to learn the temper of his men. Just before dawn Henry prays that famous prayer —

> "O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
> Possess them not with fear; take from them now
> The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
> Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
> O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
> My father made in compassing the crown! . . ."

In the battle at daybreak, the Dauphin's forces, through lack of generalship, are defeated. In the fifth act France sues for peace, and Henry offers hard terms, indeed. The French King, helpless through a long-suffered mental trouble, is forced by his wife, Isabelle, to sign away the rights of his son, the Dauphin, and to name Henry the King of France, at the same time consenting to his marriage with the youngest French Princess, Katherine. The play ends with a happy betrothal.

The scenes we have chosen for study are not especially characteristic of the play. The warrior pageant should be studied as a whole. "The English Lesson" and "The Betrothal" are two romantic bits that show the fair Katherine and the bluff Henry in love.

THE ENGLISH LESSON

KING HENRY V

Act III, Scene 4

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Katherine of Valois, *Princess of France*
Alice, *a lady attending on her*

Scene: — *Rouen. A room in the palace. The walls are covered with tapestries. A chair in which* Katherine *is seated, a little to left of center, is massive. The exit is at right.*

The Princess Katherine *is a beautiful girl of nineteen. For six years the English* King Henry the Fifth *has made war upon her country, and now he has almost brought it to terms. Undoubtedly the romantic story of her older sister,* Isabelle, *who was the Queen of* Richard the Second *of England, and his widow at eleven, and the no less romantic, unrequited love of* Henry *for that sister, now dead, have touched Katherine's heart. Perhaps the heroic exploits of* Henry *have stirred her imagination, even though he has laid low her own beautiful France. At any rate, this little scene in which she tries to learn to speak the language of the young conqueror who is coming to court her, is gay.*

Katherine

Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le language.

Alice

(*Standing demurely before the* Princess)

Un peu, madame.

KATHERINE

Je te prie, m'enseignez;

There may be a little shiver of apprehension here. How unfortunate, if one were not able to converse with the KING *who came a-courting!*

il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

She holds up her pretty hand, and ALICE, *raising her own, replies.*

ALICE

La main? elle est appelée de hand.

KATHERINE

(*Regarding her hand gravely, as though it had taken on some new quality with the new name, repeats, then spreads her fingers*)

De hand. Et les doights?

ALICE

(*Spreading her fingers*)

Les doights?

Putting one to her lips and wrinkling her brow.

ma foi, j'oublie les doights;

She puzzles, while the PRINCESS *regards her hopefully.* ALICE *wriggles her fingers in an effort to remember.*

mais je me souviendrai. Les doights?

Slowly the word comes to her.

Je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, des fingres.

KATHERINE

(*Holding out her hand and repeating her lesson with pride*)

La main, de hand; les doights, de fingres.

She laughs delightedly.

Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement.

She looks at her fingers for new inspiration and finds it.

Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

ALICE

(*Happily, because she is remembering better now*)

Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.

KATHERINE

(*Again illustrating with her hands*)

De nails. Écoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

ALICE

(*Gayly*)

C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

She makes a low bow of compliment.

KATHERINE

(*Bending her head in gracious acknowledgment of the compliment, and afterwards raising her arms gracefully*)

Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

ALICE

De arm, madame.

KATHERINE

Et le coud.

ALICE

De elbow.

KATHERINE

(*Wrinkling her pretty forehead in the effort to remember so much*)

De elbow. Je m'en fais le répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

ALICE

(*Shaking her head and wrinkling her forehead in sympathy*)

Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

KATHERINE

(*Proudly, because she is sure she knows, demonstrating again, and raising her voice slightly at the climax*)

Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

ALICE

(*Bowing low, in apology for the correction, her eyes downcast to hide the fun that must be dancing in them*)

De elbow, madame.

KATHERINE

(*Clasping her hands in comic despair*)

O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie!

Emphatically tapping the forgotten part.

de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?

She places her hands at her throat.

ALICE

De neck, madame.

KATHERINE

De nick. Et le menton?

She taps her fingers thoughtfully on her chin.

ALICE

De chin.

KATHERINE

(*Touching them again*)

De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

ALICE

Oui. Sauf votre honneur,

A bow of congratulation this time.

en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

KATHERINE

Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu;

She puts her hands together and looks up in an attitude of prayer; then drops the pose and adds quickly, gayly

et en peu de temps.

ALICE

(*A bit teasingly*)

N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

KATHERINE

Non, je réciterai à vous promptement:

Rapidly.

De hand, de fingres, de mails, —

ALICE

(*Quickly interrupting, with a tiny bow*)

De nails, madame.

KATHERINE

(*Quickly accepting the correction, with a nod*)

De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

ALICE

(*With another little bow*)

Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

KATHERINE

(*Impatiently, not playing quite fair*)

Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

ALICE

De foot, madame; et de coun.

KATHERINE

(*She rattles this off with many pretty gestures of impatience, making a dramatic climax of her successful recitation.*)

De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde.

She rises.

Il faut de foot, et de coun, néanmoins. Je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

She has indicated each object in turn, and ends in a pretty pose, with a fold of her robe lifted to show her little foot in its jeweled shoe.

ALICE

(*With a very low bow*)

Excellent, madame!

KATHERINE

(*Laughing gayly, crosses right*)

C'est assez pour une fois;

She pauses, looks back at Alice.

Allons-nous à diner.

[*Smiling,* ALICE *follows the* PRINCESS *from the room*

CURTAIN

THE BETROTHAL

KING HENRY V

Act V, Scene 2

PERSONS REPRESENTED

King Henry the Fifth *of England*
Duke of Gloster, *his brother*
Duke of Bedford, *his brother*
Duke of Exeter, *his uncle*
Earl of Warwick
Earl of Westmoreland
Other English lords
King Charles the Sixth *of France*
Queen Isabelle, *his wife*
Princess Katherine
Alice, *a lady attending upon her*
Other French ladies and lords
Duke of Burgundy
Lords in attendance upon Burgundy

Scene: — *Troyes in Champagne. An apartment in the French king's palace. The walls are covered with tapestries. There are three chairs of state. Two at the right of center are facing at an angle toward the third, at left of center. Canopied and bannered entrances are seen at right and at left.*

There is a flourish of trumpets from the left, and a warlike roll of drums. When the sounds have died away, they are answered from the right

by a horn of softer tone and by stringed instruments playing a charming melody.

From the right enter the French King, CHARLES THE SIXTH, QUEEN ISABELLE, PRINCESS KATHERINE, *the* DUKE OF BURGUNDY *and all the French and Burgundian courtiers. The* KING *is ill, distressed by the misfortunes of his country, scarcely able to understand what is going on about him. The* QUEEN *is the real ruler, and she has already decided to set aside the rights of her son, in order that her favorite child,* KATHERINE, *shall have all France as her dowry.*

From the left, HENRY *and his followers, the great princes of England, come. We are told that on the occasion of his betrothal to* KATHERINE, HENRY *was "attired in a magnificent suit of burnished armor; but, instead of a plume, he wore in his helmet a fox's tail, ornamented with precious stones." — The two kings meet.* HENRY *salutes his defeated "brother."*

KING HENRY

Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, —

He turns to the QUEEN.

and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day: —

His face is glowing with happiness as he turns to his beautiful KATHERINE.

joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katherine;
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy; —

He salutes BURGUNDY *with respect, and the salute is returned with respect.* HENRY *can afford to be gracious, because he is a conqueror. But he is rapidly making a new conquest of his enemies through his genial personality.*

KING CHARLES

(Supported by two noble attendants, CHARLES *speaks feebly, haltingly, as though prompted by them.)*

Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met: —
So are you, Princes English, every one.

HENRY *and his courtiers acknowledge this greeting with bows. The* QUEEN, *as Regent, continues the address, with pride and sorrow.*

QUEEN ISABELLE

So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

KING HENRY

To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

QUEEN ISABELLE

You English Princes all, I do salute you.

The English Princes *bow low in answer to the Queen's greeting.* HENRY *now is seated in the chair of state at left. The feeble* KING CHARLES *is seated in the upper of the two chairs of state at right.* ISABELLE *is seated in the third chair.* KATHERINE *stands near her mother. The* DUKE OF BURGUNDY *stands to the right of the* QUEEN. *He is the kinsman of* CHARLES, *and, though he has never been his very good friend, he may be considered sincere in the following speech, since his own lands suffer in common cause with the rest of France. He is oratorical, even flowery.*

BURGUNDY

My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labor'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavors,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevailed,
That face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies. Her hedges even-pleached —
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair —
Put forth disorder'd twigs. Her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery.
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,

Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages — as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood —
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favor,
You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

KING HENRY

(*Dryly, little moved by oratory, however flowing*)

If, duke of Burgundy, you would have peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenors and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

BURGUNDY

(*Rather shortly*)

The King hath heard them; to the which as yet,
There is no answer made.

KING HENRY

(*More shortly*)

Well, then, the peace,
Which you so urg'd, lies in his answer.

KATHERINE *lays a pleading hand on the shoulder of the* QUEEN. *Trembling,* KING CHARLES *looks to* ISABELLE *for encouragement. He then begins to speak, feebly, prompted by his noble attendants, who doubtless have been instructed by the* QUEEN.

KING CHARLES

I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

KING HENRY

(Wasting no time, rises. ISABELLE *also rises, and the trembling* KING *is helped to his feet.)*

Brother, we shall. — Go, uncle Exeter, —
And brother Clarence, — and you, brother Gloster, —
Warwick, — and Huntington, — go with the king:

These princes bow to HENRY *as he names them, and then bow to* CHARLES *and await his exit.*

And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto. —

HENRY *turns with a gracious smile to* ISABELLE, *who seems to understand him perfectly.*

Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

QUEEN ISABELLE

Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood upon.

KING HENRY

Yet leave our cousin Katherine here with us;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore rank of our articles.

QUEEN ISABELLE

(*Smiling a benediction on her daughter, who stands with downcast eyes and rising blushes*)

She hath good leave.

CHARLES *and* ISABELLE *bow to* HENRY, *who returns their homage gravely. All the courtiers bow as the French* KING *and* QUEEN *leave the room by the right exit. The* English Princes *follow and are in turn followed by the French courtiers. All of the departing nobles pause at the entrance to bow to* HENRY. KATHERINE *and her lady,* ALICE, *bow until they are left alone with the English* KING.

HENRY *offers his hand to* KATHERINE *and leads her to the chair lately occupied by himself. She is seated. He then seats himself in the chair recently occupied by* KING CHARLES. ALICE *stands at right stage.*

The wise ISABELLE *has already made sure that* HENRY *is in love with* KATHERINE. *He has been allowed to view the* Princess, *briefly, and at a distance. This is a case of love at first sight, for each has dreamed of the other, since the first brief meeting. Now, at their first real interview,* HENRY *has devoured Katherine's beauty with admiring eyes. He is impatient to hear her voice. When she speaks, she charms him afresh with her pretty accent, her modesty, and gentle dignity; and no less, with her wit. For her part,* KATHERINE *finds her country's conqueror to be an attractive young man, with bold but kindly eyes. His somewhat disconcerting directness of speech has the ring of truth. She is not afraid of him, though she would rather have him friend than enemy. Here is a gay little scene! — A jolly young Englishman courts a witty young French girl. Neither knows very much of the other's language, but each knows well enough the game of courtship, which, this time, is played with a kingdom as the prize.*

KING HENRY

Fair Katherine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter in a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

KATHERINE

(*Demurely*)

Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

KING HENRY

(*Leaning toward her impetuously*)

O fair Katherine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

KATHERINE

(*With pretty apology*)

Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is — like me.

KING HENRY

An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

KATHERINE

(*To* ALICE, *who is standing to the right, rather behind* HENRY)

Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

ALICE

(*Bowing deeply*)

Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

HENRY *turns and looks at* ALICE *quizzically. He perceives that she is already won to his cause. Turning again to* KATHERINE, *he smiles broadly.*

KING HENRY

I said so, dear Katherine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

KATHERINE

(*Clasping her pretty hands and looking most gravely concerned*)

O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.

KING HENRY

(*With a puzzled frown, turns to* ALICE.)

What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice's English almost deserts her. In a flutter at being addressed by HENRY, *she bows to the ground and speaks with difficulty, as seriously as* KATHERINE.

ALICE

Oui; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

KING HENRY

(*Laughing at her kindly*)

The princess is the better Englishwoman.

He turns to KATHERINE *with renewed admiration. The* Princess *watches him closely, trying to understand what he says.*

I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for my understanding. I am glad thou can'st speak no better English; for, if thou could'st, thou would'st find me such a plain king, that thou would'st think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, —

He looks at her squarely and she returns his look gravely.

"I love you." Then, if you urge me further than to say — "Do you in faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

KATHERINE

(*Clapping her hands softly, in joy because she has been able to gather most of his meaning*)

Sauf votre honneur, me understand well.

Camera study by George Walters

Posed by students of North Hollywood High School

ALICE. Oui; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

KING HENRY

(*Leans forward and takes the long cords and tassels which hang from her robe. He plays with these as he talks.*)

Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-anapes, never off: but, before God, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor have I no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, and never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee — that I shall die, is true: but — for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee, too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, — they do always reason themselves out again, what! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps its course truly. If thou

would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: and what sayest thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATHERINE

(Royally, sadly, yet coquettishly)

Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

KING HENRY

No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

This sounds well, but is puzzling.

KATHERINE

I cannot tell vat is dat.

KING HENRY

No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. —

He leans closer to her and she bends towards him, eagerly aiding his faltering French with her ready understanding.

Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi, — let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed! donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne.

He sighs in relief.

It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

KATHERINE

Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

KING HENRY

No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

KATHERINE

(*Shyly*)

I cannot tell.

KING HENRY

Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them.

He turns and looks wisely at ALICE, *then back at* KATHERINE.

Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. . . .

He leans close to her, placing his hand over hers which rests on the chair arm.

How answer you, la plus belle Katherine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?

He has made mistakes in his French, of course, but it has not lessened the effect of his love-making. KATHERINE, *coquetting, tells him so.*

KATHERINE

Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

KING HENRY

(*Springing to his feet*)

Now fie upon my false French!

He paces away to the right, past the admiring ALICE, *who backs up stage a bit.* HENRY *halts suddenly and swings about.* KATHERINE *rises.*

By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. . . .

He goes to KATHERINE.

But in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me?

She remains shyly silent.

Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand and say —

He offers his hand. Both of hers go part way to meet his, but flutter instead to her breast. Henry's hand of its own accord finds the hilt of his sword.

"Harry of England, I am thine": which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English is broken: therefore, queen of all, Katherine, break thy mind to me in broken English. Wilt thou have me?

KATHERINE

(*Her heart responding to his bluff ardor, but her mind remembering her dignity*)

Dat is, as it shall please de roi, mon père.

KING HENRY

Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Something a little ominous in this last.

KATHERINE

(*Giving him all her heart with these ardent words*)

Den it shall also content me.

KING HENRY

(*Happy as a happy lover can be, takes her hand with reverence, and kisses it, as a courtier would kiss the hand of the Queen of England.*)

Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you — my queen.

KATHERINE

(*Fluttering, trying to withdraw her hand from his grasp, very gently*)

Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vois abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

KING HENRY

(*Drawing her closer to him*)

Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATHERINE

(*Turning away her face*)

Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coûtume de France.

KING HENRY

(*Looking over his shoulder at the highly delighted* ALICE, *but not releasing the* Princess *from his embrace*)

Madame, my interpreter, what says she?

ALICE

Dat it is not de fashion pour les ladies of France, — I cannot tell what is, baiser, en English.

KING HENRY

(*This was probably in one of his first French lessons.*)

To kiss.

ALICE

(*Demurely reproachful*)

Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.

KING HENRY

It is not the fashion of the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

ALICE

Oui, vraiment.

KING HENRY

O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all findfaults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding.

He turns her face to him and kisses her, nicely. KATHERINE *really doesn't mind. She knows that a king, and most of all this king, may, as he says, make his own manners. He can do no wrong.* HENRY *is now more sure than ever that this* Princess *is his true love.*

You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council: and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs.

He kisses her again, and, to the great confusion of ALICE, *is interrupted by the re-entrance of* KING CHARLES *and* BURGUNDY, *followed by the* QUEEN *and all the court.* HENRY *releases* KATHERINE *who crosses back to her original position near her mother's chair.* KING CHARLES *is again assisted to his place.* ISABELLE, *smiling wisely, takes her place beside him.* HENRY *stands in his former place.*

BURGUNDY

(*Making a little fun of the royal lovers*)

God save your majesty!

Low bows.

my royal cousin, teach you our Princess English?

KING HENRY

(*Making no explanation of any conduct of his*)

I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English. . . .

He turns to CHARLES *and asks gently, but with steel ringing in his voice.*

Shall Kate be my wife?

KING CHARLES

(*Whose dazed mind is only distressed by a sense of something threatening his beloved ones, answers, prompted by* ISABELLE, *who holds his hand.*)

So please you.

KING HENRY

I am content.

KING CHARLES

(*Clinging to Isabelle's hand and receiving his words from her lips*)

We have consented to all terms of reason.

KING HENRY

Is't so, my lords of England?

WESTMORELAND

The king hath granted every article:
His daughter first: and then, in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

KING CHARLES

(*Assisted to his feet, and advancing with the aid of his attendants*)

Take her, fair son; . . .

ISABELLE *takes* KATHERINE *by the hand and places her beside her father.*

. that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighborhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

ALL

Amen!

KING HENRY

Now welcome, Kate: — and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

HENRY *places a kiss of reverence on the brow of the French Princess. The English trumpets, off left, blow a triumphant peal.* HENRY *places* KATHERINE *at his left.*

QUEEN ISABELLE

God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such espousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! — God speak this amen!

ALL

Amen!

KING HENRY

Prepare we for our marriage; — on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues. —

He looks about, beaming, heroic, triumphant, as though to remind them, that though a bridegroom, he is still a warrior and their conqueror.

Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

The procession off to right is led by HENRY *and* KATHERINE. *Poor feeble* CHARLES *follows, supported by his attendants.* ISABELLE *comes next, with* BURGUNDY. *They are followed by the English, and then by the French lords.*

When they have gone, the CHORUS *comes forward.*

CHORUS

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story:
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England: fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king,
Of France and England, did the king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

Notes on King Henry the Fifth

The Cambridge Text — Windsor Edition: The Works of William Shakespeare — Preface to The Life of King Henry V, page 5: "In no other play has Shakespeare attempted so bold an experiment in the dramatization of war; nowhere else has he made so emphatic an apology for disregarding the unities of time and place, nor put forth so clear a vindication of the rights of the imagination in the romantic drama. . . . The theme, as well as its treatment and the spirit which informs the whole, is essentially epic and lyrical rather than dramatic. . . ."

Mabie — *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, Man:* "No other play so nobly expresses the deepening of the national consciousness at the end of the sixteenth century, and the rising tide of national feeling. The play is a great national epic; and the secret of the expansion and authority of English race is to be found in it."

Ferguson — *The Swan Edition of Shakespeare's Works:* "As a military leader he (Henry V) exhibited great capacity and foresight . . . as a king, he secured the loyal respect of his people, and their admiration for his piety, justice and simplicity of character: . . . Henry V, as Shakespeare has portrayed him, will live in the memory of every reader of the play, not merely as an ideal English warrior king, but as the noblest illustration bequeathed to us by any dramatist of that intense patriotic feeling of Englishmen that reached so high a pitch in Elizabeth's reign. . . ."

Act III, Scene 4

Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le language: "Alice, you have been in England, and you speak the language well."

Un peu, madame: "A little, madam."

Je te prie, m'enseignez: il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois? "I pray you, I must learn to speak. How do you say the hand in English?"

elle est appelée: "it is called."

Et les doights? "And the fingers?"

ma foi, j'oublie: "my faith, I forget."

mais je me souviendrai: "but I shall remember."

Je pense qu'ils sont appelés: "I think they are called."

Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement: "I think that I am a good pupil; I have gained two words quickly."

Écoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: "Listen; tell me if I speak well:"

Je m'en fais le répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent: "I repeat all the words you have taught me so far."

aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre: "as well as the natives of England."

Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps: "I do not doubt that I shall learn, by the grace of God, and in a short time."

N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné? "Have you not already forgotten what I have taught you?"

ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde: "these are words of a bad sound, vile, coarse and common, and not for the use of ladies of honor: I should not wish to pronounce these words before the lords of France, for all the world."

coun: "gown."

néanmoins: "nevertheless."

allons-nous à dîner: "let us go to dinner."

Act V, Scene 2

cursorary: a form found only in Shakespeare: cursory, hasty.

Laissez, mon seigneur: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous, etc. "Let be, my lord, let be: my faith, I do not wish that you should abase your greatness by kissing the hand of one of your subjects, unworthy servant; excuse me, I implore you, my mighty lord."

KING HENRY VI

Part I

The First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* is evidently not wholly Shakespeare's. A study of the lines of the play would seem to indicate that the work of some inferior dramatist had been revised by Shakespeare, and certain scenes stand out as characteristic of his work, while certain others, plainly, could never have been written by the great Poet. One of the scenes which is undoubtedly Shakespearean is that in the Temple Garden, Act II, Scene 4, which we are to study under the title of The White Rose and the Red. On the other hand, the later scenes dealing with Joan of Arc are plainly the work of an inferior mind. The three parts of King Henry VI deal with a very interesting historical period. The brilliant and beloved Henry V lived but a short time after his marriage to Katherine of Valois in 1420. He died August 31, 1422 and left his beautiful widow with a little son who became King Henry VI at the age of nine months. This child was left to the care of his father's brothers, one of whom was regent in England and the other in France. As was natural under the circumstances, powerful factions of nobles contended for control of the country's affairs, and the kingdom which Henry the Fifth had bound into a unified nation began to suffer from fierce civil contentions. The houses of York and Lancaster, struggling for supreme control, brought on the Wars of the Roses, which were to ravage the country for more than sixty years. Constant fighting developed professional soldiers of fortune who allied themselves with any noble who could clothe, feed and pay them well. London and the towns generally were Yorkist and sent men to swell

the armies of the great lords of that house. The country people generally favored Lancaster, the house of the King. In this turmoil the child of Henry V and Katherine grew to maturity, a quiet, timid, deeply religious, priestlike man who shrank from violence and who was more concerned with the state of his conscience than with the affairs of his kingdom. His gentle nature shrank from harsh words, violent actions, ugly sights. So he failed his people at a time when they most needed a leader. At the age of twenty-two he was married to Margaret, the beautiful daughter of the impoverished king, Reignier. Margaret, though younger than Henry, was possessed of great strength of character. Her tenacity of purpose and strength of will won the admiration of the timid Henry, as her beauty and charm won his devotion. She allied herself with his great-uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, against the Protector, the Duke of Gloster, and played an active part in their contentions for the control of the King's person. As they grew older, both Henry and his Queen changed for the worse. The King had inherited the mental disease of his mother's father, the unhappy Charles the Sixth of France; and poor Margaret, forced as she was to play a man's part in the bloody drama of civil war, grew cruel and tigerish. The four scenes selected for study show us first the beginning of the division of the nobles into White Rose and Red Rose Factions. The scenes from the Second Part show us, first, the credulous King imposed upon by a false miracle; and second, the punishment of the wife of Gloster for attempting to employ witchcraft against the enemies of her husband. The scene from the Third Part presents a melancholy spectacle of civil war, and the broken-hearted King who is helpless to aid his people.

The story of the first part covers the period from the death of Henry the Fifth, August 31, 1422, to the treaty of marriage between Henry the Sixth and Margaret, in 1444. Act I shows the French Dauphin, aided by Joan of Arc,

regaining many French cities from the English, in spite of the heroic defense of Talbot, the English general. In Act II the English regain Orleans, while, at home, the houses of York and Lancaster muster their forces for civil war. In Act III the French, led by Joan, capture Rouen, but the city is retaken by Talbot. The young English King comes to Paris to be crowned King of France, and rewards Talbot for his victories by creating him Earl of Shrewsbury. A quarrel between Vernon, a follower of the Duke of York, and Basset, a follower of the Duke of Somerset, is an indication that the civil strife is brewing. Act IV brings the quarrel between Vernon and Basset to the notice of the King, who, shrinking from violence, tries with gentle words to placate the enemies. He does not better matters by wearing a red rose in honor of his own house of Lancaster. This act contains the gallant death of Talbot's young son, John, before Bordeaux, and the death of the renowned father shortly after. Act V opens with overtures of peace from the French and a proposal of a marriage between Henry and a Princess of the house of Armagnac. This marriage is urged by Gloster, Henry's uncle, but opposed by Cardinal Beaufort. Before Angiers the French retreat and the power of Joan is seen to be waning. Suffolk takes Margaret of Anjou prisoner, falls in love with her, but decides to use his influence to have her married to King Henry. Joan is captured by the English and condemned to be burned. Henry, captivated by Suffolk's account of Margaret's beauty, consents to the marriage treaty already arranged by Suffolk with her father, and rouses the anger of Gloster, who has arranged a marriage between his nephew and the daughter of the powerful Duke de Armagnac.

THE WHITE ROSE AND THE RED

KING HENRY VI, PART I

Act II, Scene 4

PERSONS REPRESENTED

John Beaufort, *Earl of Somerset*
William de la Poole, *Earl of Suffolk*
Earl of Warwick
Richard Plantagenet, *afterwards* Duke of York
Vernon *of the White Rose, or York faction*
Another lawyer, of the York faction

Scene: — *The Temple Garden. It is enclosed by walls. At the left is the entrance to the building. The bush bearing red roses is growing up right of center. A white rose vine climbs about the wall and the entrance, left.*

Somerset *enters first, from the doorway, left. He is a fiery young warrior, just now angry and excited and burning with eloquence. He is followed by* Plantagenet, *a somewhat older man, masterful, haughty, and evidently stung to fierce resentment by some injustice.* Somerset *stops at right center and faces* Plantagenet, *who stops at left center.* Suffolk, *about the age of* Plantagenet, *enters after him and crosses right, frowning thoughtfully.* Warwick, *a youthful, soldierly nobleman, enters next and stops abruptly at the left near his uncle,* Plantagenet. *The lawyers, looking grave and concerned, enter last and stand down stage of the entrance. They follow the quarrel with anxiety. Violence is forbidden within the boundaries of the Temple, but men like* Plantagenet *and* Somerset *have been known to disregard laws. These two are the chief contestants. The others are concerned, at first, with keeping the peace between them, but it is plain that there is more to this quarrel than a quibble concerning the nobility of* Plantagenet. *He is of the house of*

York, and has a claim to the throne of England. HENRY VI, *the King, is of the house of Lancaster and has failed to please his people so entirely that they are remembering that his grandfather usurped the throne. Those who favor* YORK *and those who favor the* KING *are forming two factions that will presently make a civil war.*

PLANTAGENET

(*Looking expectantly from* SUFFOLK *to* WARWICK)

Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

SUFFOLK

Within the temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

PLANTAGENET

Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

SUFFOLK

(*Though of the King's party, and therefore on Somerset's side, he is evidently not willing to affront the powerful* YORK, *at this moment.*)

'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

SOMERSET

(*Hotly*)

Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

WARWICK

(*In his turn, trying to evade responsibility*)

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,

Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

PLANTAGENET

(*Impatient with his nephew's hedging*)

Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

SOMERSET

And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

PLANTAGENET

(*Looking around again, in angry contempt for their lack of conviction, he steps to the wall where the white rose vine is climbing.*)

Since you are tongue-ti'd and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

He picks a white rose and holds it up for them all to see.

SOMERSET

(*He looks around swiftly and sees the red rose blooming on the bush up right.*)

Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

He picks a red rose and holds it up for a moment, glaring defiance.

WARWICK

(*Ready, since the issue is forced, to support his family*)

I love no colors; and, without all color
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

He picks a white rose and holds it up.

SUFFOLK

(*Of the King's party, he slowly gathers a red rose and stands looking at it thoughtfully.*)

I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

VERNON

(*Stepping forward to offer a chance for a peaceful settlement*)

Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude — that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropped from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

SOMERSET

(*Agreeing quickly, probably because he believes the two lawyers may agree with him*)

Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

PLANTAGENET

And I.

VERNON

(*Hoping, perhaps, that* SOMERSET *will keep his promise and abide by the decision of the majority, picks a rose from the briar on the wall.*)

Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

SOMERSET

(*Angrily, threatening* VERNON)

Prick not your fingers as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

VERNON

(*Defiantly, though calmly, as a lawyer should speak*)

If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

SOMERSET

(*Looking fiercely at the other* LAWYER)

Well, well, come on; who else?

LAWYER

(*With firmness, but mildly*)

Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;

To SOMERSET, *who is enraged.*

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose, too.

PLANTAGENET

(*In derision*)

Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

SOMERSET

(*Placing his hand threateningly on his sword, he takes a step forward.* WARWICK *watches him closely.*)

Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

PLANTAGENET

(*Laughing at the angry youth*)

Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

SOMERSET

(*Stung by Plantagenet's superior tone*)

No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger — that my cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

PLANTAGENET

(*Still superior and smiling. The canker of which he speaks may perhaps be the failing popularity of the* King — *due largely to Suffolk's policies.*)

Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

SOMERSET

(*Furiously countering with this reference to the execution of Plantagenet's father*)

Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

PLANTAGENET

(*Quickly turning this figure to his own purpose, he places his hand on his sword hilt.*)

Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain the truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

SOMERSET

(*His eyes are flashing defiance. He is breathing quickly with anger and excitement. He holds up his red rose.*)

Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

PLANTAGENET

(*Losing control of his temper, he strides one step toward* SOMERSET.)

Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

SUFFOLK

(*Stepping past* SOMERSET *and opposing* PLANTAGENET, *he takes an active part in the quarrel at last.*)

Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

PLANTAGENET

(*These two are the real opponents — the head of the house of York, and the closest friend of the* King *and* Queen. PLANTAGENET *looks with contempt on* SUFFOLK *as a man of inferior birth and conduct.*)

Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

SUFFOLK

Furiously resenting the personal insult)

I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

The other men fear there may be bloodshed now, in spite of the ban against fighting within the Temple boundaries.

SOMERSET

(*Taking* SUFFOLK *by the arm and drawing him away from* PLANTAGENET, *at whom he sneers, calling him* "yeoman." SUFFOLK *crosses left to the entrance.*)

Away, away, good William de la Poole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

PLANTAGENET *has his sword from the scabbard when* WARWICK *springs in front of him and answers their opponents hotly.*

WARWICK

Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,

Third son to the third Edward king of England:
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

PLANTAGENET

(*Replacing his sword*)

He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

SOMERSET

(*Fiercely. — This speech and Plantagenet's answer are spoken rapidly.*)

By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st thou not attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives in his guilty blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

SOMERSET *crosses left to the entrance.* WARWICK *watches him cross and turns to face both* SOMERSET *and* SUFFOLK *now standing with their backs to the door.*

PLANTAGENET

My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker, Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well and say you were well warn'd.

He expects to displace HENRY *and become King.*

SOMERSET

Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
And know us by these colors, for thy foes,

He holds his red rose high.

For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear!

PLANTAGENET

(*Holding his white rose high*)

And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree!

SUFFOLK

Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell, until I meet thee next.

[*Exit* SUFFOLK, *to prepare for the struggle which must follow this quarrel*

SOMERSET

(*Calling after* SUFFOLK)

Have with thee, Poole. —

He throws a wealth of youthful sarcasm into his parting gibe.

Farewell, ambitious Richard!

[*Exit* SOMERSET *with a mocking salute*

PLANTAGENET

(*Striking his hands together in a gesture of helpless rage*)

How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

WARWICK

(With his hand on Plantagenet's arm in friendly encouragement)

This blot that they object against your house
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy:

He speaks these words with solemn enthusiasm.

this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and endless night.

PLANTAGENET

(Grips Warwick's hand in thanks for his support. Though he does not doubt that he should and must be king, yet he knows that there is a fight ahead and that many must die for his ambitions. He looks at the lawyers, standing so quietly during this fiery controversy.)

Good master Vernon,

VERNON *steps forward and bows low.*

I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

VERNON

In your behalf still will I wear the same.

He bows again. The other LAWYER *steps forward and bows.*

LAWYER

And so will I.

PLANTAGENET

(*To the* LAWYER)

Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[PLANTAGENET *and* WARWICK *go out, through the left entrance, followed by the* LAWYERS

CURTAIN

KING HENRY VI

Part II

The Second Part of *King Henry the Sixth* is dramatically stronger than the First Part. The plot concerns itself with those events which occurred between the marriage of Henry to Margaret of Anjou in 1444, and the second battle of St. Alban's in 1461. Margaret, a bride of fifteen, beautiful, talented, intellectual, and highly educated, was nevertheless unpopular in England. The fact that she brought no dowry, and that Suffolk, moreover, had persuaded Henry to relinquish the provinces of Anjou and Maine to her father, was a source of national discontent. But Henry loved her devotedly, admired her ability to cope with the affairs of the court, and trusted implicitly in her judgment. At twenty-two Henry was much more childlike than his bride, and as the years passed he grew more and more timid, gentle, and religious, shrinking from contact with the "fierce earls" and avoiding all the unpleasant duties of a king. On the shoulders of this young girl fell the burden of ruling a country seething with civil strife. The Duke of York was her chief enemy. But, at the court itself two factions fought for control — the Cardinal Beaufort, who was the confidant and advisor of Margaret, and the Duke of Gloster (Gloucester), who had been appointed by Henry the Fifth Protector for his son, and whose devotion had never been willing to relinquish the reins of government into the weak hands of Henry the Sixth. Margaret, naturally, resented Gloster's influence and opposed him in favor of Beaufort. When Beaufort and Gloster had destroyed each other, York was ready to step actively into the field. Margaret's son, the ill-fated Edward of Lancaster,

was born October 13, 1453. He seems to have inherited his mother's spirit, but he did not live long enough to prove this. Shakespeare, or the earlier playwright, has placed some of the events out of their times, in order to heighten the effect of the drama. Eleanor, Duchess of Gloster, was punished for tampering with witchcraft in 1441. The affair of Simpcox actually occurred at St. Alban's and the imposter was exposed by Gloster, according to a story told by Sir Thomas Moore.

The story of the second part begins with the meeting of Henry and Margaret and their marriage in England. Gloster protests against releasing the duchies of Anjou and Maine to Margaret's father, but he is not supported by the other nobles, who combine against him. The Queen becomes the enemy of Gloster. An attack is made against Gloster through his wife, who is ambitious and who consults sorcerers for supernatural aid against her husband's enemies. A trap is laid for her and she, with her sorcerers, is arrested. In Act II the Duchess is punished and banished. Gloster is deprived of his post as Protector and summoned to appear before Parliament. The strife between the houses of York and Lancaster is growing. The Duke of York convinces the Earls of Warwick and of Salisbury that he is the rightful King of England. In Act III Gloster appears before Parliament, is accused of treason, and, though there is no real charge against him, he is committed to prison. The weak King, weeping for the man who has been a father to him, still submits to "God's will" and fails to assert his right to protect an innocent man. Gloster is assassinated in prison by order of Suffolk. The people, hearing of this murder, storm the palace, demanding the death or exile of Suffolk. The King, doubly distressed at the loss of his friend and at the knowledge that this friend is a party to Gloster's death, consents to the exile. But Suffolk, on his way out of the country, is captured by pirates and killed. York, who is feared by the other nobles, is sent to Ireland to quell an up-

rising, but before he leaves he incites Jack Cade's rebellion. The fourth act shows the defeat and death of Jack Cade and York's return to claim the throne. In Act V the King holds a conference with York near Blackheath and is openly defied by him. At the battle of St. Alban's the King's party — the Lancastrians — are defeated. They retreat toward London. Victorious York and Warwick follow with their army.

TWO MIRACLES

KING HENRY VI, PART II

Act II, Scene 1

PERSONS REPRESENTED

King Henry the Sixth
Humphrey, *Duke of Gloster, his uncle*
Cardinal Beaufort, *Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the* King
William de le Poole, *Duke of Suffolk*
Duke of Buckingham
An Inhabitant of St. Alban's
Saunder Simpcox
Mayor of St. Alban's
Beadle of St. Alban's
Falconers
A Jester
Attendants
Townsmen
Queen Margaret
Wife to Simpcox

Scene: — *We are not at the Shrine, but perhaps in an open place, or common, with trees on either side and the houses of the town visible at the back of the stage. Perhaps the Director will prefer to stage this scene in a square or a street of the town, with realistic shops, barrows, open doors and windows, and corners around which the noisy citizens may appear.*

There is a sound of gay hallooing off stage at right, and from this direction a boy dressed as a jester comes in. He has a hawk on his wrist.

QUEEN MARGARET *and* SUFFOLK, KING HENRY *and his uncle* GLOSTER, *followed by* CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *enter right chatting pleasantly. They are followed by the* Falconers *who carry the hawks hooded in their rests.* MARGARET *is beautiful and imperious, just now flushed with outdoor exercise and the excitement of the hunt. In this scene she shows some impatience with the King's mildness and his credulity, but she is tender with him, too.* SUFFOLK *is more masterly, stronger, braver than the* KING, *and therefore* MARGARET *admires him and relies upon his advice. Shakespeare has presented* SUFFOLK *as the lover of the* QUEEN, *although he was not so considered by historians. It would not seem unlikely that* MARGARET *might fall in love with the King's proxy, who married her for* HENRY, *in France, and brought her to England. It would remind us of Launcelot and Guinevere.*

QUEEN MARGARET

(*Speaking gayly as she pauses, right*)

Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' days:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

KING HENRY *and* GLOSTER *have crossed to the left. The* CARDINAL *has paused at center. The* Falconers *and* Jester *remain at right near the entrance.*

KING HENRY

(*Speaking with gentle courtesy to his uncle, he displays no real interest in the sport they have just enjoyed, but finds in it material for moral reflections. This studious young man would ask nothing better than to be left to his books, his devotions, and his reflections, looking on at life, but taking no part in it.*)

But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest! —

The KING *addresses the rest of his speech to the entire party.*

To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

SUFFOLK

(*Very unkindly taking this compliment and turning it into an insult, but making the* QUEEN, *beside whom he is standing, smile*)

No, marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

It pleased his enemies to believe that GLOSTER *wished to be king in place of his nephew; but there is no proof that* GLOSTER *ever harbored a disloyal thought. He protected his brother's weak child too well, and so made enemies for himself.*

GLOSTER

(*Taking up the challenge directly*)

My lord, 'tis but a base, ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

CARDINAL

(*To* SUFFOLK, *with a shrug*)

I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.

GLOSTER

(*Since the* CARDINAL *is a Churchman only in title and lives a notoriously bad life,* GLOSTER *cannot be blamed for gibing at him.*)

Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

KING HENRY

(*Gently, ignoring the unpleasant behavior of his relatives, and thinking of heaven*)

The treasury of everlasting joy!

CARDINAL

(Violently. He evidently resents being reminded of his sins, so turns the subject to the sins of GLOSTER, *accusing him openly of wishing to take the crown from* KING HENRY.)

Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

HENRY *is shocked at this outburst. He does not believe that* GLOSTER *wishes to depose him.* MARGARET *and* SUFFOLK *agree with the* CARDINAL, *though perhaps they deplore the violence of his words.* GLOSTER *adds fuel to the fire by taunting the old churchman, who is his own half-uncle. The* Falconers *and the* Jester *make an elaborate show of not overhearing the conversation of their betters, but an occasional glance or wink passes between them.*

GLOSTER

What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

SUFFOLK

(With an effort controlling his anger)

No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

HENRY *listens with growing distress. He makes one or two futile gestures of protest, but no one pays the slightest attention to him. Gloster's anger is getting out of bounds, too.*

GLOSTER

As who, my lord?

SUFFOLK

(*Flaring up, not in defense of the* CARDINAL, *but attacking* GLOSTER *on his own account*)

Why, as you, my lord,
An't like your lord-protectorship.

GLOSTER

(*Scornfully, because Suffolk's power is largely due to the Queen's preference for him*)

Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

QUEEN MARGARET

(*Defending her favorite*)

And thy ambition, Gloster.

KING HENRY

I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen: and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Henry's face shines with a kind of unearthly beauty and his appeal has an effect on all but the CARDINAL *who is too old, and too accustomed to do as he likes, to be hushed by his grandnephew, even if he is a king.*

CARDINAL

Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

HENRY *draws himself up regally and the quarrel dies down to muttered words between the* CARDINAL *and* GLOSTER *at center stage. The* QUEEN *and* SUFFOLK *speak aside in pantomime, evidently discussing their grievances against* GLOSTER. *The* KING *holds his beads in his hands and says a prayer, with closed eyes.*

GLOSTER

(*Aside to the* CARDINAL)

'Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!

CARDINAL

(*Aside to* GLOSTER)

Marry, when thou dar'st.

GLOSTER

(*Aside to the* CARDINAL, *with increasing fury*)

Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

CARDINAL

(*Aside to* GLOSTER, *his voice rising with his passion*)

Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening, on the east side of the grove.

KING HENRY, *having opened his eyes after his prayer, sees, in grieved surprise, his reverend great-uncle shaking an angry hand in the direction of the proposed "meeting"; and his no less revered uncle nodding, with black looks. He speaks reproachfully.*

KING HENRY

How now, my lords?

Here the CARDINAL *displays his duplicity. A king is a king, even though he happens to be the grandson of one's half brother — and may not be defied openly without danger. So the wily old man pretends that he and* GLOSTER *have been talking about the hunt.*

CARDINAL

Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.

Aside, he adds venomously.

Come with thy two-hand sword.

GLOSTER

(*Not very successful at pretending, and answering both speeches*)

True, uncle.

CARDINAL

(*Aside to* GLOSTER, *though the sad eyes of the young king are on him*)

Are you advis'd? — the east side of the grove?

GLOSTER

(*Fiercely, forgetting to speak aside*)

Cardinal, I am with you.

KING HENRY

(*Gravely offended*)

Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

GLOSTER

(*Turning to the* KING *and bowing*)

Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord —

He turns back to the CARDINAL *and speaks aside to him.*

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail.

CARDINAL

(*Aside to* GLOSTER, *shaking a finger under his nose*)

Medice, teipsum;
Protector, see to it well, protect yourself.

KING HENRY *crosses to* GLOSTER, *who bows. The* KING *passes in front of him, facing the angry* CARDINAL. *The young ruler then places a hand on the shoulder of each of his elder relatives and smiles at them in turn, winsomely.*

KING HENRY

The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

A confusion of voices is heard off left, and one voice above the rest calling out.

AN INHABITANT

A miracle!

KING HENRY *crosses right, to join the* QUEEN, *and* SUFFOLK, *who bows. As the* INHABITANT OF ST. ALBAN'S *runs in from the left in great excitement, he is seized by* GLOSTER, *who holds him fast. The man, perceiving that he is in the presence of the great, snatches off his hood or pulls his forelock.*

GLOSTER

What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

INHABITANT

A miracle! a miracle!

The KING *looks at the man with great interest. The* QUEEN *and* SUFFOLK *are inclined to be amused.*

SUFFOLK

Come to the king and tell him what miracle.

GLOSTER *releases the man and indicates that he is to go to the* KING. *The fellow is abashed to find himself before royalty, but still eager to tell his news. He pulls off his hood, goes center and kneels, facing the* KING. *The* CARDINAL *withdraws up stage in great disgust.*

INHABITANT

Forsooth, a blind man at St. Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

This is interesting to every one — for miraculous cures were matters of common belief — but while the curiosity of the others is aroused, it is Henry's piety which is stirred.

KING HENRY

Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

The noise of an approaching crowd increases off left. The Falconers *form a guard behind and to the right of the* KING, *the* QUEEN, *and* SUFFOLK. GLOSTER *and the* CARDINAL *go left to meet the* MAYOR OF ST. ALBAN'S *as he enters followed by* Citizens. *These are directed by* GLOSTER *and the* CARDINAL *to keep to left and up stage. The* MAYOR *takes his place up center.* SIMPCOX, *a beggarly wretch with a stupid, crafty face, is carried in a chair by two seedy citizens. His* WIFE *follows, a bold slattern who is just now pretending to be very pious. Other gaping townspeople follow, agog at the miracle and only a little less interested in the* QUEEN, *the* KING, *and* SUFFOLK.

CARDINAL

(*Speaking from right center as the first of the citizens enter*)

Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

KING HENRY

(*Whose ascetic soul recognizes the temptations to sin that will be added to the experience of a man with every increase of worldly pleasure*)

Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by sight his sin be multiplied.

GLOSTER

(*Directing those who are carrying* SIMPCOX)

Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king.
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

SIMPCOX *is carried to left of center and set down facing the* KING. *His* WIFE *stands behind him. The two men go back to left. The men in the crowd remove their caps or hoods, as does* SIMPCOX, *who turns up his eyes in a hideous travesty of piety.*

KING HENRY

(*With gentle eagerness, the light of true piety and faith shining in his face*)

Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

SIMPCOX

(*In the beggar's whine*)

Born blind, an't please your grace.

WIFE

(*Eager to be noticed by the great folk*)

Ay, indeed was he.

SUFFOLK

(*Looking at her with disgust*)

What woman is this?

WIFE

(*Bobbing a curtsy and leering at* SUFFOLK *with horrible coyness*)

His wife, an't like your worship.

GLOSTER

(*At right of her*)

Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.

At his words she sends a startled look at him over her shoulder, but turns again toward the KING *as he asks the next question.*

KING HENRY

(*To* SIMPCOX, *asking his questions in good faith, because he wishes all the details of what he believes to be a real miracle*)

Where wert thou born?

SIMPCOX

At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

KING HENRY

Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

QUEEN MARGARET

(*More amused than edified by this performance*)

Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion to this holy shrine?

SIMPCOX

(*Whining with increased hypocrisy*)

God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep
By good Saint Alban; who said "Simpcox, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

WIFE

Most true, forsooth; and many a time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Too zealous, she has overdone it entirely. She falls to her knees beside her husband; but he gives her such an ugly look that she shrinks back. There are lifted eyebrows and shrugs in the crowd. Some one up left laughs loudly. All of the King's hunting party, except the KING, *and many in the crowd of townsmen are now convinced that* SIMPCOX *is an imposter.*

CARDINAL

What, art thou lame?

SIMPCOX

(*Still hoping to get out of the situation without discovery*)

Ay, God Almighty help me!

SUFFOLK

(*To whom this is now a most diverting comedy, with the certain punishment of the imposter at the end of it*)

How cam'st thou so?

SIMPCOX

(*Whose furtive eyes are darting glances about in search of escape*)

A fall off a tree.

WIFE

A plum-tree, master.

She smirks at SUFFOLK *again, and he laughs aloud.* SIMPCOX *glowers at his* WIFE *so evilly that she sinks into a rumpled heap at his side.*

GLOSTER

How long hast thou been blind?

SIMPCOX

(*Turning about too readily in his chair to face towards* GLOSTER)

O, born so, master.

GLOSTER

What, and would'st thou climb a tree?

SIMPCOX

(*Quickly, seeing his mistake and trying to cover it*)

But that, in all my life, when I was a youth.

WIFE

(*Afraid of* GLOSTER, *but foolishly imagining that she can outwit him*)

Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

GLOSTER *ignores the sniveling woman and speaks banteringly to the man.*

GLOSTER

'Mass, thou lov'st plums well, that would'st venture so.

SIMPCOX

Alas, good masters, my wife desired some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Not very nice of him, this, to blame his WIFE, *when she is trying to help him tell a convincing lie. — So the* QUEEN *remarks to* SUFFOLK *and the* KING, *in pantomime, to the amusement of the former and the horror of the latter. — The* CARDINAL, *laughing silently, strolls over to the left, looking over the crowd.* GLOSTER *crosses right, to stand between* SIMPCOX *and the* KING.

GLOSTER

A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve. —

He looks closely at SIMPCOX.

Let me see thine eyes. —

SIMPCOX *stares at* GLOSTER. *The* WIFE *looks on with increasing fear.*

Wink now;

SIMPCOX *closes his eyes.*

now open them: —

SIMPCOX *obeys, searching Gloster's face craftily for the reason of this examination.*

In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.

SIMPCOX

Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint Alban.

GLOSTER

Say'st thou me so?

GLOSTER *looks about, sees the* CARDINAL *now standing at left and points.*

What color is this cloak of?

SIMPCOX

(*Falling neatly into the trap*)

Red, master, red as blood.

GLOSTER

Why, that's well said: what color is my gown of?

SIMPCOX

Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

KING HENRY

(*His holy wrath rising as the deception of* SIMPCOX *becomes apparent*)

Why then thou know'st what color jet is of?

SUFFOLK

(*Laughing*)

And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

GLOSTER

But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

SIMPCOX *and his* WIFE, *darting furtive glances about for a way of escape from these unfriendly great ones, begin to tremble. The* WIFE, *in strident protest, calls out.*

WIFE

Never before this day, in all his life!

The crowd, after the fickle fashion of crowds, is as scornful of the false celebrity as it had been proud of the supposed miracle. SIMPCOX *and his* WIFE *find no friendly eyes.* GLOSTER *assumes a sterner tone.*

GLOSTER

Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

SIMPCOX

(*Whining abjectly*)

Alas, master, I know not.

GLOSTER

(*Pointing to* SUFFOLK)

What's his name?

SIMPCOX

I know not.

GLOSTER

(*Pointing to the* CARDINAL)

Nor his?

SIMPCOX

No, indeed, master.

GLOSTER

What's thine own name?

SIMPCOX

Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Under the following stern speech of GLOSTER, SIMPCOX *resumes something of his former boldness, facing the charges with brazen impudence, and a full return of his hypocritical posing.*

GLOSTER

Then, Saunder, sit thou there, the lying'st knave
In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known our names, as thus
To name the several colors we do wear.
Sight may distinguish of colors; but suddenly
To nominate them all 's impossible. —

GLOSTER *bows in the direction of the* KING.

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think that cunning to be great
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

An amused, interested murmur runs through the crowd. SUFFOLK *and the* QUEEN *speak in pantomime with the* KING, *who is deeply shocked at the whole proceeding.* SIMPCOX, *however, snivels consistently.*

SIMPCOX

O, master, that you could!

GLOSTER

(*Addressing the crowd up stage*)

My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

At this, the WIFE *begins to wail, but stops suddenly at a vicious pinch from* SIMPCOX *who looks increasingly pious, desperately trusting in his powers of deception to save him at last. The* MAYOR *steps forward, center and bows.*

MAYOR

Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

GLOSTER

Then send for one presently.

The MAYOR *steps back and speaks to an* Attendant.

MAYOR

Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*The* Attendant, *after bobbing or saluting, goes out left*

GLOSTER

Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.

The MAYOR *supervises the bringing of a stool which is placed down stage at center. The crowd is vastly interested in these proceed-*

ings, the nobles no less. GLOSTER *says grimly to the shrinking* SIMPCOX.

Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from a whipping,
leap me over this stool, and run away.

SIMPCOX

(*Desperately playing his part*)

Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone;
You go about to torture me in vain.

There are those in the crowd who believe that SIMPCOX *is a cripple, even though his blindness has been placed in question. A British crowd would surely begin to bet on the outcome of Gloster's proposed test. The* Attendant *now returns from the left with the* BEADLE, *who is armed with a stout whip.*

GLOSTER

Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.
Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

BEADLE

I will, my lord. —

He gives his whip a preparatory snap as he turns to SIMPCOX.

Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

SIMPCOX

(*Huddling in his chair and hugging his doublet tight about him*)

Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

The WIFE *starts to crawl left on her hands and knees, but is halted by a view of the red skirts of the* CARDINAL. *The* BEADLE *strikes* SIMPCOX *one smart blow and the imposter jumps up, as able-bodied as any man there. He jumps nimbly over the stool and across the stage, running out left, followed by the people who shout "*A miracle"

and deride him. The MAYOR *and the* BEADLE *follow to the exit, preventing the escape of Simpcox's* WIFE. GLOSTER *crosses to left of center. The* CARDINAL *is down left.*

KING HENRY

(*Horrified and righteously wrathful*)

O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

QUEEN MARGARET

(*Laughing gayly, not horrified at all, but entertained*)

It made me laugh to see the villain run.

GLOSTER

(*To the* MAYOR)

Follow the knave;

(*To the* BEADLE)

and take this drab away.

The BEADLE *yanks the cowering woman to her feet, but she immediately falls to her knees again before* GLOSTER, *trying to grasp his gown. He draws away from her disdainfully.*

WIFE

Alas, sir, we did it for pure need!

GLOSTER

Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

The MAYOR *bows, then signals the* BEADLE *to take away the* WIFE. *She is dragged off, lamenting hideously. The* Attendants *carry off the chair.*

CARDINAL

(*Laughing*)

Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

SUFFOLK

(*Laughing*)

True; made the lame to leap and fly away!

GLOSTER *cannot forget his quarrel with* SUFFOLK, *even in his triumph over the petty offender. He now refers to the fact that* SUFFOLK, *in arranging for the marriage of* HENRY *and* MARGARET, *relinquished to France certain French cities that had been won for England by* HENRY THE FIFTH. *It is an unfortunate remark.*

GLOSTER

But you have done more miracles than I;
You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *at the left. He crosses to the* KING *and bows. He appears to bring grave news. The scene which follows offers a startling contrast to the events which have just occurred. We have seen the punishment of a contemptible and ludicrous imposter; now we find the honor and life of a great and good man placed in danger. The animosity of* SUFFOLK *and the* CARDINAL *against* GLOSTER *has died down for the time, in their admiration of the clever manner in which he had handled* SIMPCOX. *Gloster's angry gibe at* SUFFOLK *arouses it again. The* KING *is sorrowing over the wickedness of* SIMPCOX *and his* WIFE, *and is gloomily rejoiced at their punishment. He is in a mood to be most profoundly impressed by the story told by* BUCKINGHAM. *It is now that he first looks with suspicion on his uncle* GLOSTER. *It is now that* SUFFOLK *and the* CARDINAL, *perceiving their advantage, lose no time in poisoning the King's mind against his Protector, and hasten the crash of his falling fortunes.* GLOSTER *himself, aware of the folly of his* WIFE, *though entirely innocent of any share in it, feels his doom closing in upon him.*

KING HENRY

What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

BUCKINGHAM

Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent —

He turns and looks briefly at Gloster, *then turns back to the* King.

Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout —

Gloster *starts, but feeling their eyes upon him, recovers his poise.*

Have practic'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

This shakes Henry *to the depths of his being. He abhors and fears witchcraft as the power of evil. All of those present believe in it, with the exception, perhaps of the* Cardinal, *who goes to* Gloster.

Cardinal

And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;

Lowering his voice in an aside.

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Gloster

Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

King Henry

O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

QUEEN MARGARET

(*Who, for reasons of her own, hates Gloster's wife, and who now rejoices in her destruction*)

Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest.
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best!

GLOSTER

(*Speaking with quiet dignity, but with his face distorted with grief. He loves* ELEANOR, *his wife, but he knows that he cannot save her.*)

Madam, for myself, to heaven I appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry am I to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honor and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company;
And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
That hath dishonor'd Gloster's honest name.

GLOSTER *is not to be blamed for this repudiation of* ELEANOR, *for he had forbidden her to associate with the conjurers, and had told her of the danger both to herself and to him, as the nearest relative of the* KING, *and the most responsible man in the kingdom. What* ELEANOR *has done is regarded by every one as the blackest treason.*

KING HENRY

(*Unwilling to believe that* GLOSTER *has any part in the matter, and hoping that* ELEANOR *may clear herself of the charge, speaks gently.*)

Well, for this night we will repose us here.
To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

The KING *offers his hand to* MARGARET, *and they exeunt left, followed by* SUFFOLK, *the* CARDINAL, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *who, with triumphant looks, fall into a whispered conference.* GLOSTER, *alone, his head bowed in sorrowful thought, follows. The* Falconers *and the* Jester, *who have discreetly listened to every bit of the day's exciting news, as soon as the nobles have left, break into confused chatter as the curtain falls.*

THE PUNISHMENT OF A DUCHESS

KING HENRY VI, PART II

Act II, Scene 4

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Humphrey, *Duke of Gloster*
A Servant
Other Servants of Gloster
Herald
Sir John Stanley
Sheriff
Officers
Eleanor, *Duchess of Gloster*
Men and women of London streets

Scene: — *A street. The most interesting part of the setting will be the crowd of curious citizens who look from their windows and doors or loiter in the way to see this entertaining show of a* Duchess *doing penance for employing witchcraft against the friends of the* King.

From the right, enter Gloster *and his servants, in deep mourning. The great* Duke *is crushed by the misfortune of his wife. He is powerless to save her from disgrace, the consequence of her own folly. Even his words of sympathy are guarded, because he knows that his enemies will use any means to turn the* King *against him.*

Gloster

(*Unconscious of the gazing citizens whose respect for him keeps them still, he speaks aloud to himself, rather than to the sympathetic servants who accompany him.*)

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds

Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

With a start he recalls his sad errand and turns to his men.

Sirs, what's o'clock?

SERVANT

Ten, my lord.

GLOSTER

Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess;
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face
With envious looks, still laughing at thy shame,

His voice breaks and his tears fall in sorrow for his wife.

That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels
When thou did'st ride in triumph through the streets.

Here the crowd begins to chatter and to laugh, craning to left. Shouts of derision are heard off left.

But soft! I think she comes and I'll prepare
My tear-stained eyes to see her miseries.

Enter, from the left, guarded, the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER. *This is the lady of whom* QUEEN MARGARET, *in Act I, Scene 3, has said —*

. . . that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers at court do take her for the queen:
She wears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,

The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Now the DUCHESS *is shorn of her magnificence, wrapped in a penitential sheet, with papers stating her offense pinned on her back. Her hair is streaming to the wind, her feet are bare, and she carries a burning taper in her hand. She is guarded by* SIR JOHN STANLEY, *the* SHERIFF, *and several officers in light mail who are armed with short swords and with spears.*

Gloster's men are shocked to see their mistress in such distress. They mutter threats against the king's officers, finger their daggers, and send threatening looks at the crowd. One of them speaks low to GLOSTER.

SERVANT

So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

GLOSTER

(*Who well knows that such an attempt would prove fatal to them all*)

No, stir not for your lives; let her pass by.

The Servants *unwillingly replace their daggers, but their angry looks have a momentary effect on the crowd. The* DUCHESS, *hearing her husband's voice, pauses in her painful walk and looks up at him.*

DUCHESS

Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too.

A woman waves to a neighbor and points to the DUCHESS. *Several others point their fingers at her, nod to each other, and stare at her, enjoying the humiliation of a once haughty peeress. Some, who have themselves consulted fortune tellers, see a warning in her punishment and tremble for their own safety. Others look upon her as a witch and long to see her destroyed. The* DUCHESS *is aware of every gibe and her proud spirit rebels but is not broken.*

Look, how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point
And nod their heads and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

The DUCHESS *steps on a rough place and cries out as she hurts her foot. Several unkind laughs are heard. Some one may even cry out* "Look well where you step, Duchess Nell!"

GLOSTER

(*Scarcely knowing what he says, in his distress*)

Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

ELEANOR *cannot understand her noble husband. She cannot understand his loyalty to the* KING, *left in his care by his heroic brother,* HENRY THE FIFTH. *To* GLOSTER, *the* KING *is not only his ruler, but the child for whom he has cared since* HENRY *was a baby. She cannot understand Gloster's pride in his own honorable reputation. She cannot understand that he thinks she deserves her punishment, even though he loves her. She tries to move him by her pleas and arguments to see her side of the matter. There is a good deal of truth in what she says of Gloster's enemies, as events prove.*

DUCHESS

Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!
For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.

This speech is accompanied by an obligato from the crowd who defy Gloster's men and the officers from safe distances.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd and such a prince he was,
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the ax of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk — he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all —
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

These are dangerous words to speak so boldly, but the DUCHESS *is reckless.* GLOSTER, *however, conscious of his own integrity, trusts to that to save him.*

GLOSTER

Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry:
I must offend before I am attainted:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,

But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

ELEANOR *might answer with renewed reproaches, but a commotion occurs off right. A* HERALD *enters. He salutes the* DUKE OF GLOSTER.

HERALD

I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
Holden at Bury the first of this next month.

GLOSTER *is startled, because he, as Protector, is accustomed to plan the meetings of parliament. Since he has not been consulted this time, he knows that his enemies are at work.*

GLOSTER

And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing. —

He considers a moment, then answers the HERALD.

Well, I will be there.

The HERALD *salutes* GLOSTER *and goes out right. Now* GLOSTER *knows that he must hurry back to the* KING, *if he is to regain his good standing as Protector. He speaks to his wife sorrowfully.*

My Nell, I take my leave: —

He turns anxiously to the SHERIFF.

and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

SHERIFF

An't please your grace, here my commission stays,
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

The SHERIFF *has been standing at the left of the* DUCHESS. *He now steps back and* SIR JOHN *takes his place. The* DUCHESS *is looking imploringly at her husband, who avoids her eyes.*

GLOSTER

Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

STANLEY

So I am given in charge, may't please your grace.

GLOSTER

Entreat her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!

GLOSTER turns away, right, with bowed head. He pulls his cloak about him. His men prepare to follow him. A large part of the crowd, too, will go after the Protector.

DUCHESS

(*In despair*)

What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

She stretches imploring hands to him, but GLOSTER, *unable to look again at his disgraced wife, answers with deep emotion.*

GLOSTER

Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

The DUKE *leaves. His* Servants *shoulder the gaping crowd aside and threaten those who follow too closely.* GLOSTER *has many friends among the crowd and his grief at his wife's punishment has changed the attitude of the spectators somewhat. They drift away gradually. The* DUCHESS *looks after her husband.*

DUCHESS

Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death,
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.

She turns to Sir John *and says brokenly, for Gloster's parting has broken her pride and her courage, at last —*

Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favor,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stanley

(*A kindly gentleman who wishes to make the* Duchess *as comfortable as possible*)

Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be used according to your state.

Duchess

(*Fearing further humiliations*)

That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be used reproachfully?

Stanley

Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
According to that state you shall be used.

Duchess

(*Much relieved to hear this, she draws herself up and looks proud again. She can even be gracious to the* Sheriff.)

Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sheriff

(*Bowing humbly to the great lady*)

It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duchess

Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd. —

Bowing again, the Sheriff *steps aside.*

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

The Duchess *turns to go left.* Stanley *follows her.*

STANLEY

Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for your journey.

SIR JOHN *offers to assist the* DUCHESS, *who is very tired; but she proudly draws the sheet about her and lifts up her penitential candle.*

DUCHESS

My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[SIR JOHN *goes before her. The* DUCHESS *follows, walking painfully. They go out left. One of the few stragglers left laughs loudly.*

CURTAIN

KING HENRY VI

Part III

The events of Part Three of Shakespeare's *King Henry the Sixth* cover the period from 1461 to 1471. In Act I the Duke of York reaches London and is declared king by Warwick. When Henry arrives he commands York to relinquish the throne; York agrees to do so on condition that King Henry shall declare York's sons to be heirs to the throne in preference to his own son. King Henry agrees and York gives up the throne. The agreement, however, is soon broken by both parties. York takes the field against the King. Margaret, mustering an army to defend her son's right to the succession, defeats York, who is killed. In Act II York's sons, Edward and Richard, are aided by Warwick. They defeat the royal forces and Edward takes the throne as Edward the Fourth. In Act III Warwick goes to France to negotiate for the marriage of Edward the Fourth to the Princess Bona. Queen Margaret and her son, Edward of Lancaster, are also at the French court asking aid in restoring Henry to the English throne. Warwick's arrival causes the French King to promise aid to King Edward, whose betrothal to Bona is arranged. However, the news that the King has, since the departure of Warwick from England, married Lady Elizabeth Grey, offends both the French King and Warwick. The former pledges aid to Margaret, and Warwick, formerly the strongest supporter of the house of York, now espouses the cause of Margaret and Henry and their son. In Act IV Warwick hurries back to England, takes the crown from Edward IV, and restores it to Henry, who has

been imprisoned in the Tower. Edward escapes, gets help from Burgundy, returns, marches on London, and puts Henry into the Tower again. In Act V Warwick is killed in battle, Margaret is taken prisoner, and her son is cruelly killed. Edward's brother Richard kills King Henry, so the Yorkist Edward again assumes the crown with a fair prospect of a peaceful reign.

A careful study of the play seems to prove that, in rewriting or adding to the older play, Shakespeare was more interested in the character of King Henry than in any one else in the play. He has not shown him as a weak-minded or imbecile creature, such as popular belief has held him to have been, but as a gentle, philosophical, compassionate man who saw beauty in everything and in everybody, and who detached himself from the affairs of men in order that he might contemplate the nobler works of God. This attitude of mind is expressed in his speech at the opening of Act II, Scene 5. With the character of the Queen, on the other hand, Shakespeare seems to have had very little to do. It is likely that the character, as drawn by the earlier playwright, was popular, and in the estimation of managers, needed no alterations. The Margaret of the Three Plays shows none of the characteristics of Shakespeare's heroines, and this is the more remarkable in that she is a very interesting historical character, and much more admirable in reality than she is shown to be in the Trilogy.

CIVIL WAR

KING HENRY VI, PART III

Act II, Scene 5

PERSONS REPRESENTED

King Henry the Sixth

A Lancastrian soldier who has killed his father, a Yorkist.

A Lancastrian soldier who has killed his son, a Yorkist.

Queen Margaret

Prince of Wales

Duke of Exeter

Lancastrian and Yorkist soldiers.

Scene: — *A field of battle between Towton and Saxton in Yorkshire. In the dawn light we discover* King Henry, *a gentle, sad, rapidly aging man, alone on the dreary field. There are bushes down left, a clump of small trees up right of center, and a mound down right. Off stage, both right and left we occasionally hear faint shouts and the clash of arms.*

In appearance, Henry *is more like a priest than a king. He has no genius for war. Nothing in this world seems to him worth the price of a human life. To his people he has become a reproach and* Margaret *is the real ruler. With their son, the* Prince of Wales, *she is leading the royal troops against the forces of York in the battle now raging near-by.* Henry *has been sent away because the sight of his mild, pitiful face has taken the heart out of his soldiers. He wanders slowly down right. He wears a long gown, a cowl-like hood, and a rosary at his belt. He carries a book.*

King Henry

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,

What time the shepherd, blowing on his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.

With a sigh, he looks about him at the desolate place, shudders at the cries of triumph and of anguish coming faintly to him from the battle, shakes his head despondently and seats himself on the mound down right.

Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?

This cry is from his heart. He looks about at the quiet field, so peaceful in the chill light of the March morning.

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:

So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

In sorrow, the KING *buries his face in his hands. Off right there is renewed shouting and the furious clash of arms in a single combat near-by. This ceases and is followed by a low cry of agony. The* KING *does not heed, nor does he seem to hear the footsteps of the man who enters from the right. It is a soldier of the King's party, still a boy. He drags the body of the man he has just killed — a Yorkist soldier — below the bushes down left, and kneels with his back toward the* KING, *whom he has not seen. The* KING *looks up at the sound of the voice, and follows this tragic scene with increasing distress.*

SON

(*Eagerly searching through the dead man's pouch and belt*)

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,

May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me. —

Here he pushes back the visor of the dead man's helmet.

Who's this? —

He springs to his feet, horrified.

O God! It is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!

Despairingly he recalls the circumstances that have led him to this sad moment.

From London by the king I was press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him. —

He kneels, removing his mailed hood, and bows his head. The KING *rises, and, with his crucifix between his hands, joins his silent prayer to that of the boy.*

Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did! —

He bends forward, looking into his dead father's face.

And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!

He crouches over his father's body, with his back to the audience.

My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

KING HENRY

O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity. —

Mournfully he speaks to the sorrowing SON, *but he, deep in his grief, does not hear.*

Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break with o'ercharg'd grief.

The KING *might now go to the young man, to comfort him, but a savage shout off left sends him cowering back to his mound. Another Lancastrian soldier enters from the left, bearing the body of a Yorkist soldier in his arms. The Lancastrian is a big man. His vanquished foe is small and easily carried. His head is hanging over his captor's right shoulder. The Lancastrian stops at right center, in front of the trees. He does not see the* KING, *nor the young man crouching over his father's body. He is too intent upon his dreadful task.*

FATHER

Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows. —

He shifts the body, lowering it into the crook of his right arm, while he pushes back the visor from before the boy's face with his left hand.

But let me see; — is this our foeman's face?

He peers into the dead face. His expression changes. The savage triumph of the victor gives way to horror — to anguish — to remorse, to wildest grief as he realizes that his victim is his son.

Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see, what showers arise,
Blown in the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart! —

He clasps the boy close in both arms.

O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,

This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

He tenderly lowers the body to the ground, with the head to the right, and kneels, covering his face with his hands.

KING HENRY

Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds! —

He goes up right and stands, looking at the dead youth's face. He raises his mournful eyes to Heaven.

O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity! —

He looks again at the dead boy.

The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colors of our striving houses:
The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, present:

He turns, going back to his mound, and utters his sincere wish — that one or the other of the warring houses shall be victorious, and that civil war shall end. He does not greatly care whether the victory shall rest with his own house of Lancaster or with the house of York.

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

SON

(He rises and looks about him despairingly. He is aware of the priest-like figure of the KING, *and of the other soldier kneeling beside the other body; yet he notes them no further than to include them, with the visible world, in his sorrowful address.)*

How will my mother, for a father's death
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!

FATHER

(Echoing the words, yet wholly concerned with his own grief)

How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

KING HENRY

(Bowing his head in the most wretched sorrow of the three, for he must be considered responsible for all these miseries, though he is not)

How will the country for these woeful chances
Misthink the king and not be satisfied!

SON

Was ever son so rued a father's death?

He drops to one knee, taking his father's hand and pressing it to his heart.

FATHER

Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

He wraps his cloak about his dead boy.

KING HENRY

Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

SON

(Rising and lifting his father's body as well as he can)

I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

The SON *goes out left, half carrying, half dragging his father's body. The* KING *makes an impulsive movement, as though to offer assistance, but draws back again, fearing to intrude upon grief.*

FATHER

(Lifting his dead son tenderly)

These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,

For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious shall thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence;

He turns, and, over the sad burden in his arms, sends an angry look at the KING. *Though he does not recognize* HENRY, *the man knows him to be of the nobility and therefore a sharer in the responsibility for the misfortunes of common men.*

and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

He goes out, up left. The KING *sits down again on his little mound.*

Alarums: Excursions. *Bugles, shouts, and clashes sound off upper right. Lancastrian soldiers enter, upper right, retreating, fighting the pursuing Yorkists. With great noise and confusion they cross the stage and exeunt upper left, always fighting. Other Lancastrians enter up right, retreating, cross and exeunt up left.* HENRY, *distressed, shrinks behind the screen of small trees.*

QUEEN MARGARET, *the* PRINCE OF WALES, *and* EXETER *enter up left. They, too, are retreating, and searching for the* KING. *The* PRINCE *comes down right while* MARGARET *and* EXETER *cross left and are about to go out. The small trees hide* HENRY *from them. The* PRINCE, *seeing his father, runs to him joyously, taking his right hand and trying to draw him up stage to the left.*

PRINCE

Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

QUEEN MARGARET

(*At the Prince's cry she and* EXETER *have paused. She comes down to meet* HENRY, *beautiful and regal even in defeat; she seems to him to bring security and balm for his suffering spirit. He tries to tell*

her what he has just seen and heard, but her rapid words overwhelm him. She takes his left hand and tries to lead him away. But he hangs back, confused, between his adored wife and his son, unable to forget those others in consideration of his own safety.)

Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

EXETER

Away! for vengeance comes along with them:

He grows alarmed at seeing the KING *resist the endeavors of the woman and the child to draw him to safety.*

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after: I'll away before.

KING HENRY

(Gently answering the panic in Exeter's voice and yielding to the urgent hands of his wife and child.)

Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!

[They hurry away, up left, EXETER *pausing to throw a last apprehensive look to the right. Sounds of retreat and pursuit can be heard as the curtain falls.*

NOTES ON KING HENRY THE SIXTH

Part I

Richard Plantagenet had, as Duke of York, as good a claim to the throne of England as had King Henry. Therefore, it was against the interest of the king's party to restore to him the title and estates

forfeited by his father. In Act II, Scene 5, Richard visits his uncle Edmund Mortimer, in prison, and learns from him the claim of the Mortimers upon the throne. It will be remembered that Richard the Second named Edmund Mortimer, then a child, heir to the throne. Edmund was therefore held prisoner by Henry the Fourth, and had remained a prisoner during the reigns of Henry the Fifth and Henry the Sixth. He, in turn, names Richard Plantagenet, his sister's son, his heir.

Part II

In Act I, Scene 1, York reviews for his own benefit his claim on the throne.

Falconry: "the art of employing falcons and hawks in the chase, often called hawking" was probably introduced into England about 860 A.D.

for flying at the brook: "to hunt water fowls with hawks." Webster.

point: A hawk "makes her point" when she rises in the air over the spot where quarry has saved itself from capture by dashing into a hedge. Enc. Brit.

pitch: The height to which a hawk, when waiting for game to be flushed, rises in the air. Enc. Brit.

factious numbers: a crowd of fighters; in this case, confederates.

Medice, teipsum: "Physician, heal thyself." Luke IV, 23. The verb is understood.

Act II, Scene 4

uneath: not easily.

abrook: endure.

Mail'd up in shame: "wrapped up in disgrace" — alluding to the "sheet of penance" (Johnson). The Cambridge Text, Vol. 9.

deep-fet: deep fetched.

lim'd bushes to betray thy wings: bushes and twigs were smeared with bird-lime in order to catch birds.

close dealing: secret action.

Part III

like to the morning's war: "The contest was renewed in the fields between Towton and Saxton, with redoubled fury, at nine the following morning (March 29, 1462), being Palm Sunday, 'which,' says the chronicler, 'was celebrated that day with lances instead of palms.' A heavy snow-storm, drifting full in the faces of the Lancastrian party, blinded their archers, who shot uncertainly, while those of York with fatal effect discharged their flight-arrows, and then, advancing a few paces, shot a second shower among the chivalry of the red Rose." *Lives of the Queens of England:* Agnes Strickland. Vol. I, page 581.

delicates: delicacies.

press'd forth: drafted.

King Henry: "The poet, with his instinctive judgement, has given the King a much higher character than the chroniclers assign to him . . . he has shown us a king with virtues unsuited to the age in which he lived; contemplative amidst friends and foes hurried along by a distempered energy. . . . The entire conception of the character of Henry, in connection with the circumstances to which it was subjected, is to be found in the Parliament scene of the Third Part of Henry VI. . . . We may boldly affirm that none but Shakespeare could have depicted with such marvellous truth the weakness, based upon a hatred of strife — the vacillation, not of imbecile cunning, but of clear-sighted candour — the assertion of power through the influence of habit, but of a power trembling even at its own authority — the glimmerings of courage utterly extinguished by the threats of 'armed men,' and proposing compromise even worse than war . . . one moment threatening and exhorting his followers to revenge, the next imploring them to be patient; . . ." Knight: *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

King Henry: "Among his 'wolfish earls' Henry is in constant terror, not of being himself torn to pieces, but of their flying at one another's throats. Violent scenes, disturbing the cloistered peace which it would please him to see reign throughout the universe, are hateful and terrible to Henry. He rides out hawking with his Queen and Suffolk, the Cardinal and Gloster; . . . Henry takes a languid interest in the sport, but all occasions supply food for his

contemplative piety; . . . and now the falcons set him moralizing . . . humoring his timorous, irritable conscience, Henry is incapable of action, and allows things to take their course" . . . (to Gloster's death). Dowden, quoted in *Cambridge Shakespeare.*

King Henry contrasted with King Richard the Second: "The manner in which they bear their misfortunes corresponds exactly to the causes which led to them. The one (Richard) is always lamenting the loss of his power which he has not the spirit to regain; the other seems only to regret that he had ever been King, and is glad to be rid of the power, with the trouble; the effeminacy of the one is that of a voluptuary, proud, revengeful, impatient of contradiction, and inconsolable in his misfortunes; the effeminacy of the other is that of an indolent, good-natured mind, naturally averse to the turmoils of ambition and the cares of greatness and who wishes to pass his time in monkish indolence and contemplation. Richard bewails the loss of the kingly power only as it has been a means of gratifying his pride and luxury; Henry regards it only as a means of doing right, and is less desirous of the advantages to be derived from possessing it than afraid of exercising it wrongly." *Cambridge Shakespeare* — Vol. 9.

King Henry: "There are preserved some verses attributed to King Henry VI which are in a strain of the same pensive moralizing character (as the speech at the opening of Act II, Scene 5, Part III). They are here subjoined, that the reader may compare them with the congenial thoughts the dramatist has attributed to him: —

'Kingdoms are but cares;
State is devoid of stay;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

'Pleasure is a privy game,
Which vice doth still provoke;
Pomp unprompt; and fame a flame;
Power a smouldering smoke.

'Who meaneth to remove the rock
Out of his slimy mud,

Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
The swelling of the flood.'"
Cambridge Shakespeare — Vol. 9.

Queen Margaret: "The history of Margaret of Anjou, from the cradle to the tomb, is a tissue of the most striking vicissitudes, and replete with events of more powerful interest than are to be found in the imaginary career of any heroine of romance. . . . Scarcely had Margaret of Anjou entered her teens, when her precocious charms and talents created the most lively sensation at the court of her Aunt, the queen of France. . . . 'The report of these charms,' according to another learned but somewhat imaginative French author, 'first reached Henry VI, the young bachelor king of England, through the medium of a gentleman of Anjou . . . with whom king Henry was accustomed to converse occasionally; and he gave so eloquent a description of the rare endowments which nature had bestowed on the portionless daughter of the impoverished king of the Two Sicilies, that Henry dispatched him to the court of Lorraine, to procure a portrait of the young princess.' . . . Henry VI was then in his four-and-twentieth year, beautiful in person, of a highly cultivated and refined mind, holy and pure in thought and deed. . . . Margaret had completed her fifteenth year exactly one month before her marriage with King Henry; and, notwithstanding the dissatisfaction of the nation at her want of dower, their contempt for the indigence of her father, and the prejudice created by her close connexion with the royal family of France, her youth, her beauty, and noble presence, procured her an enthusiastic welcome wherever she appeared. . . ." *Lives of the Queens of England* — Agnes Strickland. Vol. I.

Historical Dates in the Three Parts of Henry VI

1422 — Henry V died. Henry VI, aged nine months, becomes king of England, and, upon the death of Charles VI of France, is declared king of France.
1431 — Jeanne d'Arc burned.
1441 — The Duchess of Gloucester punished.
1444 — The marriage of Henry to Margaret of Anjou.
1453 — Son of Henry and Margaret, Edward, born October 13.

1455 — First battle in the War of the Roses. Somerset killed.
1460 — Duke of York and his son Rutland killed.
1461 — Second battle of St. Alban's. Edward, York's son, nineteen.
Battle of Towton — Margaret's forces defeated.
1464 — Edward marries Lady Grey and offends Warwick.
1470 — Edward's cannon terrify the army of Louis XI.
1471 — Edward returns. Tewksbury. The King is taken, Margaret defeated, the Prince of Wales is killed. Henry is murdered.

KING HENRY VIII

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII is one of the later plays of Shakespeare. At least, it was referred to as "a new play" by theatergoers in 1613; and parts of the play are undoubtedly in Shakespeare's mature manner while other parts are so inferior that many critics have concluded that the play must belong to the poet's early period. Scholars are agreed now, however, that those parts which gave rise to the dispute were written by another playwright, probably Fletcher. Of those lines which no one doubts to be Shakespeare's, Queen Katherine's plea constitutes the best-loved selection. On the other hand, Wolsey's famous farewell is considered by the scholars to be manifestly Fletcherian. The scene we have chosen is not among those ascribed to Shakespeare. Indeed, if he had written it, there might have been much more to this first meeting of the King with Anne Bullen. But it is an interesting scene, based on an historical occurrence, presenting the great Cardinal as host to the gay court, and Henry himself as a performer in a court masque. It was on this account that the scene was chosen for this collection. The production may be elaborate or simple, with large numbers or with comparatively few. A masque proper is not included in the scene, but is indicated and probably was always performed. A masque, we are told, consisted of five parts; the entry, which was an elaborate processional in figures, similar to a "grand march"; the "main" or principal dance; an extemporaneous dance of the masquers with the ladies (which is indicated in the lines of Act I, Scene 4); the revels; and the going out. Three of these five parts, the entry, the dance

with the ladies and the going out, are clearly indicated in the lines. The others — a dance by the masquers alone, and the revels — may be included or not. If they are included they should not be performed by King Henry and his masquers but by others who accompany them, for, we are told, professional masquers and dancers were employed to furnish the more elaborate features of the court entertainments.

The story of the play includes some of the events between 1520 and 1533, though many of these are made to appear out of their historical order, in an attempt to heighten the dramatic effect of the story. In Act I we have the development of the contest for power between the Duke of Buckingham and Cardinal Wolsey. Wolsey gives a banquet to the court, and King Henry comes disguised as a masquer. He meets Anne Bullen, a maid of honor to the Queen. In Act II Buckingham is convicted of treason and executed. The King, desiring to marry Anne Bullen, decides that his former marriage to Queen Katherine was illegal. The Queen is called to public trial. She refuses to submit to the decision of Henry's court and appeals to the pope. In Act III, Wolsey transfers his influence to the cause of Katherine, trying to delay the divorce. Henry acts without sanction of the Church, divorces Katherine and marries Anne. The Cardinal's papers, proving that he has acted against Henry's interest with the pope, fall into the King's hands. Enraged, Henry deprives Wolsey of all his offices and would execute him for treason, but is forestalled by the death of the Cardinal. In Act IV Queen Katherine dies and Anne Bullen is crowned. Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, takes Wolsey's place in the King's favor. In Act V Cranmer is the victim of powerful nobles, whose jealousy he has aroused. He is tried and threatened with imprisonment but is rescued by the King. Cranmer officiates at the christening of Elizabeth, the child of Anne Bullen and the King, and prophecies a glorious future for her:

"She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless her; . . .
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors; . . .
She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it. . . ."

The fact that the play was written either during the last years of Elizabeth's reign, or during the first of King James', accounts for the fact that it ends with the triumph of Anne Bullen, and not with her tragic death, which followed so soon and which undoubtedly would have made a much more interesting and dramatically truthful climax to the events of the drama.

ANNE BULLEN MEETS THE KING

KING HENRY VIII

Act I, Scene 4

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH
CARDINAL WOLSEY
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD
LORD CHAMBERLAIN
LORD SANDS
SIR THOMAS LOVELL
ANNE BULLEN, *Maid of Honor to the* QUEEN
Seven or more other Maids of Honor
Five or more Court Gentlemen *attending the* KING
Five or more Court Gentlemen *guests of the* CARDINAL
Twelve servants
Musicians
Trumpeters
Torch Bearers
Professional Masquers *in the King's train*

SCENE: — *A Hall in York Place. It is hung with sumptuous tapestries, carpeted and furnished luxuriously. At the left, on a dais, a table is set for the* CARDINAL. *His chair is of royal proportions and is topped by a "state" or canopy. Banqueting tables are spread across the stage, from left to right and up right, to form a hollow square. The diners are to be seated on the outside of the square and the* Servants *are to attend upon them from the inside, which they reach through a space left on the right of the Cardinal's dais.* Musi-

cians *are stationed in the upper right corner on a platform or balcony. The hall is ablaze with candles. The main entrance is at right. A center entrance leads to another banqueting hall. The left entrance, down stage, leads to the Cardinal's rooms; up stage left is an entrance for the* Servants.

The Musicians *strike up a gay tune. Happy voices, laughing and chattering, are heard off right.* Sir Henry Guildford *enters from the left as* Anne Bullen, *with the other* Maids of Honor, *and several* Gentlemen, *enter at right. There are ceremonious bows.*

Guildford

Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

With merry laughter and banter, the guests move about the room. Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, *and* Sir Thomas Lovell *enter from the right. There are more bows of ceremony.* Sir Henry *welcomes the elderly* Lord Chamberlain *with gay reproach.*

O, my lord, you're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Chamberlain

(*Wagging a roguish finger at* Sir Henry)

You are young, Sir Henry Guildford.

Sands

(*Speaking in a pretended aside to his young friend, but taking care that the hovering bevies of ladies shall hear his compliment*)

Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these

Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em:

He casts admiring eyes at the lovely Maids of Honor.

by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

LOVELL

O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

SANDS

I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

The two jolly young gentlemen laugh at the idea of a worldly person like SANDS *being a confessor and receiving the confidences of the pretty* Maids. *The* LORD CHAMBERLAIN *has crossed up center and now directs the guests.*

CHAMBERLAIN

Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?

The Ladies *choose the seats that please them.* ANNE *and another girl sit together near the left end of the table, with their backs to the audience. They appear to have some secret of great interest.*

Sir Harry,
Place you that side;

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD *takes the place indicated, to the left of the Cardinal's dais.*

I'll take charge of this:

At the sound of hautboys off left, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN *becomes feverishly active.*

His grace is entering.

Now the LORD CHAMBERLAIN *spies the two* Maids *sitting close together.*

Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are the one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Amid much laughter and many witty remarks, LORD SANDS *ceremoniously but happily takes his place at the table between* ANNE *and the other lady.*

SANDS

By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies:
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

ANNE *has been described by historians of her own time, as a dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty, with great gayety and charm of manner. She had been Maid of Honor at the court of France in her early youth and, besides many other accomplishments, had such taste in dress that she set the fashions of the court of England at the time of this scene. She now enters into the spirit of Sands' nonsense and answers saucily.*

ANNE

Was he mad, sir?

SANDS

O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:

All the Ladies *exclaim at this, in pretended fear.*

But he would bite none;

They all sigh with relief.

just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty times in a breath.

Laughter and applause attend his action, as he kisses Anne's hand, her arm, her cheek, whispers something in her ear, as she turns her face away, then, as she laughingly looks back, to answer him, snatches a

hasty kiss from her lips. The other gentlemen have by this time found places near their favorite ladies. The Lord Chamberlain *approves of Sands' gallantry.*

Chamberlain

Well said, my lord.

Sands *offers to kiss* Anne *again, but she coquettishly holds her cup of wine to his lips. He drinks, gazing adoringly at her over its rim. She turns the cup about and places her lips where his have been, seeming to pledge him as she drinks.*

So, now you are fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands

(*Throwing an arm about* Anne *and the other about the girl at his left*)

For my little cure,
Let me alone.

He whispers some gay nonsense to the other Maid, *who laughs.*

Hautboys, or trumpets, sound off left. All the company rise and face left as the Cardinal, *attended, enters and takes his state. A* Page *with a goblet of wine on a salver enters and stands at his right. The* Cardinal *is an imposing figure in his red robes. He is at this time extremely powerful and to be feared next to the* King *himself. Although a man of humble birth,* Wolsey, *because of his ability and ambition, has climbed to the second place in the kingdom and he surrounds himself with all of the trappings of royalty. His present guests treat him with all the outward respect due a monarch; and he receives their homage with the haughty graciousness of a superior being.*

Wolsey

You're welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend:

He takes the goblet from the Servant *on his left and raises it.*

this, to confirm my welcome:
And to you all, good health.

He drinks.

The CARDINAL *replaces his goblet and the* Servant *takes it out left. Other* Servants *enter with the feast and serve the* CARDINAL, *and his guests, all of whom resume their seats except* LORD SANDS. *He, raising a goblet, faces the* CARDINAL.

SANDS

Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

LORD SANDS *makes a gesture to indicate a huge goblet, then drains off his wine to the Cardinal's health. The* CARDINAL *acknowledges with a bow.*

WOLSEY

My lord Sands,
I am beholding to you; cheer your neighbors. —

LORD SANDS *resumes his place between the* Maids of Honor, *who are not, at this moment, talking with any one.*)

Ladies, you are not merry: —

The CARDINAL *gently and playfully rebukes the young courtiers.*

gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

SANDS

The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

There is a gust of light laughter at this, and the general chattering and gayety are resumed. Every one is happily eating and drinking the good things provided by the Cardinal's Servants. SANDS *exerts himself to entertain* ANNE *and the other lady.* SIR HENRY GUILDFORD,

on Anne's right, is attentive, also. At last some speech of Lord Sands *makes them all laugh a little wildly. The* Musicians *add their harmonies to the gay hubbub.* Anne *enjoys Sands' nonsense.*

Anne

You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands

Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship:

He raises his goblet, urging her to do the same.

and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing —

He bends toward her, whispering an extravagant compliment. Laughing, she pushes him away.

Anne

You cannot show me.

All the Ladies *laugh and call out to* Anne. Lord Sands *turns to the* Cardinal.

Sands

I told your grace they would talk anon.

The Cardinal *nods benevolently. All the guests are now in high spirits. Their voices rise excitedly over the music. Suddenly, with startling effect, drums and trumpets are heard off right, and "chambers are discharged" — guns are fired. The* Musicians *stop playing, some of the* Girls *scream, several of the* Gentlemen *rise in alarm.* Wolsey *looks over the heads of his guests, frowning.*

Wolsey

What's that?

LORD CHAMBERLAIN

(*Crossing to the right and speaking to the* Attendants *at the door*)

Look out there, some of ye.

[*A* SERVANT *goes out, right*

WOLSEY

What warlike voice,

And to what end, is this?

Some of the Ladies *are so terrified that they have to be gently reassured by the brave* Gentlemen. ANNE *clings very prettily to the gallant* LORD SANDS *and at the same time gives her other trembling hand to* SIR HARRY.

Nay, ladies, fear not;

By all the laws of war you're privileged.

The SERVANT *re-enters from the right.*

How now! what is't?

SERVANT

A noble troop of strangers;

For so they seem: they've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

This reassuring announcement, which promises further entertainment, at once restores the high spirits of the party.

WOLSEY

Good lord chamberlain,

Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue:
And, pray, receive 'em nobly and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

The LORD CHAMBERLAIN, *attended by some of the court gentlemen and some of the* Attendants, *goes out right. All the guests rise from the*

tables, which are removed by the Servants *through the center entrance. The guests group themselves up right and at the back of the scene.* Anne *is at extreme right of the group, near the* Musicians. *The* Cardinal *remains in his chair of state. He pleasantly apologizes for the interruption to the feast.*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I'll shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

The Cardinal's guests bow low in response to his courteous words. The hautboys or trumpets sound again off right. Ushered in by the Lord Chamberlain, *the* King *and his gentlemen enter, as masquers. They are, of course, unknown to any one as yet. They are dressed as shepherds "in fine cloth of gold and fine crimson satin paned!" They are preceded by* Torch Bearers *and* Trumpeters, *and accompanied by other masquers, the professionals, some of whom are dressed as sheep, prancing on their hind legs, and others as antics of various types. The* Musicians *strike up a tune to augment the masquers' music, and the masque proceeds across the stage from right to left turns and passes before the* Cardinal, *who bows graciously; goes back to right and lines up diagonally at right, gracefully saluting the* Cardinal. *This gentleman, greatly pleased, speaks to the* Lord Chamberlain, *who is now standing up left near the dais.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Chamberlain

Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

WOLSEY

Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their pleasures.

The LORD CHAMBERLAIN *crosses to the masquers and communicates this message. The royal masquers are presented to the* Ladies, *and each chooses one for the dance. Some go left, others to center. The* KING *leads* ANNE *down right. He peers closely at her through his mask.* ANNE *is a most graceful and beautiful dancer, and evidently a charming partner for the* KING, *who compliments her ardently.*

KING

The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee!

The Musicians *strike up the tune and the dance begins. Historically, this dance was probably a galliard — "a spirited dance for two dancers, precursor of the minuet"; or a coranto, "a grave measure" of a similar fashion. At any rate, the dance is stately, slow, with much posturing and bowing, but nevertheless gay and vital, because the people dancing are as gay and as much alive as any other favorites of fortune. During the dance* WOLSEY *observes the masquers closely, and speedily comes to the conclusion that Anne's partner is no other than the* KING. HENRY *at this point in his career is a middle-aged man who has put on much extra weight; but who has retained, for such occasions as this, all the exquisite manner and compelling charm of an exceedingly attractive youth. The* CARDINAL *comes down from his state and, at the end of the dance, speaks to the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

WOLSEY

My lord!

CHAMBERLAIN

(*Bowing*)

Your grace?

WOLSEY

Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself;
He indicates the chair of state.
to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

CHAMBERLAIN

(*Bowing again*)
I will, my lord.

Well understanding what the CARDINAL *means, he goes to the King's gentlemen and whispers with them. He does not venture near the* KING, *who is conversing in pantomime with* ANNE, *down right. The* LORD CHAMBERLAIN *returns to the* CARDINAL. *The attention of all but the* KING *and* ANNE *is now attracted to the* CARDINAL.

WOLSEY

What say they?

CHAMBERLAIN

Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

WOLSEY

Let me see then.

The masquers, laughing, begin to move about. The KING *and* ANNE *come to center, and mingle with the other masquers and guests.* WOLSEY *looks at each masquer attentively. There is one of the King's gentlemen who resembles* HENRY *in figure and in manner.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;

The CARDINAL *makes no mistake. Having passed the* KING, *and looked at each masquer, he returns, bows low to* HENRY.

here I'll make
My royal choice.

KING

Ye have found him, cardinal:

The KING *unmasks, as do all of his gentlemen. If other masquers have been introduced, for the revels, they do not unmask. All the guests bow low to the* KING. ANNE, *much impressed by the honor done her, backs away to the right. The* KING *is in great good humor.*

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Henry's jokes were always apt to be rather coarse, and he laughs loudly now at his own words. The CARDINAL *accepts the insinuation that he might have invited the ladies because he had a personal interest in them, as a bright little joke — but he does not relish it, as we see, when the* KING *turns away to speak to the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

WOLSEY

I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

KING

My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither:

Bowing, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN *hurries to the* KING, *who lowers his voice and with a glance indicates* ANNE, *now receiving the envious congratulations of the other* Maids.

what fair lady's that?

CHAMBERLAIN

An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

KING

By heaven, she is a dainty one.

HENRY *turns his back on the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN, *who bows himself away. As the* KING *faces* ANNE, *the other courtiers move away from*

her. He crosses and she curtsys to the ground. He extends his hand, which she kisses; but then he puts his fingertips under her chin and so urges her to rise to her feet.

Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you.

It was the custom for the gentlemen to kiss the ladies at the end of a dance. So HENRY *kisses* ANNE *now, to the gentle applause of the assembly. Delighted with his new conquest,* HENRY *calls for wine, which is brought by the* Servants.

A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

A health is drunk to ANNE BULLEN. *Here, if desired, the* KING *may sit in the Cardinal's chair of state and view the revels of the hired masquers. If not, the* CARDINAL, *observant of the comfort of his royal guest, speaks.*

WOLSEY

Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

LOVELL

(*Who is standing near center back, anticipating this question, bows.*)

Yes, my lord.

WOLSEY

(*Bowing to the* KING, *who is fussing with his collar and fanning himself with his hat, while he makes ponderous compliments to* ANNE, *and heavy jokes for the admiring courtiers*)

Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

KING

I fear, too much.

This with a languishing look at ANNE, *who has set his heart on fire.*

WOLSEY

There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

The curtains at center back are parted, disclosing another banquet room with a state chair for HENRY. *The courtiers form two lines, at right and at left. The* KING, *with exceeding gallantry, kisses* ANNE *again.*

KING

Lead in your ladies, every one: sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry,
Good my lord cardinal:

He gives his right hand to ANNE *and his left to the* CARDINAL, *facing up toward the feast. As the three pass between the lines, the courtiers bow low.*

I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favor.

But every one knows that the prize usually given to the fairest lady by the masquers, will surely go to ANNE.

Let the music knock it!

The music "knocks it" and the courtiers follow the KING *and his favorites into the banquet room. Gay laughter and chatter mingle with the music as the curtain falls.*

NOTES ON HENRY VIII

my lay thoughts: worldly thoughts, differing from the supposedly religious thoughts of the Cardinal.

a running banquet: a slight repast between meals. Sands thinks the Maids might enjoy a less elaborate feast, if it were a jollier one.

Chambers discharged: guns were sometimes used for effects in Shakespeare's time, but they were not always successful. . . . "The Globe Theatre was burned down on the 29th of June, 1613,

and we have several contemporary accounts of the catastrophe. A letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Ralph Winwood, dated July 12, 1613, describes the burning, and says that it 'fell out by a peal of chambers' — that is, a discharge of small cannon. Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's Annales, written some time after the fire . . . says that the house was 'filled with people to behold the play, viz., of Henry the Eighth.' There can be little doubt that the play in question was Shakespeare's Henry VIII, in which, according to the original stage direction, we have 'chambers discharged' at the entrance of the king to the 'mask at the cardinal's house.'" . . . *Life of Shakespeare* — W. J. Rolfe.

The Masque: "These disguisings, as is clear from the accounts of the expenses of the royal household still preserved, were an important feature in the Christmas and Shrovetide festivals of Henry VII and Henry VIII; they followed the conclusion of an interlude or other dramatic performance, and were conducted according to certain strict rules, which may be seen in a MS. of this period entitled The Booke of all manner of Orders concerning an Earle's house. The 'disguisers,' says this MS., were to be introduced into the hall by torch-bearers, and on their entrance the minstrels were to begin to play; if there were women disguisers, they were to dance first, and then stand aside; then the men were to dance 'suche daunces as they be appointed' and stand upon the other side. After this 'the Morris to come in incontinent as appointed, if any be ordeynid. And then the said minstrallis to play the daunces that is appointed for them.' This done, then the 'gentillmen to come unto the women and make their obeisance, and every one of them to taike oon by the hand, and daunce suche base (slow and stately) daunces as is apointed theym, and that doon then to daunce such rounds as shall be appointed them to daunce togeder by the maister of the revels.' From this description we see that, although there is no hint of dialogue or speech of any kind, some of the fixed characteristics of the later masque are already established. The disguisers, who would be gentlemen and ladies of the Court, attended by their torch-bearers, answer to the masquers; the morris dancers, who would be professionals, to the performers in the anti-masque, and the order of the dances is the same in both. . . ." *English Masques* — Herbert Arthur Evans. Introduction, p. xv. "The king seems to have

been particularly fond of amusements of the kind described by Hall; thus in 1527 the house of Cardinal Wolsey was honored with one of these royal surprises, a minute description of which is given by Cavendish in his life of Wolsey and which Shakespeare introduced into Henry VIII, Act I, Scene 4. In this instance the maskers were disguised as shepherds 'in fine cloth of gold and fine crimson satin paned'; they wore visors of course and their hair and beards were of gold or silver wire or of black silk, but apparently they did not find themselves altogether at their ease in this unwonted guise, for they did not challenge the ladies to dance till they had resumed their ordinary attire. . . ." *Ibid.*, p. xix.

See also, *Social England* — Edited by H. D. Traill, D.C.L.

Who's best in favor. Which is the loveliest lady.

Anne Bullen: A most interesting account of the life and death of Anne Boleyn is to be found in the second volume of Agnes Strickland's *Lives of the English Queens.*

Henry VIII: This brilliant, gifted, successful man began better than he ended. He was, probably, the victim of his own charms and of the prosperity of his time. Interesting side-lights are thrown upon his character, in the accounts given of the lives of his six wives by Agnes Strickland, in her *Lives of the English Queens,* Volume II.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Among the less popular of the plays of Shakespeare is the comedy, *All's Well That Ends Well.* Its atmosphere is somber and sardonic rather than gay and witty as is the case with the more popular comedies. The plot resembles that of *Much Ado About Nothing,* in having an ideal heroine who loves and finally wins a man who has treated her with contempt and cruelty; but "All's Well" is far less admired as a play than "Much Ado." It is thought by many critics to be a revised form of an earlier play called, perhaps, "Love's Labor Won," and a companion piece to *Love's Labor Lost.* But there are many passages of great beauty in the play, linking it to the greatest dramas of Shakespeare's maturer years. Two characters of utmost beauty adorn the comedy. Coleridge considered Helena Shakespeare's "loveliest creation" and he says of the Countess that she was "like one of Titian's old ladies, reminding us still amid their wrinkles of that soul of beauty and sensibility which must have animated them when young." That such a mother and such a girl should have as the object of their love a youth like Bertram, seems a pity, but is not at all impossible. They can see more good in him than we can, no doubt, and, after the removal of his bad angel, Parolles, perhaps he justifies their faith.

The story of the play takes us first to Tuscany, to the home of the Countess of Rousillon. Bertram, the young son of the Countess, is departing for the court of France. His mother takes a tender farewell of him, and gives him advice which reminds us of the famous speech of Polonius to Laertes, in the tragedy of *Hamlet:*

COUNTESS

Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell. —

When Bertram has gone and Helena is alone, she tells us all her grief — that she, a humble gentlewoman, living under the protection of the Countess, dares to love Bertram, whose social rank is so far above her own:

HELENA

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so far above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love.

Bertram arrives at the court and is greeted by the King. This King of France is very sick. He speaks of Bertram's father, now dead:

KING

. . . . . Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

BERTRAM

His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb.

KING

Would I were with him! He would always say.
. . . . . "Let me not live
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions."

While Bertram is learning to take his father's place at the court, the Countess, observing Helena's sadness, draws a confession from her that she loves Bertram. The Countess is not displeased. She encourages Helena, because she loves her and feels that the girl's own qualities make her worthy to be the wife of a Count Rousillon. Helena's father, now dead, had been a famous physician, and a plan is made for Helena to go to the French court with one of his prescriptions, in the hope that it may cure the King. This she does. The King receives her kindly, but with little hope. But when, after a trial of the remedy, he is cured, he heaps rewards and gratitude on Helena, bidding her choose a husband from among the gallants of the court. Poor Helena, too honest and too headlong, chooses Bertram. The King orders that the marriage take place at once. Bertram's masculine pride is outraged. He, quite naturally, prefers to choose his own wife, and says so. Aside from the fact that Helena is his social inferior, he does not appear to find her attractive. But he is forced to obey the King's command. They are married. However, on the advice of his bad friend, Parolles, he sends his wife home to his mother and departs for the wars without even the good-by kiss for which she pleads. Unfortunate Helena is not to be comforted, even

by her kind mother-in-law, but departs on a sorrowful pilgrimage, to win this cruel, dearly-loved husband. She is supposed dead; but, after many hardships, disappointments, and dangers, she brings the play to a happy ending by fulfilling the almost impossible conditions imposed upon her by her unwilling husband. Believing her to be dead, Bertram remembers her, his childhood companion, with tenderness. He says:

. . . she, whom all men prais'd and whom myself
Since I have lost, have lov'd. . . .

When Helena appears, at last, before the King and all the assembled court, they can scarcely believe their eyes.

KING

Is't real that I see?

HELENA

No, good my lord.
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.

BERTRAM

Both, both. O, pardon!

LAFEU (An Old Lord)

Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.

KING

All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Trumpets flourish, the play is ended. The King advances to speak the epilogue.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content. . . .

THE GENTLE MOTHER-IN-LAW

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Act I, Scene 3

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Countess of Rousillon

Helena, *a gentlewoman protected by the* Countess

Steward, *servant to the* Countess

Laviche, *a clown, jester to the* Countess

Scene: — *Rousillon. A room in the Countess' palace. Since the place is Tuscany, we may have a riot of glowing colors in the hangings and furnishings of the room; or the brightness may be concentrated in some tall screens backing the high chair on the left. To the right are arches through which we see the garden on a summer day.*

The Countess, *lovely, silver-haired and regal, sits in the big chair at the left, working, perhaps, at an embroidery frame. The* Steward *stands before her, about center stage. He is the manager of household affairs, a confidential secretary-servant, probably middle-aged or elderly, pompous and self-important. The* Countess *has summoned him for a confidential conversation. But the* Clown, *hovering about near the entrance at right, disturbs her by his antics. He is similar to* Touchstone, *dressed fantastically and trained to entertain his betters with nonsense.*

Countess

(*To the* Steward)

I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

STEWARD

(*Speaking with great dignity. He means to say,* "I have, as usual, done exactly as you wished me to, but I don't like to praise myself.")

Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavors; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

The CLOWN, *imitating the pompous manner of the* STEWARD, *assumes a ridiculous pose, groans, and casts down his eyes with an effect of exaggerated modesty, clapping his hand to his heart.*

COUNTESS

(*Looking past the* STEWARD *to the* CLOWN, *who, as soon as he perceives himself to be noticed, rushes forward and falls on one knee before the* COUNTESS, *wringing his hands in supplication.*)

What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah:

The CLOWN *backs away hurriedly to right, on his hands and knees.*

the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe:

He crawls forward again in the same posture; but the COUNTESS *is frowning at him.*

'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

CLOWN

(*Sitting up on his haunches, like a pet dog, and pleading, with his head on one side and his "paws" crossed*)

'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

COUNTESS

Well, sir.

CLOWN

(*With indignation*)

No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world,

He jumps to his feet.

Isbel the woman —

He claps his hands over his heart.

and I will do as we may.

He kisses his fingers noisily and looks foolishly lovelorn.

COUNTESS

(*Who feels that this foolish fellow will not be able to earn a living for himself and a wife*)

Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

CLOWN

(*Begging prettily*)

I do beg your good will in this case.

COUNTESS

(*Hardly believing him to be in earnest*)

In what case?

CLOWN

(*A passionate protest*)

In Isbel's case and mine own.

The COUNTESS *shakes her head at the disapproving* STEWARD, *as though to say* — "Such nonsense!" *But she questions the* CLOWN *further.*

COUNTESS

Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

CLOWN

(*Looking impossibly pious*)

I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

COUNTESS

Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

CLOWN

I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends

He winks.

for my wife's sake.

COUNTESS

(*Frowning at him*)

Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

CLOWN

(*Shakespeare's clowns always enjoy an argument. "Chop logic" is their favorite diversion.*)

You are shallow, madam. . . . He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend.

COUNTESS

(*Disapproving of these sentiments the more, perhaps, because of the recent bad reports she has received of the* CLOWN)

Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

CLOWN

(*His impudence increasing as he sees that the* COUNTESS *is growing angry with him*)

A prophet I, madam; . . .

COUNTESS

Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

The CLOWN *turns away, pretending to be terrified, raising his arm to shield his head from a blow.*

STEWARD

May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

At the name of HELENA *the* CLOWN *winks, grins, sticks his tongue in his cheek. The* COUNTESS *commands him sharply.*

COUNTESS

Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

CLOWN

(*Singing ridiculously and pretending to play on an invisible lute*)

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then:
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

He makes a fantastic bow to the COUNTESS *and then strikes an attitude.*

COUNTESS

What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

CLOWN

(*He folds his arms, glaring at the* COUNTESS.)

One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: . . . a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Again he claps his hand over his heart, tears it away with a bow of ribbon from his doublet, flings up his arm in a tragic gesture and lets the bow fall. He poses.

COUNTESS

You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

CLOWN

(*With dramatic gestures, poses, and a voice of tragedy*)

That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. —

The STEWARD *makes a threatening gesture toward him. The* CLOWN *jumps in mock terror, dropping his tragic tone and hurries to right. He turns at the door to stick out his tongue at the* STEWARD.

I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

He points up right, where he seems to see HELENA *in the garden, points to the* COUNTESS, *looks unutterably wise, and bursts out laughing. The* STEWARD *starts toward him, so he gives a terrified squawk and exits. The* COUNTESS *turns eagerly to the* STEWARD, *who approaches her.*

COUNTESS

Well now.

STEWARD

I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

COUNTESS

(*Her voice thrilling with tenderness*)

Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

She listens to the Steward's report with an understanding smile.

STEWARD

Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

COUNTESS

You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself:

The STEWARD *bows and indicates that his discretion may always be relied upon.*

many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom;

and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[*The* STEWARD *bows and goes out left*

HELENA *is seen approaching from the right, through the garden, or down the hall. She comes slowly, as though day-dreaming, but not very happily. The* COUNTESS *watches her as she draws near and remembers her own girlhood, when she, too, was in love and sad at heart because she could not tell any one about it.*

COUNTESS

Even so it was with me when I was young:
If we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.

HELENA *comes close to the* COUNTESS *and stands before her. The* COUNTESS *looks at her, smiling, but saying nothing.*

HELENA

What is your pleasure, madam?

COUNTESS

You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

At this, HELENA *starts violently and turns away, pressing her hand over her wildly beating heart. For a moment she cannot speak; then she turns again and bows low, speaking humbly, in the manner of an inferior.*

HELENA

Mine honorable mistress.

COUNTESS

(*Taking Helena's hand and drawing her to her feet*)

Nay, a mother:
Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,'
Methought you saw a serpent: what's in 'mother,'
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;

The COUNTESS *rises and puts her arms about* HELENA.

Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care: —

HELENA *draws away from the* COUNTESS, *and almost in tears, moves right. The* COUNTESS *follows her and gently forces her to turn again. She takes Helena's face between her hands and looks at her lovingly.*

God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-color'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? that you are my daughter?

HELENA

That I am not.

COUNTESS

I say, I am your mother.

HELENA

(*Drawing away and stepping back*)

Pardon, madam:

She bows low, then walks away, right, wringing her hands.

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother:

She turns, her hands out in a gesture of self-disparagement.

I am from humble, he from honor'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:

She stops abruptly, biting her lips, turns away, struggling with tears.

He must not be my brother.

COUNTESS

(*Gently*)

Nor I your mother?

HELENA

(*Turning to her swiftly, in contrition at having seemed ungrateful*)

You are my mother, madam; would you were, —
So that my lord your son were not my brother, —
Indeed my mother! — Or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can 't no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother?

She bows her head over the Countess' hands, which clasp hers warmly.

COUNTESS

Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:

HELENA *looks up at her suddenly.*

God shield you mean it not!

HELENA *hangs her head, drooping and discouraged. She tries to draw her hands away, but the* COUNTESS *retains them in a close clasp.*

daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross

You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of your passion.
To say thou dost not; therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so;

Still hanging her head, HELENA *is speechless.*

for look, thy cheeks
Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviors,
That in their kind they speak it; only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected.

The COUNTESS *releases her hands, which* HELENA *now clasps in anguish, still standing mutely, with drooping head, like an offender.*

Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, foreswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

HELENA

(*Turning away and covering her face to hide her tears*)

Good madam, pardon me!

COUNTESS

(*Insisting on a plain answer, but still with kindness*)

Do you love my son?

HELENA

(*Too unhappy to detect any cause for hope in the manner of the* COUNTESS)

Your pardon, noble mistress!

COUNTESS

(*Firmly, not to be denied*)

Love you my son?

HELENA

(In despair because she cannot say "no" and dares not say "yes")

Do you not love him, madam?

COUNTESS

Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

HELENA *turns again to the* COUNTESS, *finds courage to look at her squarely and honestly; then sinks to her right knee before the great lady.*

HELENA

Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.

The COUNTESS *turns away, smiling.* HELENA *rises and watches her as she resumes her seat without speaking. Fearing her displeasure,* HELENA *pours out her plea, uttering such thoughts as have been overheard by the* STEWARD. *The* COUNTESS *listens to the confession with mingled emotions of admiration for the lovely girl and pity for her suffering, with just a little kindly amusement.*

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit:
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,

Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.

She raises imploring hands, which the COUNTESS *takes and holds.*

My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honor cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love: O, then, give pity
To her, whose case is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

COUNTESS

Had you not lately an intent —

HELENA *starts, moves away.*

speak truly —
To go to Paris?

HELENA

(*After a moment's hesitation*)

Madam, I had.

COUNTESS

Wherefore? tell true.

HELENA

(*Deciding to confide all her hopes to the mercy of the* COUNTESS)

I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.

She sits down on the stool at the feet of the COUNTESS, *looking up earnestly at the kind lady.*

You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

COUNTESS

(*Looking searchingly into Helena's eyes*)

This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

HELENA

(*Honestly returning the look*)

My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.

COUNTESS

(*At last, in possession of all Helena's secret hopes, the* COUNTESS *puts her arms about the girl and draws her close.*)

But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: how shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowel'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

HELENA

(*Rising, and speaking as though inspired by some secret faith*)

There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven:

The COUNTESS *rises, inspired, in turn, by the lovely girl's enthusiasm.*

and would your honor
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

COUNTESS

(*As eager as* HELENA *to believe that the recovery of the* King, *through her aid, would bring her within reach of* Bertram)

Dost thou believe't?

HELENA

(*Happily, for now she sees clearly that the* COUNTESS *wishes her to succeed, both in healing the* King *and in winning* Bertram)

Ay, madam, knowingly.

COUNTESS

Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court:

They embrace, a loving mother and an adoring daughter.

I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:

Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

HELENA *hides her happy tears against the heart of the kind* COUNTESS, *her mother-in-law to be.*

CURTAIN

NOTES ON ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Helena: "Helena, as a woman, is more passionate than imaginative; and, as a character, she bears the same relation to Juliet that Isabella bears to Portia. There is equal unity of purpose and effect, with much less of the glow of imagery and the external coloring of poetry in the sentiments, language, and details. It is passion developed under its most profound and serious aspect, as in Isabella, who has the serious and thoughtful, not the brilliant side of intellect. Both Helena and Isabella are distinguished by high mental powers, tinged with a melancholy sweetness; but in Isabella the serious and energetic part of the character is founded in religious principle, in Helena it is founded in deep passion." Mrs. Jameson — *Characteristics of Women;* quoted from Cambridge Shakespeare, Vol. III.

The Countess: "This old Countess of Rousillon is a charming sketch. She is a fine contrast to Lady Capulet — benign, cheerful, affectionate; she has a benevolent enthusiasm, which neither age nor sorrow nor pride can wear away. . . . Her fond, maternal love for Helena, whom she has brought up, her pride in her good qualities, overpowering all her own prejudices of rank and birth, are most natural in such a mind; . . ." Mrs. Jameson — *Characteristics of Women;* quoted from Cambridge Shakespeare, Vol. III.

"Almost everybody falls in love with the Countess. And, truly, one so meek, and sweet, and venerable, who can help loving her? . . ." Hudson — *The Works of Shakespeare;* quoted from Cambridge Shakespeare, Vol. III.

The Clown: "The clown in this comedy is a domestic fool of the same kind as Touchstone. Such fools were, in the Poet's time, maintained in great families to keep up merriment in the house.

. . ." *Modern Readers' Shakespeare* — Society of Shakespeare Editors, N. Y.

invention is ashamed: "It is so clear, from your actions, that fibbing will not help you."

a goodly clue: "you have given evidence of it."

appeach'd: accused; impeached.

captious: from the Latin *capio*, meaning apt to take in or receive.

intenible: incapable of holding.

that your Dian: "so that your goddess was both the protector of maidens and the patron of lovers."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

This Viennese comedy is one of the disputed plays: that is, only a part of it was written by Shakespeare and critics disagree as to how many of the lines are his. All are agreed, however, that the scene in which Isabella pleads for her brother's life is undoubtedly Shakespeare's, and it is interesting to note the similarity of her plea for mercy to that of Portia in *The Merchant of Venice.*

The story of the play is not a pleasant one. Shakespeare had it from an old romance, popular in his day, and, while he improved much upon the original, creating far nobler characters, in some instances, and altering events to provide less revolting circumstances than those of the old tale, still, the play as a whole is not generally popular. It deals with a certain Duke of Vienna, who, like Haroun el Raschid, disguised himself and went about his city in search of adventures. He left his government in the hands of Angelo, who proved unworthy of the trust. Disguised as a monk, the Duke gained the confidence of some of his subjects, Isabella among them, and learned of Angelo's wickedness, which he set about punishing after his own fashion. Angelo, who prided himself on living a blameless life, first busied himself with reviving a number of laws that had not been enforced for years, but which were still upon the statute books. Some of these were very severe. It would seem that the Duke had been rather lax in enforcing law, and that the people were following their own devices, largely evil. To escape this crime wave, Isabella had decided to enter a convent. Her brother, however, was one of the law-breakers; and when Angelo revived the disused edicts, Claudio and his

sweetheart Juliet fell under the ban which punished the sin of incontinence with death. When Isabella learned of the sentence, she came from the convent to Angelo's house to plead for the life of her brother. Angelo finally promised to pardon Claudio if Isabella would consent to love him — Angelo. He proposed to break the law under which he had condemned Claudio. Isabella confided all her perplexities to the Duke, whom she supposed to be a poor monk. Although Angelo broke his promise and ordered the execution of Claudio, the Duke was able to straighten out all the tangle: to save Claudio and marry him to his Juliet; to restore Isabella's peace of mind — and marry her, himself! — to punish Angelo, almost executing him, but forgiving him at the last, and marrying him to his deserted Mariana. The play takes its name from the idea that the severity with which Angelo treated his subjects was measured out in retribution for his own sins. One of the most beautiful lyrics in all the plays occurs in Act IV, Scene 1, where the sad Mariana is discovered listening to the song, sung by a boy:

"Take, oh take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But thy kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain!"

One other scene bears every evidence of being solely the work of Shakespeare. It is the first scene of Act III. Claudio is in prison, visited there by the Duke in his priestly disguise. As a priest, he speaks these beautiful words to the condemned man:

"Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life —
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,

Servile to all the skiey influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keep'st
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool,
For him thou labor'st by thy flight to shun
And yet run'st toward him still: thou art not noble,
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means valiant,
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself
For thou exist'st on many thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou art poor,
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friends thou hast none,
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even."

Claudio, at first, believes himself strong enough to die bravely. When Isabella visits him to tell him of the result of her appeal to Angelo — that his life may be bought only with her dishonor — he says:

"If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms."

But presently his courage fails him. He implores Isabella to save him, at whatever cost to herself.

CLAUDIO

Death is a fearful thing!

ISABELLA

And shamed life a hateful.

CLAUDIO

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where!
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice:
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling! — 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

This speech of Claudio's expresses the same dread of death that Hamlet voices in the famous soliloquy. But Hamlet is one of Shakespeare's — therefore, one of the world's — greatest plays, and Hamlet's thoughts on death are expressed in far nobler lines than these of Claudio's. His reasons for dreading death are far nobler. Claudio regrets most leaving behind his body — "this sensible warm motion." This difference of expression is due, however, not solely to the

fact that Shakespeare put less of his genius into Measure for Measure than he did into Hamlet; but also to the fact that the Prince of Denmark is a man of noble mind and honorable life while Claudio is weak, selfish, and dissolute. Each expresses himself according to his nature; and this is true of every character created by Shakespeare.

ISABELLA PLEADS FOR THE LIFE OF HER BROTHER

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Act II, Scene 2

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Angelo, *Deputy to the* Duke of Vienna

Provost

Servant

Lucio, *a fantastic gentleman*

Isabella, *a Novice in a Sisterhood; sister to a condemned man,* Claudio.

Scene: — *A room in Angelo's house. An effect of richness may be obtained by the use of draperies. Angelo's chair should be an imposing one, placed on a low dais, down stage, right and facing left front at an angle, so that* Isabella, *in addressing* Angelo, *will not be compelled to speak up stage. Entrances should be provided at center for* Angelo *and at left for the others.*

The Servant *enters, left, and faces front. The* Provost *enters, left, passes the* Servant, *looks about, sees that* Angelo *is not present, and turns again to the* Servant, *who answers his look of inquiry.*

Servant

He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you.

Provost

Pray you, do.

The Servant *goes out at center. The* Provost, *remaining at the left, muses.*

I'll know
His pleasure; maybe he will relent: alas, —

Enter ANGELO, *center. He is an imposing man, robed in majestic velvet. He is pale and austere, with avid eyes.*

Enter the SERVANT, *center. He crosses left, and goes out. The* PROVOST *bows respectfully to* ANGELO.

ANGELO

Now, what's the matter, provost?

ANGELO *is a hard, cold man, very jealous of the authority which the absence of the* Duke *has given him. He is a villain, as the play shows, with a bad heart: though he has not committed many sins, and, indeed, enjoys the reputation of being an unusually good man, this is due largely to cowardice, and to a lack of great temptations. His thoughts are evil. The* PROVOST *knows him only as a severe and just ruler. The* PROVOST *feels that* CLAUDIO *has been too severely judged and hopes for a reprieve for the condemned youth. But this generous impulse is checked by the coldness of* ANGELO.

PROVOST

Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

ANGELO

Did I not tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

PROVOST

Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

ANGELO

Go to; let that be mine.
Do you your office or give up your place,
And you shall be well spar'd.

PROVOST

(*Bowing his way toward the door left*)

I crave your honor's pardon. —

Enter the SERVANT, *left.* ANGELO *gives him a sign that he may speak.*

SERVANT

Here is a sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

ANGELO

(*Turning to the* PROVOST *with a slight show of interest*)

Hath he a sister?

PROVOST

Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

ANGELO *considers a moment. The* PROVOST *watches him, hopefully, and is relieved when* ANGELO *turns to the* SERVANT.

ANGELO

Well, let her be admitted.

The SERVANT *bows and goes out left. The* PROVOST *hesitates a moment, but does not again address* ANGELO.

Enter ISABELLA *and* LUCIO, *left.* ISABELLA *has not, it appears, taken any vows at the Convent she intends to enter, but she is dressed like a novice, in a long, plain garment, probably white, with a head drape resembling that of a nun. She is a girl possessing the highest ideals, and great strength of character. Surrounded by the most worldly and sordid of influences, all her aspirations are spiritual. She is even fiercely good. Still she loves her brother* CLAUDIO, *though she loathes his sin: and she has left her Convent shelter, on the very day of her entrance, to plead for his reprieve before the Duke's deputy.*

LUCIO, *though he does not appear so in this scene, is a contemptible character: one who has enjoyed all the advantages of gentle birth, good education, and fortunate circumstances, and who yet chooses to be dissolute, dishonest, and clownish. It is believed by critics that Lucio's appearance in this scene, and in many other scenes of the play, is "padded," and that those of his lines which were not written in by some actor after Shakespeare, were originally spoken by the* PROVOST. *Until there is positive evidence of this, however, it is best to act the play in its present form.*

LUCIO *remains, after bowing, near the door.* ISABELLA *advances right toward* ANGELO *and bows. The* PROVOST, *feeling that Claudio's case is in better hands than his, offers to go.*

PROVOST

Save your honor!

ANGELO

(*Perhaps suspecting that the sister's plea will move him, detains the* PROVOST.)

Stay a little while.

He looks down at ISABELLA, *who raises her eyes to him, with nothing of that conscious feminine desire to please, to which he is accustomed. He finds her coldly spiritual beauty an attractive novelty. He experiences a distinct pleasure in treating this lovely sister with cruel indifference. He enjoys her grief and, like the spirit in the Japanese myth, he "drinks her tears" for his own delight. To* ISABELLA *and the others he appears the dispassionate judge, secure in his own righteousness. He speaks to her calmly.*

You are welcome. What's your will?

ISABELLA

I am a woeful suitor to your honor,
Please your honor hear me.

ANGELO *turns away from her, considers, crosses to his chair and seats himself.*

ANGELO

Well; what's your suit?

ISABELLA

I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault
And not my brother.

PROVOST

(*In an undertone to* ISABELLA)

Heaven give thee moving graces!

ANGELO

Condemn the fault and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

ISABELLA

O, just but severe law!

She turns away, despairing. She feels the justice of what ANGELO *has said, feels that it would be wrong to urge him further.*

I had a brother, then. —

She covers her face for a moment; then dries her eyes and bows to ANGELO.

Heaven keep your honor!

She crosses to the door, left. Here LUCIO *takes her by the sleeve and urges her to turn back.* ANGELO *observes them, thinking his own thoughts.*

LUCIO

Give't not o'er so; to him again, intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;

You are too cold. If you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

(The two speeches following are transposed from Act I, Scene 5, because we wished to include this familiar quotation.)

ISABELLA

I doubt, —

LUCIO

Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

Isabella's conscience now reproaches her; she has not done her utmost for her brother. She approaches ANGELO *again.*

ISABELLA

Must he needs die?

ANGELO

Maiden, no remedy.

ISABELLA

Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

ANGELO

I will not do't.

The law under which CLAUDIO *has been condemned has recently been revived by* ANGELO, *after long neglect. Many men have committed the same sin as* CLAUDIO *and have not been punished. Besides,* CLAUDIO *is repentant.* ISABELLA *begins to feel that some personal hatred of her brother may lie behind Angelo's justice. She goes close to him and touches his garment.*

ISABELLA

But can you if you would?

ANGELO

Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

ISABELLA

But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

ANGELO

(*Rising, as though to put an end to the interview*)

He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

ISABELLA *shrinks from Angelo's eyes, staring so hawk-like at her. She turns up stage, standing for a moment with her back to the audience.* LUCIO *creeps over to her and whispers reproaches.*

LUCIO

You are too cold.

ISABELLA *summons up all her courage. She turns swiftly back to* ANGELO *who stands on his dais, with folded arms, and listens, apparently unmoved.*

ISABELLA

Too late? why no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again:

This having no effect, she tries another argument.

well, believe this —
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,

And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Angelo prides himself on not being like Claudio. He is angered with Isabella for saying that he would have 'slipt.' She has found a weak spot and wounded his vanity.

Angelo

Pray you, begone.

But Isabella, instead of obeying, sinks to her knees and grasps his cloak.

Isabella

I would to heaven I had your potency
And you were Isabel! should it be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio

(Muttering to himself, for Isabella is not near enough to receive his confidences)

Ay, touch him. There's the vein.

Angelo

(Drawing his cloak away from her grasp, and moving a little from her)

Your brother is a forfeit of the law
And you but waste your words.

Isabella

(Losing all thought of herself and all fear of Angelo in the passion of her appeal)

Alas! Alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,

If He, which is the top of Judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.

Perhaps he does 'think on that.' ANGELO *knows well enough that he is not a good man; that he does not wish to be a good man, but only to enjoy the reputation of being good. He is a trifle more gentle with* ISABELLA. — *But then, all this while, though he seems so uninterested, he is falling in love with her.*

ANGELO

Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him. — He must die to-morrow.

ISABELLA

To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepar'd for death!

She rises and goes to him, hanging upon his left arm.

Yet show some pity.

ANGELO

I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offense would after gall:
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied.
Your brother dies to-morrow. Be content.

ANGELO *succeeds in freeing his arm from her clutch, and turns his back to her.* ISABELLA *regards him a moment, then speaks scornfully.*

ISABELLA

So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

LUCIO

That's well said.

ISABELLA

Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but thunder. —

She turns to the front and raises her arms in an appeal to heaven.

Merciful heaven!
Thou, rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: —

Though she is not now talking to ANGELO, *she is talking at him. She does not exactly call him an ape, more than mankind in general, but this is plain speaking, before a man with Angelo's power. The* PROVOST *in fear, crosses to* LUCIO *and the two listen anxiously and watch* ANGELO *for his reaction.* ISABELLA *is fearless. She will go any honorable length, now, to save her brother. If she cannot save him, she will have the satisfaction of telling* ANGELO *what she thinks of him.*

but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

When they see that ANGELO *does not resent her words,* LUCIO *and the* PROVOST *take courage. They edge nearer and whisper to her, excitedly.*

LUCIO

O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming, I perceiv't.

PROVOST

Pray heaven she win him!

ISABELLA

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

LUCIO

(*He hasn't the slightest idea of her meaning, but, reading growing interest in Angelo's averted figure, mumbles encouragingly*)

Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

ISABELLA

That in the captain's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

LUCIO

(*Still at sea, but observing that* ANGELO *now turns to* ISABELLA *with a more human look than has ever before been seen upon his face*)

Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

ANGELO

(*Frowning at* ISABELLA, *to hide the fact that he would prefer to smile*)

Why do you put these sayings upon me?

ISABELLA

(*Following up her advantage and speaking with gentle earnestness, after the storm of her impassioned appeal*)

Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
That skins the vice o' the top.

She steps back, away from him a little, and raises her arm in a priestess-like gesture, exhorting him.

Go to your own bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault. If it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

She slowly lowers her arm, crosses both arms on her breast, and bows her head. ANGELO *confesses in his next speech, aside, that she has read him aright.*

ANGELO

She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense that my sense breeds with it. —

But he will not admit this to her. He dismisses her and crosses up as though to exit center.

Fare you well.

ISABELLA

(*In fear that after all, she has gained nothing, crosses a few steps to right and faces up toward* ANGELO)

Gentle my lord, turn back.

ANGELO

I will bethink me. —

He is leaving and looks back to say.

Come again to-morrow.

But to-morrow is set for the execution, so ISABELLA, *intent on her purpose, makes a desperate effort to recall his attention, and succeeds.*

ISABELLA

Hark, how I'll bribe you. Good my lord, turn back.

Very angry, ANGELO *strides down center.* LUCIO *and the* PROVOST *give up all hope, collapsing in each others' arms ludicrously.*

ANGELO

How! bribe me?

ISABELLA

(*Fearlessly, as she is offering a bribe he can accept with honor*)

Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

LUCIO

(*Recovering, much relieved, sighs and wipes his face.*)

You had marr'd all else.

ISABELLA

Not with fond sheckles of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them, but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

ANGELO, *shaken out of his cold reserve, seems irresolute. He looks over at the* PROVOST *and makes him a sign. He looks at* ISABELLA *uneasily; considers; shrugs. He places his hands on her shoulders and looks deep into her face, as though searching for an answer to some question in his own mind. He frowns.*

Well: come to me to-morrow.

To-morrow.

He turns from her abruptly and goes up, meeting the PROVOST *and, very likely, telling him to suspend Claudio's sentence for a few hours. The* PROVOST *receives the command joyously.* LUCIO *draws* ISABELLA *to left and whispers to her.*

LUCIO

Go to; it is well; away.

ISABELLA

(*At the door, where she and* LUCIO *are joined by the* PROVOST)

Heaven keep your honor safe!

ANGELO

Amen!

He turns away and says aside.

For I
Am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

ISABELLA

(LUCIO *is tugging at her gown and the* PROVOST *is urging her to go.*)

At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

ANGELO

(*In spite of an attempt to hide his real feelings, exhibiting some emotion in his answer*)

At any time 'fore noon.

ISABELLA

(*Happily, because she feels that she may have saved her brother; bowing low to* ANGELO)

Save your honor!

LUCIO *and the* PROVOST, *with many bows, go out left.* ISABELLA, *with a last pleading look, follows them.* ANGELO *looks after her and answers her last words, in a desperate kind of prayer. He knows he is a villain, is ashamed of his villainy, but makes a very feeble struggle against temptation.*

ANGELO

From thee, even from thy virtue!

He turns from the door through which she has vanished and questions himself as to the emotions arising within him.

What's this? what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!

Not she; nor doth she tempt. It is but I —
. . . O, let her brother live.
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal, themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigor, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. — Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.

Though ANGELO *calls himself a saint, this is gross flattery, for he makes no effort to resist temptation, but invents plausible excuses for doing as he likes. What he has in his mind now, is a plan to win* ISABELLA *for himself, on a promise of pardon for her brother; and after he has caused her to break whatever vows she may have made to the convent, or to herself, he means to execute her brother. But Shakespeare clearly shows that he knows the human heart, here as always, for it is not easy for an intelligent man to sin.* ANGELO *suffers because he is wicked. He suffers the more, because he clearly understands his own baseness and chooses rather to be base than to be noble. The more intelligence a sinner has, the better will he understand his own sin; and the more deliberately he sins, the more will he suffer. It is the beginning of his punishment.*

For the curtain, ANGELO *may return to his chair and sit in it, brooding.*

NOTES ON MEASURE FOR MEASURE

let it be his fault: Let the fault die and not my brother.

nor the deputed sword: Angelo's, because he was the Duke's deputy.

laugh themselves mortal: laugh themselves to death, like human beings.

we cannot weigh our brother: We cannot put ourselves in his place.

You are too cold: "It is noteworthy that Lucio twice reproaches Isabella with coldness; and this is the impression that more than one critic has received and given of her character. But the restraint that sways her throughout this scene is just the powerful one which deceives imperfectly judging lookers-on into believing a woman of reticence to be a woman wanting in warmth. See how her upright soul — clear in virtuous perception, honest in righteous avowal — allows the *justice* of the case against her brother, though pleading against its severity: 'O just but severe law!' Then, again, consider the natural timidity and reluctance with which a young girl — a modest, pure girl, a girl who has voluntarily commenced her novitiate for the cloistered life of a nun — would enter upon a subject such as she has undertaken to plead for; a subject hard even to speak of, most hard to advocate." Clarke — quoted from Rolfe Edition.

as mercy does: "Mrs. Jameson remarks here: 'It is a curious coincidence that Isabella, exhorting Angelo to mercy, avails herself of precisely the same arguments and insists on the same topics which Portia addresses to Shylock in her celebrated speech; but how beautifully and how truly is the distinction marked! how like, and how unlike! Portia's eulogy on mercy is a piece of heavenly rhetoric; it falls on the ear with solemn measured harmony; it is the voice of a descended angel addressing an inferior nature: if not premeditated, it is at least a part of a preconcerted scheme; while Isabella's pleadings are poured from the abundance of her heart in broken sentences, and with the artless vehemence of one who feels that life and death hang upon her appeal.'" Rolfe Edition.

glassy essence: "That essential nature of man which is like glass from its faculty to reflect the image of others in its own, and from its fragility, its liability to injury or destruction." Clarke.

with our spleens: "If they had our human spleens, they would laugh away their immortal natures, and become mortal like us. The spleen was thought to be the seat of sudden and uncontrollable fits of mirth, as of melancholy or anger." Rolfe Edition.

my sense breeds: "My sense breeds with her sense, that is, new thoughts are stirring in my mind, new conceptions are hatched in my imagination." Johnson.

"Her arguments are enforced with so much good sense as to increase that stock of good sense which I already possess." Douce.

fond: foolish.

CORIOLANUS

The play dealing with the tragic story of Caius Marcius was not published until 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death. It is generally supposed to have been written between 1608 and 1610, about the same time as Antony and Cleopatra. Both plots were taken directly from Plutarch's "Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans," which Shakespeare knew in the translation by Sir Thomas North, and which he followed faithfully in the dramatizations.

The story of the play concerns itself with Rome in that period immediately after the expulsion of the Tarquins. In Act I we find the Roman plebs asking for corn on their own terms. Caius Marcius scorns the vulgar mob and gives them harsh words; but the senators promise them five tribunes, elected by themselves, to represent them. Two of those elected are demigogues, Scinius Velutus and Junius Brutus, and are opposed to the noble Caius Marcius who will not court popularity. The Volscians make war at this moment, however, and Marcius, as general, does such heroic deeds at Corioli that he is given the title of Coriolanus. In this act we have the little scene, chosen for study, at the home of Coriolanus during his absence. We learn here of his youth, of his mother's pride in him, and of the devotion of his wife. In Act II Coriolanus is given a triumph and the senate elects him consul. It is necessary for him to ask the people, publicly, for their ratification of the senate's choice. But Coriolanus, scorning to curry favor with the rabble by making an appeal for their favor, makes such an awkward speech that the plebians are displeased. Though they give a private consent to his election, Sicinius and Brutus soon

cause them to change their minds. In Act III, when it comes to the open choice of Coriolanus for consul, the people refuse to ratify the choice of the senate. Coriolanus is so angered that he expresses freely his opposition to the principles of popular government. The two tribunes who oppose him incite the people to exile him. In Act IV, wounded by the ingratitude of a country for which he had won so many victories, Coriolanus goes to Antium and offers himself to Aufidius, the leader of his former enemies, the Volscians. Aufidius is at first glad of this powerful ally, but soon begins to fear him. They prepare for an attack on Rome. In Act V, the Romans, knowing themselves unable to defend their city against the Volscians commanded by Coriolanus, send Menenius, the former friend of Coriolanus, to plead for peace. The exiled noble, however, will not listen to him, and continues his preparations for the attack against his native city, until his mother and his wife come to plead for peace. Coriolanus cannot refuse his mother. His reverence for her has been the most powerful sentiment of his life. He withdraws his forces from the siege of Rome. The Volscians, in general, are inclined to accept his reasons for yielding to his mother's entreaties; but Aufidius, jealous of Coriolanus' growing influence, accuses him of treason and the noble Roman's life is ended by assassins.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE

CORIOLANUS

Act I, Scene 3

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Volumnia, *the mother of* Coriolanus
Virgilia, *the wife of* Coriolanus
Valeria, *a friend of* Virgilia
Gentlewoman *attending on* Virgilia
Usher attending on Valeria

Scene: — *An apartment in Marcius' house in Rome. Draperies may be parted, at the rear, to disclose a columned vista which overlooks a garden or a street; at the left, to show an entrance hall, and at the right to lead to Virgilia's retreat. We are told that* Caius Marcius *was so devoted to his widowed mother that he considered her praise his highest reward; and when he married, at her request, he took his wife to live in his mother's house. The play directs that* Volumnia *and* Virgilia *shall sit on low stools and sew. Perhaps they are embroidering a border for a tunic; or they may be making clothes for Virgilia's son.* Volumnia *is near the center opening. There is another stool near, to the left, but* Virgilia *is seated further down stage, to the right.*

Virgilia *is a gentle, quiet young woman, saddened now by the absence of her soldier husband. From other scenes in the play we know that* Marcius *loves his wife with complete devotion and that they are happiest when together. In this scene,* Virgilia, *remembering the imperious temper of* Marcius, *is filled with fears for him. She sighs and pauses in her sewing to dry her eyes.*

VOLUMNIA

(*The mother of* Caius Marcius *is a proud Roman matron. She has little sympathy for Virgilia's fears or her soft nature.*)

I pray you, daughter, sing, or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honor than in the embracements where he would show most love.

VIRGILIA *tries dutifully to assume a more cheerful expression, but soon turns pale again at Volumnia's words.*

When he was but tender-bodied; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother would not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how honor would become such a person; that it was no better than a picture to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

VIRGILIA

(*Shuddering from the picture of violence in which* VOLUMNIA *seems to rejoice*)

But had he died in the business, madam: how then?

VOLUMNIA

(*Calmly*)

Then his good report should have been my son. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than my good Marcius, I had rather had

eleven die for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

This heroic state of mind is entirely beyond the powers of VIRGILIA, *who knows only how to love and how to fear for her loved ones. She is spared the necessity of an answer by the entrance of her* GENTLEWOMAN, *at the left.*

GENTLEWOMAN

Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

VIRGILIA

(*Rising hastily and gathering her sewing as she speaks to her mother-in-law*)

Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

VOLUMNIA

(*Rising and crossing right to* VIRGILIA)

Indeed, you shall not.

In her own way, VOLUMNIA *attempts to inspire this mild-spirited daughter-in-law with something of her own enthusiasm for the exploits of the Patrician soldier. She seizes the shrinking lady by the arm and paints for her a word-picture of the warlike* Marcius. *Its only effect, however, is to terrify* VIRGILIA.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus:

She suits the action to the word.

'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome': his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

VIRGILIA

(*Seeing her husband through his mother's eyes, but seeing only the horror, none of the glory of battle*)

His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

VOLUMNIA

(*Releasing* VIRGILIA, *who sinks back, unnerved, to her stool.* VOLUMNIA *seems inspired, uplifted by her vision of heroism, into a prophetic mood.*)

Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending. —

Quite suddenly she drops the high tone and speaks calmly to the GENTLEWOMAN.

Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome.

The GENTLEWOMAN, *after an inclination of respect, goes out left.* VIRGILIA *rises and lifts imploring hands to the gods.*

VIRGILIA

Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

VOLUMNIA

(*Fiercely*)

He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter the GENTLEWOMAN, *left, followed by* VALERIA *and her usher. The attendants remain standing respectfully near the entrance.* VALERIA *is a wealthy and honorable matron of Rome.* VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA *advance to meet her with respect.*

VALERIA

My ladies both, good day to you.

VOLUMNIA

Sweet madam.

VIRGILIA

I am glad to see your ladyship.

VALERIA

How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here?

VIRGILIA *shows her sewing to* VALERIA, *who admires it.*

A fine spot, in good faith.

VIRGILIA *bows in thanks for the compliment but has no further conversation.* VALERIA *smiles kindly at her and asks*

How does your little son?

Such a question is frequently enough to start a mother on a long dissertation. But VIRGILIA *answers modestly.*

VIRGILIA

I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

The grandmother, however, makes up for her lack of words.

VOLUMNIA

He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster.

VALERIA *is seated near the center opening, to the left.* VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA *resume their seats.* VIRGILIA *busies herself with her sewing, and tries to hide her shudders at the account of her child's cruelty.*

VALERIA

O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half

an hour together; he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

VOLUMNIA

(*Enjoying the recital*)

One of his father's moods.

VALERIA

Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

VIRGILIA

A crack, madam.

A "child." She means "He is just a child, madam, and so must be excused for thoughtless behavior."

VALERIA *has good news which she has come to tell the ladies. She is in confidence of the senators and so, in possession of facts as yet unknown even to the family of* Marcius.

VALERIA

Come lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

VIRGILIA

(*Firmly*)

No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

VALERIA

(*Amazed*)

Not out of doors!

VOLUMNIA

(*Determined that this too gentle daughter-in-law shall show a spirit worthy of the great* Marcius)

She shall, she shall.

VIRGILIA

(*Gently still, but no less determined*)

Indeed, no, by your patience; I will not over the threshold till my lord returns from the wars.

VALERIA

(*Rising*)

Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies ill.

VIRGILIA

I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

She continues to sew calmly. VOLUMNIA *rises and speaks with a note of displeasure in her voice.*

VOLUMNIA

Why, I pray you?

VIRGILIA

(*Apologizing, but not altering her determination*)

'Tis not to save labor, nor that I want love.

VALERIA

(*Kindly, teasing* VIRGILIA *good-naturedly*)

You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths.

VALERIA *crosses to* VIRGILIA, *right.*

Come; I would your cambric were as sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity.

VALERIA *takes the sewing from* VIRGILIA *and puts it on a stool.*

Come, you shall go with us.

VOLUMNIA *crosses left and tells the* GENTLEWOMAN *to bring cloaks. The* GENTLEWOMAN *goes out left.*

VIRGILIA

(*Rising*)

No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

VALERIA

In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

VIRGILIA

(*Clasping her hands in sudden emotion*)

O, good madam, there can be none yet.

VALERIA

Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

VIRGILIA

(*In painful suspense, for her loving heart fears bad news, even though* VALERIA *has said it is "excellent." The* GENTLEWOMAN *returns with the cloaks.*)

Indeed, madam?

VALERIA

In earnest, 'tis true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:

VOLUMNIA, *assuming her cloak, listens with shining eyes,* VIRGILIA *with ever increasing dread.*

The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius

the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honor; and so, I pray, go with us.

VALERIA *moves left to join* VOLUMNIA. VIRGILIA, *in tears at this news that her husband is actually engaged in besieging the stronghold of the Volsces, appeals to* VOLUMNIA.

VIRGILIA

Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

VOLUMNIA

(*Impatient with such a faint-hearted woman, turns to* VALERIA.)

Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

VALERIA

(*Laughing kindly*)

In troth, I think she would.

To VIRGILIA, *with a friendly smile.*

Fare you well, then.

To VOLUMNIA, *waiting near the entrance, right.*

Come, good sweet lady.

VALERIA *pauses at the door, but* VOLUMNIA *goes out. The friend makes one last effort to coax* VIRGILIA *away from her retirement.*

Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o'door and go along with us.

VIRGILIA

(*In great agitation, her mind wholly occupied with visions of warring men*)

No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not.

She manages a smile for her friend.

I wish you

much mirth.

VALERIA

Well then, farewell.

VALERIA *leaves. She is followed by her usher and by the* GENTLEWOMAN. VIRGILIA, *left alone, sinks to her knees before the statue of Juno, either actually before her, or in her pious thoughts, to pray for her husband's safe return.*

CURTAIN

NOTES ON CORIOLANUS

Coriolanus: "'Coriolanus,' says Mr. Barrett Wendell, 'owes his fate to a passionate excess of inherently noble traits whose very nobility unfits them for survival in the ignoble world about them.' He represents 'aristocracy as nobly worthy of dominance as in Henry V, and yet as inexorably doomed as in Antony.'" Herford — *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

Volumnia: "He (Coriolanus) is prouder of his mother than of himself; cares more to please her than himself; owns no titles to honour in himself but what he can refer to that honored source, nor covets any returns but such as will magnify the part she has in him; in brief, he looks up to her as a superior being whose benediction is the best grace of his life; and his profound awe of her person and of her rights in him is itself a principle of such intrinsic greatness and energy as would burst asunder the cold, dry ligatures of an ignoble and ungenerous nature. . . . Volumnia has the same essential greatness of character and the same high-strung pride. . . . And her energy of will and thought, if not greater than her son's, yet in

the end outwrestles his because it proceeds on grounds less selfish and personal. . . ." Hudson — *The Works of Shakespeare.*

Virgilia: "This name (of Coriolanus for Virgilia, 'my gracious silence') for his wife, who, while others are receiving him with loud rejoicings, meets and welcomes him with speechless happiness looking out from her swimming eyes, is conceived in the very fullness of poetical and Shakespearean perfection. It compresses the gracefulness of beauty which distinguishes her. . . . She is precisely the woman formed by nature gentle in manner and rendered by circumstances sparing in speech — to inspire the fondest affection in such a man as Coriolanus; and we accordingly find him a passionately attached husband. The few words he addresses to her in the course of the play are among the most intense utterances of spousal enamouredness that Shakespeare has written. The dramatic portrait of Virgilia we have always considered to be one of the very finest of the Poet's sketch-productions. It is put in with the most masterly touches; it paints her by very few strokes, very few colours; but they are so true, so exquisitely artistic, that they present her to the life. She is supremely gentle, and like most women whose gentleness is their chief characteristic, singularly immovable, not to say obstinate, when once resolved; she is habitually silent, as the wife of such a man as Coriolanus and daughter-in-law of such a woman as Volumnia would assuredly become, being naturally of a gentle disposition; and this combination of gentleness and silence is wonderfully drawn by Shakespeare. . . ." Clarke — *Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare.*

brows bound with oak: as a mark of honor for having saved the life of a citizen.

gilt: gilding.

mammocked: tore it in pieces.

crack: child; boy. (Slightly contemptuous.)

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

The tragedy of the Serpent of the Nile is, in some respects, the most marvelous of Shakespeare's plays. Its heroine is the greatest of his feminine creations. She is supremely feminine. The name of Cleopatra, Egypt's Queen, had, even in Plutarch's day, become a synonym for all that was alluring, dangerous, and desirable in woman. Shakespeare has pictured the last days of her fateful life in words and acts so vivid, so beautiful, and so tragic that she lives forever, the most pitiful and the most fascinating of women.

The story of the play Shakespeare had from Plutarch. He followed the events of the historian's account fairly faithfully. Marc Antony, sent to rule Egypt for Rome, fell under the spell of Cleopatra, as had Caesar before him. He forgot duty, country, and wife in the society of the lovely, capricious Queen. Fulvia, his wife, in order to call him back to Rome, stirred up some political troubles; but Antony did not return until he learned of her death. He did, indeed, then part from Cleopatra and return to Rome, where he became reconciled to Octavius Caesar and married Octavia, the sister of Octavius. But the fascination of Cleopatra was too potent. Back in Egypt with her he forgot all else. Octavius came with armies and a fleet against him. Antony was ignominiously defeated. Cleopatra, knowing herself to be to blame for his disgrace, and hoping to soften his possible resentment against her, had word of her death sent to Antony. She meant, when grief had wiped out her offense, to return to him. But Antony, believing her to be dead, found courage, at last, to kill himself. The victorious Octavius took possession of

the palace and Cleopatra retreated to a monument, accessible only through a high window. Here she intended to end her life. She had Antony's body brought to her and was attended only by a few faithful servants. The scene we have chosen is the last, the scene of her death by the sting of the famed asp. Here all of her weaknesses seem to fall away and leave her lovely, regal, and pitiful. Even in the shadow of death, with the asp waiting in the basket of grapes, she can play in momentary childish gayety, with the poor clown who brings the means of escape. Her need of love is always evident. She lives and dies for love. She exerts her charm for every one, and she must have love from every one — from each of the Romans in turn, and from her faithful girls. Love filled her life and in death she is lovely. Enobarbus describes her for us, as she appeared when Marc Antony first saw her:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the waters: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description. She did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
O'er picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
Stood pretty boys, like smiling cupids,
With divers-color'd fans whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did. . . .
Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adorings. At the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. . . .

MECAENAS

Now must Antony leave her utterly.

ENOBARBUS

Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. . . .

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Act V, Scene 2

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Cleopatra, *Queen of Egypt*
Charmian, *her companion*
Iras, *her companion*
Seleucus, *her treasurer*
Clown
Two Guards
Octavius Caesar, *ruler of Rome*
Dolabella, *his friend*
Gallus, *his friend*
Proculeius, *his friend*
Four Roman soldiers

Scene: — *Within the Monument at Alexandria. It is a gloomy place. Somewhere near lies the body of* Antony. Cleopatra *has come here with her devoted women to escape* Caesar, *to die. Two Egyptian* Soldiers *armed with spears guard her from intrusion. The* Queen, *lovely, sorrowful, but still clinging to life, her power and her splendor, and determined to cheat* Caesar *of his triumph if she can, sits on a sumptuous couch on a raised platform at the back of the scene. Her attendants,* Charmian *and* Iras, *recline on similar, smaller couches below the platform, to the right and left. The* Guards *stand on either side, down stage.*

We read in Plutarch that Proculeius *came to the gates of the monument and spoke with* Cleopatra *through them; that he saw how an*

entry might be made through an open window and reported that to Caesar. *A ladder was brought, and while* Gallus *spoke through the gate with* Cleopatra, Proculeius *entered by way of the window and seized the* Queen. *The directions in the play read:* "Enter to the gates of the Monument, Proculeius, Gallus and soldiers." *If our stage has stairs approaching from the auditorium, we may send the Romans in by this way, to find their path blocked for a moment by the Egyptian* Guards. *Other* Soldiers *may approach from the back, as though they had entered by the window, off stage. If we have no proscenium stairs, let* Proculeius *and his party enter down left.*

As the curtain rises we hear soft strains from some stringed instrument accompanying a dirge-like song. There is no movement on the stage until Iras *sobs and covers her face. Cleopatra's voice seems a deeper note in the funeral chant.*

Cleopatra

My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Caesar:
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds —

Enter Proculeius, Gallus *and two Roman* Soldiers *from the left. The Egyptian* Guards *bar the way with their spears.* Charmian *and* Iras *spring to their feet in alarm.*

Proculeius

Caesar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;

Cleopatra *rises and comes down slowly as he continues his speech.*

And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

The Queen *comes close to* Proculeius. *She looks at him fixedly, taking the measure of the man; and he, though a friend of conquering* Caesar, *is affected by her beauty, by her royal bearing, as well as by a sense of something dangerous in her allurement.*

CLEOPATRA

What's thy name?

PROCULEIUS

My name is Proculeius.

CLEOPATRA

Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you;

PROCULEIUS *makes an impulsive gesture to implore that trust, but she ignores it and continues bitterly.*

but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom. If he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

CLEOPATRA *turns away, to* IRAS, *on her right, to hide her tears of anger and despair on the breast of her maid.*

PROCULEIUS

Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

CLEOPATRA

Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

CLEOPATRA *can scarcely hide her scorn of the Romans beneath her show of humility. She is playing for time. She is horribly afraid to die, yet determined to do so rather than fall into Caesar's hands. She calls* CHARMIAN *to her with a gesture. The two* Maids *comfort her.*

PROCULEIUS

This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

GALLUS, *all this while, has been standing at left, expecting the signal from the* Soldiers *who are entering the Monument from the window. He now receives it; two Roman* Soldiers *enter from the back and come down, unperceived by the* Queen *and her* Women. GALLUS *speaks aside to* PROCULEIUS.

GALLUS

You see how easily she can be surpris'd.

GALLUS *signals to the two* Soldiers *with him, to disarm the Egyptian* Guards, *which they do. To* PROCULEIUS *and the* Soldiers *he says,*

Guard her till Caesar come.

GALLUS *rushes out, left. The* Maids, *terrified, sink at Cleopatra's feet. The Egyptian* Guards *are driven off left by the Roman* Soldiers.

IRAS

Royal queen!

CHARMIAN

O Cleopatra, thou art taken, queen!

CLEOPATRA

Quick, quick, good hands!

She draws a dagger from her girdle and would thrust it into her side; but PROCULEIUS *seizes and twists her hand so that the dagger falls to the floor. One of the* Guards *picks it up.*

PROCULEIUS

(*Speaking as he grasps her hand*)

Hold, worthy lady, hold!
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd but not betray'd.

He still holds her firmly. CLEOPATRA *despairs.*

CLEOPATRA

What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

CLEOPATRA *weeps and is not ashamed to let the Romans see her tears. Her passions are all great and stormy. Now her grief possesses her completely. Though not for a moment forgetting his duty,* PROCULEIUS *is moved to pity and deeper admiration. He releases her but keeps a watchful eye.*

PROCULEIUS

Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself. Let the world see
His nobleness acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

CLEOPATRA

Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

CHARMIAN *and* IRAS *add their lamentations to hers and the hardy* Soldiers *can scarcely endure their sorrow.*

PROCULEIUS

O, temperance, lady!

Now she lashes herself to a passion of rebellion and angry contempt against her captors.

CLEOPATRA

Sir, I will eat no meat. I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep, neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not be pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

PROCULEIUS

You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Caesar.

DOLABELLA *enters at the left. There is an exchange of salutes.*

DOLABELLA

Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows,
And he hath sent me for thee. For the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Cleopatra's head comes up, at this. She hopes she may find this man less hard than PROCULEIUS.

PROCULEIUS

So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best.

As DOLABELLA *comes forward to stand beside the* Queen, *and* PROCULEIUS *passes him on his way to the exit left, he says in lowered voice.*

Be gentle to her.

DOLABELLA *gives a sign of assent.* PROCULEIUS *addresses the* Queen.

To Caesar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

He stands respectfully, to hear her answer. With a tragic gesture, she replies.

CLEOPATRA

Say I would die.

After saluting, PROCULEIUS *goes out left, followed by the soldiers. It appears that* DOLABELLA, *without betraying the Roman cause, wishes to befriend* CLEOPATRA. *He has been a friend to* Antony. *He believes that* Antony *must have told her of this friendship.*

DOLABELLA

Most noble Empress, you have heard of me?

Cleopatra's perversity prompts her to tell an untruth. She knows well, all that Antony *knew of this friend of* CAESAR.

CLEOPATRA

(*Stares at him darkly and says.*)

I cannot tell.

DOLABELLA, *understanding her lack of trust in him, answers evenly.*

DOLABELLA

Assuredly, you know me.

CLEOPATRA

No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.

With a sudden change to tremulous eagerness — for she has determined to test him, to learn whether he may not have in his heart some of his former love for Antony *which may make him tender toward her — she asks.*

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

DOLABELLA

I understand not, madam.

CLEOPATRA

I dreamt there was an Emperor, Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

DOLABELLA

If it might please ye —

Now she abandons herself to a passion of admiration for dead Antony.

CLEOPATRA

His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted
The little O, the earth.

DOLABELLA *is amazed at her raptures, tries to recall her to herself.*

DOLABELLA

Most sovereign creature —

CLEOPATRA

His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied

As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was a rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping.

DOLABELLA

Cleopatra —

She turns to him now, making her appeal.

CLEOPATRA

Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?

DOLABELLA

(*Who knows how unlike a god* Antony *had been*)
Gentle madam, no.

CLEOPATRA

(*Rebuffed and infuriated, cries.*)
You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
Despairing.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
'Tis past the size of dreaming.

DOLABELLA

Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight. Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

This is comforting and encourages her to ask the question that is causing her such torment.

CLEOPATRA

I thank you, sir.
Know you what Caesar means to do with me?

DOLABELLA

I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

CLEOPATRA

(*Trembling*)
Nay, I pray you, sir —

DOLABELLA

(*Pitying her fear*)
Though he be honorable —

CLEOPATRA

He'll lead me then in triumph?

DOLABELLA

Madam, he will; I know't.

Her worst fears confirmed, the Queen *throws herself into the arms of* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS, *and the three weeping women shudder at the sound of imperial trumpets, now heard off stage to the left.*

GALLUS

(*Off stage*)
Make way there! — Caesar!

Enter from the left, CAESAR, *attended by* PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, Soldiers. *From the right, enter* SELEUCUS.

CAESAR

Which is the Queen of Egypt?

CLEOPATRA, *entwined with her girls, has taken a long moment to look at young* OCTAVIUS CAESAR, *Antony's friend and conqueror, the brother of Antony's wife,* Octavia. *In this moment she measures her strength against him.* DOLABELLA *recalls her —*

DOLABELLA

It is the Emperor, madam.

CLEOPATRA *has decided upon her course. She assumes a humility that she feels will affect* CAESAR. *She steps forward and sinks to her knees before him. The young conqueror protests.*

CAESAR

Arise, you shall not kneel.

She grovels at his feet.

I pray you, rise;

She is a heartbreaking picture of crushed majesty. His voice takes on a tone of curt command.

rise, Egypt!

CLEOPATRA

Sir, the gods
Will have it thus:

She rises and stands meekly before him.

my master and my lord,
I must obey.

CAESAR

Take to you no hard thoughts.
The record of the injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

CAESAR *is aware of the beauty and the charm of this famous woman; and her fascination is now increased by the pity which her forlorn state must inspire in any man. Her claim to compassion is increased by her attitude of appealing weakness.* CAESAR *knows — he has said — that if he can carry her in triumph to Rome, his fame will be eternal; and he does not trust her. He fears that she will destroy herself and cheat him of his glory. Consequently he listens to her submissive words with some doubts.*

CLEOPATRA

Sole heir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

CAESAR

Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce.
If you apply yourself to our intents —
Which towards you are most gentle — you shall find
A benefit in this change.

The ring of steel comes into his voice.

But if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely.

At these threats Cleopatra's head goes up again. She meets Caesar's glance directly. Each sounds the other's purpose.

I'll take my leave.

He makes an obeisance to her. She smiles bitterly at what seems to her a mockery.

CLEOPATRA

And may through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please.

The scene which follows has occasioned much criticism. It would seem to show CLEOPATRA *in an unlovely light, indeed, haggling for a fortune at the door of death. The interpretation offered by A. Strahr,*

and quoted in the Variorum, however, has been accepted generally and is as follows: CLEOPATRA *knew well that* CAESAR *would expect her to follow Antony's example, and die, rather than be led in triumph through Rome. She knew, moreover, that he would do everything possible to prevent her carrying out this purpose; yet she was firm in her intention to die, and had made all her plans to the last detail. In order to throw* CAESAR *off his guard and to persuade him that she was too cowardly to kill herself, she had arranged the little drama with* SELEUCUS. *If it were made to appear that she had stated her possessions falsely, and had tried to keep large sums from* CAESAR, *then he surely would believe that she meant to live and use these sums for herself. Her rage at* SELEUCUS, *therefore, is pretended, and the whole scene understood and played by her faithful steward, who, instead of betraying his* Queen *to* CAESAR, *is really saving her from him.*

CLEOPATRA *makes a sign to* SELEUCUS, *who comes forward, kneels, and gives her a scroll. This* CLEOPATRA *offers to* CAESAR.

CLEOPATRA

Here, my good lord.

CAESAR

You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA

This is the brief of money, plate and jewels
I am possessed of: 'tis exactly valu'd;
Not petty things admitted. —

CAESAR *takes the scroll.*

Where's Seleucus?

SELEUCUS

(*On his knees*)

Here, madam.

CLEOPATRA

This is my treasurer. Let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing.

She looks down at SELEUCUS *and he looks an instant at his* Queen, *then averts his eyes.*

Speak the truth, Seleucus.

SELEUCUS

Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, at my peril,
Speak that which is not.

CLEOPATRA

(*Assuming angry astonishment*)

What have I kept back?

SELEUCUS

(*Rising boldly, as though assured of Caesar's protection*)

Enough to purchase what you have made known.

This is received with amusement and interest by the Romans. CLEOPATRA *watches them shrewdly, hanging her head and drawing deep breaths of simulated anger and shame, working up that storm of passion that is to break on* SELEUCUS.

CAESAR

(*Giving the scroll to* GALLUS)

Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

CLEOPATRA

(*Giving full vent to her pretended wrath*)

See, Caesar, O, behold
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;

And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. — O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd! —

She flies at him with claw-like hands outstretched and he takes refuge behind a Roman soldier on the right.

What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes
Though they had wings!

The Soldier *steps aside and* SELEUCUS *falls on his face. The* Queen *kicks and stamps upon him.*

Slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

She tugs at him, to turn him over and carry out her threat against his eyes. CAESAR, *ashamed for her, interferes.*

CAESAR

Good Queen, let us entreat you.

Abandoning SELEUCUS, *who scrambles out of reach, she turns to* CAESAR.

CLEOPATRA

O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honor of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy!

She turns threateningly again to SELEUCUS, *who has ventured near. He darts away, with grins, trying, apparently, to curry favor with the Romans. The* Queen *turns again to* CAESAR.

Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity

As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler tokens have I kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have.

CLEOPATRA *here turns from* CAESAR *and some little sign, of the head, or of the hand, conveys to* SELEUCUS *that the play is over.* SELEUCUS, *in return, makes an answering gesture. These are not significant to the Romans.* CLEOPATRA, *acting the last line of her comedy, speaks to* SELEUCUS.

Pr'ythee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance. —

Once more, CLEOPATRA *pretends to threaten* SELEUCUS.

CAESAR

Forbear, Seleucus.

[SELEUCUS *goes out, right*

CLEOPATRA

Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Again she is gentle, submissive, pitiful; but watching furtively, to see whether her little drama has had its effect of throwing CAESAR *off his guard.*

CAESAR

(*Convinced that* CLEOPATRA *intends to live, and perhaps try to curry favor in Rome*)

Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure;

GALLUS *returns the scroll to* CAESAR *who returns it to* CLEOPATRA.

and believe
Caesar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheered;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear Queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel.

CAESAR *does not tell* CLEOPATRA *that he will take her to Rome. It was* DOLABELLA *who warned her of this intention. Now* CLEOPATRA *turns, smiling, and looks at* DOLABELLA, *who bows his head. This is her way of thanking him, of saying "*good-bye*" to him.* CAESAR, *who has concluded that* CLEOPATRA *is no more than a foolish, vain, weak-willed woman, continues kindly.*

Feed and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

In reply to his bow, CLEOPATRA *crosses her arms on her breast and bends humbly towards him.*

CLEOPATRA

My master and my lord!

CAESAR

(*Disclaiming any intention of humiliating her*)

Not so. Adieu.

Trumpets sound, and CAESAR, *with his* Captains, Soldiers, *and* Attendants, *goes out left.* CLEOPATRA, *left with her women, bursts out in hatred of* CAESAR.)

CLEOPATRA

He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself. But hark thee, Charmian.

She whispers certain instructions to CHARMIAN. IRAS, *watching, afraid that something may happen to interfere with the plan — for both girls have resolved to die with their* Queen — *urges haste.*

IRAS

Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

CLEOPATRA

(*Crossing left with* CHARMIAN)

Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;

She speaks of the means of their death, and a delicate shudder chills them.

Go, put it to the haste.

CHARMIAN

Madam, I will.

They are all cruelly startled by the reappearance of DOLABELLA, *who enters left.* IRAS *almost swoons from fear.* CHARMIAN *stands as though to protect* CLEOPATRA.

DOLABELLA

Where is the Queen?

CLEOPATRA, *feeling that this man is not an enemy, makes a sign to* CHARMIAN *to go on her fateful errand.*

CHARMIAN

Behold, sir.

[CHARMIAN *goes out left.* CLEOPATRA *speaks softly, wistfully*

CLEOPATRA

Dolabella!

DOLABELLA

Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,

I tell you this: — Caesar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will he send before.
Make your best use of this; I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

This is terrifying news, but no worse than she had suspected. The shock of it is softened, perhaps, by the knowledge that at the last she can still inspire faithful service in this Roman general. She gives him her hand.

CLEOPATRA

Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

He sinks to his knee, kissing her hand, then rises hastily.

DOLABELLA

I am your servant.

Adieu, good Queen; I must attend on Caesar.

Impulsively, CLEOPATRA *follows him to the exit at left, strips a rich jewel from her hand and presses it into his.*

CLEOPATRA

Farewell, and thanks.

DOLABELLA *goes out, left.* CLEOPATRA *looks after him, draws a long breath and spreads out her hands in farewell to all the Roman world. Now she begins to lash herself into a frenzy that shall make easy the final deed.*

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapor.

IRAS

The gods forbid!

CLEOPATRA

Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels. Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness.

IRAS

O, the good gods!
I'll never see it; for I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

CLEOPATRA

Why, that's the way
To fool their preparations and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Enter CHARMIAN, *left, her face shining with some high secret.*

Now, Charmian?

A gesture from CHARMIAN *tells* CLEOPATRA *that the tragic moment and the fatal instrument have arrived. The* Queen *sways weakly, trembling; now she gathers courage, raises her head and speaks gravely.*

Show me, my women, like a Queen: — go fetch
My best attires; — I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony.

Neither girl has moved to obey this command, for CHARMIAN *is waiting at left to learn of the coming of the expected one; and* IRAS, *almost dead with grief, lies on the couch at right. Now the* Queen *rouses her.*

Sirrah, Iras, go.

With an effort the girl rises. CLEOPATRA, *exalted by the thought of joining* Antony *in the shadows, runs to* CHARMIAN, *who cannot take her eyes from the door by which Death will enter.*

Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;
And when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.

IRAS *has crossed slowly to the right and as she pauses at the door the* Queen *commands.*

Bring our crown and all.

IRAS *goes out right. For an instant* CLEOPATRA *and* CHARMIAN *stand waiting. There is a noise of men's voices off left.* CLEOPATRA *becomes rigid.* CHARMIAN *runs right, sinks upon the couch, hiding her face.*

Wherefore's this noise?

Enter, left, one of the Egyptian Guards. *He sinks to one knee.*

GUARD

Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

CLEOPATRA

(*Fatefully*)

Let him come in.

The GUARD *rises and goes out left.* CLEOPATRA *speaks now as much to herself as to the trembling* CHARMIAN, *whose limbs refuse to bear her.*

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty!
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

The scene which follows is highly dramatic in its effect because of the contrast it presents between the exaltation of Cleopatra's resolve to die

"in the high Roman fashion" and the homely humor of the simple countryman. It reminds us that, though kings and queens and principalities may be destroyed, the world will go on about its ordinary business, undisturbed by these noble tragedies.

Re-enter the Egyptian Guard. *Past him trots a quaint old Egyptian farmer bearing a basket of figs covered with many leaves.* Charmian *rises and regards him with wide eyes.* Cleopatra *stands very still.*

Guard

This is the man.

Cleopatra

Avoid, and leave him.

The Guard *exits, left.* Cleopatra *does not speak at once to the clownish farmer, who stands, bobs a bow, nods and grins knowingly at her. Her lips refuse at first to frame the words; but at last she speaks gently, almost tenderly.*

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown

(*He is hearty and bluff, honest and ignorant. Like the rest of Shakespeare's clowns, he loves to talk; and his familiar manner is not an indication of disrespect toward his betters, but merely the expression of his own simplicity. He answers* Cleopatra *with eagerness, holding out his basket to her.*)

Truly I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal: those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleopatra

Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown

Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but some-

thing given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt —

Charmian gives a little gasping cry. Cleopatra, we are told, had taken much trouble to find a death that should be swift and painless. The Clown has perhaps overdone his story. The pain was put in for interest. Cleopatra hushes Charmian with a reassuring gesture. The Clown, taking another tone, strives to remove the bad impression.

Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Suddenly unable to endure his chatter, impatient to have done, Cleopatra speaks sharply to him.

Cleopatra

Get thee hence: farewell.

Clown

(Who would like to stay and gossip about the worm with the pretty ladies)

I wish you all joy of the worm.

He sets down the basket at Cleopatra's feet and backs away, left, bobbing and grinning.

Cleopatra

Farewell.

She is eager for him to be gone. He stops half way out the door and turns again, warning her.

Clown

You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

CLEOPATRA

(*In a fever to let the worm 'do his kind' and end her misery*)

Ay, ay; farewell.

CLOWN

(*Accepting his dismissal, again backing and bobbing, gets out, but hastily returns and comes close to* CLEOPATRA, *earnestly admonishing her to be careful.*)

Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

CLEOPATRA *is touched by this evidence of anxiety for her safety — the last she will ever know.*

CLEOPATRA

Take thou no care: it shall be heeded.

CLOWN

Very good.

He is bobbing away again, and again stops suddenly to say.

Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLEOPATRA

(*Able to laugh at this ridiculous fellow, even on the brink of eternity — and to laugh at herself, in asking, darkly*)

Will it eat me?

CLOWN

(*Delighted at Charmian's shudder*)

You must not think I am so simple, but I know that the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same devils do the gods great harm in their women, for in every ten they make, the devil mars five.

CLEOPATRA

(*Out of patience at last*)

Well, get thee gone: farewell.

CLOWN

Yes, forsooth:

A last bob at the door.

I wish you joy of the worm.

Exit the CLOWN, *left.* CLEOPATRA *raises both her arms high above her head and lets them fall, slowly, in a gesture that would seem to say* "I have finished." CHARMIAN *falls to her knees beside the basket, peering at it.* IRAS *comes in from the right, with the imperial robe and the crown.* CLEOPATRA *turns slowly to her.*

CLEOPATRA

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me.

CHARMIAN *rises and assists* IRAS, *who seems very weak and faint, to robe the* QUEEN. CLEOPATRA *speaks sorrowfully, yet with exultation.*

Now, no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip. —

The heavy robe slips from the trembling hands of IRAS *who is dying of grief.* CLEOPATRA *aids her to replace it.*

Yare, yare, good Iras! quick. — Methinks I hear
Antony call: I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act. — Husband, I come!
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. —

The girls have finished arranging her robe. Her crown is in place. IRAS, *at the right,* CHARMIAN *at the left, await her last command.*

So, — have you done?
Come, then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian: —

She kisses CHARMIAN, *who clings to her with passionate, despairing devotion.* CLEOPATRA *returns the embrace, then gently releases herself and turns to kiss* IRAS.

Iras, long farewell.

This poor girl tries to raise her arms to embrace the Queen, *but falls back upon the couch at right and dies, of a broken heart.* CLEOPATRA *regards her sadly.*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd.

She bends over IRAS, *taking her hand.*

Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

She turns from IRAS *and looks down at the basket, where the asps are hidden.* CHARMIAN *bursts out in lamentation.*

CHARMIAN

Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say
The gods themselves do weep.

CLEOPATRA

(*In haste to be gone and ready for the dreadful deed*)

This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have.

She takes up the basket.

Come, thou mortal wretch.

She ascends to her couch, at center, and places the basket near it. She thrusts her hands beneath the leaves and takes one of the asps. CHARMIAN, *watching her, cries out as* CLEOPATRA *presses the snake to her breast.*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and dispatch!

Slowly weakening, from the effect of the poison, she sinks upon the couch.

CHARMIAN

O eastern star!

CLEOPATRA

Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast
That sucks the nurse asleep?

CHARMIAN

(*Pressing her hands to her heart*)

O, break! O, break!

She crosses to kneel at Cleopatra's feet.

CLEOPATRA

(*Dying gently*)

As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle —
O, Antony! —

She takes the other asp from the basket and holds it to her arm.

Nay, I will take thee too.

What should I stay —

CLEOPATRA *sinks back upon the couch, dead.* CHARMIAN *lovingly finishes her sentence for her and arranges her beautifully for the last time.*

CHARMIAN

In this vile world? — So, fare thee well. —

She kisses the Queen, *then cries out in protest.*

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. —

She closes the Queen's eyes.

Downy windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal!

She looks fondly at the lovely dead woman and speaks to her as though she could hear, remembering that CLEOPATRA *had given her leave to play "till doomsday," after she had done her bidding.*

Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

CHARMIAN *arranges Cleopatra's crown and then takes the asp from her breast. She stands to the left of the* Queen. *From the left entrance, in great haste, comes a Roman* soldier. *He is followed by a second.*

FIRST ROMAN SOLDIER

Where is the Queen?

CHARMIAN

Speak softly; wake her not.

FIRST ROMAN SOLDIER

Caesar hath sent —

CHARMIAN

Too slow a messenger.

She presses the asp to her breast. The soldiers *do not see the snake, but they do see that something is wrong with the women.* CHARMIAN *speaks softly to her tiny liberator.*

O! come; apace; despatch. I partly feel thee.

Growing weak from the poison, she comes down to her couch, at left.

FIRST ROMAN SOLDIER

(*Calling off left*)

Approach, ho! All's not well: Caesar's beguil'd.

SECOND ROMAN SOLDIER

(*Looking off left*)

There's Dolabella sent from Caesar: call him.

The FIRST SOLDIER *turns to* CHARMIAN, *so the* SECOND SOLDIER *gives the alarm off left and remains at the door.*

FIRST ROMAN SOLDIER

What work is here?

He goes to IRAS, *sees that she is dead, approaches* CLEOPATRA, *backs away from her lovely corpse, and comes down to* CHARMIAN.

Charmian, is this well done?

CHARMIAN

It is well done, and fitting for a Princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier!

With this last sigh she dies. From the left enters DOLABELLA. *He knows what to expect, but asks the* Soldier.

DOLABELLA

How goes it here?

SECOND ROMAN SOLDIER

All dead.

DOLABELLA

Caesar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

GALLUS

(*Off stage, left*)

A way there! a way for Caesar!

Enter CAESAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and* Soldiers, *left.*

DOLABELLA

O, sir, you are too sure an augurer:
That you did fear, is done.

The Romans admire courage. In spite of his own disappointment, CAESAR *approves of the death of* CLEOPATRA, *which was braver than her life. He crosses and stands at her feet, looking at her.*

CAESAR

Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and being royal,
Took her own way. — The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

DOLABELLA

(*To the* GUARD)

Who was last with them?

FIRST ROMAN SOLDIER

A simple countryman that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

CAESAR

Poison'd then.

FIRST ROMAN SOLDIER

O Caesar!

Having obtained permission to speak further.

This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake.
I found her trimming up the diadem

Photograph by Stagg

Posed by students of Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles

CAESAR. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and being royal,
Took her own way.

Of her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

CAESAR

(*Still regarding the dead* Queen)

O noble weakness! —

DOLABELLA *goes to Cleopatra's head and looks closely at her. The* FIRST SOLDIER *crosses to the basket, kneels, and examines it.* CAESAR *ponders over the dead* CLEOPATRA.

She looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

DOLABELLA

(*Bending over her, speaks with a cold horror in his voice, as he realizes the means of her death.*)

Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

FIRST ROMAN SOLDIER

(*At the basket, cries out and springs back in horror.*)

This is an aspic's trail; and these fig leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

The discipline of the Romans will not permit more than a momentary recoil from this unaccustomed danger. CAESAR *even smiles sadly, as though admitting the fitness of the instrument which has cheated him.*

CAESAR

Most probable
That so she died. — Take up her bed
And bear her women from the monument.

Soldiers *take their places at the head and foot of the couches.*

She shall be buried with her Antony:
No grave on earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral,
And then to Rome. — Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

DOLABELLA, *standing at Cleopatra's head, salutes* CAESAR. *He is the last of all the gallant gentlemen who have loved the beautiful Egyptian. In his secret heart he mourns for her.*

CURTAIN

NOTES ON ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

parcel the sum of my disgraces: "that this fellow should add one more parcel or item to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own malice." Malone, quoted from Furness — *Variorum.*

when we fall, We answer others' merits: "When we, the great ones of the earth fail, it is not through our own fault, but through that of others, our subordinates; for the very eminence of our position, therefore, we are to be pitied." *Variorum.*

Go fetch my best attires: "She then calls for her diadem, her robes of state, and attires herself as if again for Cydnus, to meet Marc Antony. Coquette to the last, she must make Death proud to take her, and die phoenix-like, as she had lived, with all the pomp of preparations, luxurious in her despair. The death of Lucretia, of Portia of Arria, and others who died after the high Roman fashion is sublime according to the pagan ideas of virtue, and yet none of them so powerfully affect the imagination as the catastrophe of Cleopatra. The idea of this frail, timid, wayward woman dying with heroism from the mere force of passion and will, takes us by surprise. The Attic elegance of her mind, her poetical imagination, the pride of beauty and royalty predominating to the last, and the sumptuous and picturesque accompaniments with which she surrounds herself

in death, carry to extreme height that effect of contrast which prevails through her life and character." Mrs. Jameson — quoted from *Variorum.*

Clown: "The Clown enters with the asp, which Cleopatra had ordered. In him, Shakespeare introduces a dunderhead who, unwitting of the great act to which he had been summoned, cracks jokes about the bite of the worm of Nilus, and, like the Musicians in Romeo and Juliet, the Porter in Macbeth, and the Gravediggers in Hamlet, supplies the contrast between the exalted image of death and low ordinary life. It is not too distracting. Genuine tragic emotion is often stimulated thereby, so fearfully does life love to mingle the serious and the comic." Vischer — quoted from *Variorum.*

Dost fall? "The context implies that the cause of Iras' death was grief at the leave-taking, which is also the opinion of the present editor." Cambridge Edition, quoted by Editor of Variorum Edition.

Peace, peace: "These few words — the contrast between the tender beauty of the image and the horror of the situation — produce an effect more intensely mournful than all the ranting in the world. The generous devotion of her women adds to the moral charm which alone was wanting; and when Octavius hurries in to save his victim, and exclaims when gazing on her — 'She looks like sleep — As she would catch another Antony in her strong toil of grace,' the image of her beauty and her irresistible arts, triumphant even in death, is at once brought before us, and one masterly and comprehensive stroke consummates this most wonderful, most dazzling delineation." Mrs. Jameson — quoted from *Variorum.*

thy thoughts touch their effects: thy forebodings are realized here.

something blown: The flesh is somewhat puffed or swoln. Johnson.

caves of Nile: "Alexandria was supplied with water brought from the Nile in underground canals; which may be the caves meant." Hudson.

high events as these: "The very causers of events like the present, cannot help being touched by them: and the pitifulness of them will set them as high in fame, as conquest will the person that wrought them." Capell.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare: with Dr. Johnson's Preface, a Glossary and an account of each play, and a Memoir of the Author by the Reverend William Harness, M.A. George F. Cooledge and Brother, New York.

Variorum Edition of Shakespeare's Plays. Horace Howard Furness. J. B. Lippincott and Company, Philadelphia.

The Works of William Shakespeare. Windsor Edition, Cambridge Text. W. A. Wright, Editor.

Modern Readers' Shakespeare. Society of Shakespeare Editors, New York.

William J. Rolfe Edition of Shakespeare's Plays. Harper and Brothers, New York.

The Leopold Shakespeare. N. Delius. F. J. Furnivall.

Works of William Shakespeare. W. G. Clark and W. A. Wright, Editors. The Macmillan Company

Riverside Edition. Richard Grant White.

Avon Edition. J. S. Hart.

Works of William Shakespeare. J. O. Halliwell, Esq. John Tallis and Company, New York and London.

Eversley Edition. C. H. Harford.

Hudson Edition.

Swan Edition of Shakespeare's Works. Ferguson.

Rugby Edition. C. E. Moberly. Rivington, London.

Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare. C. and M. C. Clarke.

Pictorial Shakespeare. Knight. George Routledge and Sons, New York.

The Illustrated Shakespeare. Verplank.

Shakespeare and His Times. Guizot, trans. Harpers, New York, 1852.

William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man. Mabie.

William Shakespeare. Brandes, trans. Archer, White and Morrison, Heimenam, London, 1896.

Lectures on Shakespeare. Rev. H. N. Hudson.
Shakespeare on the Stage. William Winter. Moffat, Yard and Company.
Shakespeare's Garden of Girls. Anonymous.
New Shakespeare Society Publications. Ed. Harold Littledale. N. Tribner and Co., London.
Shakespeare's Female Characters "Beatrice." Blackwood's Magazine, 1885. Lady Helena Faucit Martin.
Studies of Shakespeare. George Fletcher. Longmans, London, 1847.
Characteristics of Women. Mrs. Jameson.
Psychology of Shakespeare. Sir John Bucknill, M.D. Longmans, London.
Authorship of Shakespeare's Plays. Theobald. Budleigh Salterton, London.
Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff. Morgann. T. Davis, London, 1877.
Characters of Shakespeare's Plays. W. Hazlitt.
Notes and Lectures on Shakespeare. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, New University Library, Routledge, 1908.
Life of Shakespeare. W. J. Rolfe. Dana Estes.
Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth. W. Hazlitt.
Court Revels in the Reign of Henry VII. A. T. Goodwin.
History of the Reign of Henry V. T. Goodwin. S. and J. Sprint, London, 1904.
English Masques. Herbert Arthur Evans. Scribner.
Social England. Ed. H. D. Traill, D. C. L. Putnam's Sons.
Lives of the English Queens, Vols. I and II. Agnes Strickland.
A Student's History of England. Samuel T. Goodwin. Longmans, Green & Co.
Chronicles of Englande, Ireland and Scotland. Holinshed.
Lives of Famous Greeks and Romans. Plutarch. Harvard Classics.
Chronicles. Jean Froissart. Harvard Classics.

INDEX

Adam . . . in *As You Like It* 3
Agincourt 155
Alice . . . in *Henry V* 157–163, 164
All's Well That Ends Well 268–287
Amagnac, Duke de 187
Angelo . . . in *Measure for Measure* 289, 290, 294–308
Angiers 187
Anjou and Maine 199
Anne Bullen . . . in *Henry VIII* 249–267
Anne Bullen Meets the King 252
Anne of Bohemia 88, 111
Antonio . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* 45
Antony and Cleopatra 324–359
  Reference 311
Aristotle 57
Arragon, Prince of . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* 43
As You Like It 3–23
Assistants to the Gardener . . . in *Richard II* 92
Attendants to Desdemona . . . in *Othello* 61
Attendants to Northumberland . . . in *Richard II* 141
Attendants to Othello . . . in *Othello* 61
Audrey . . . in *As You Like It* 3
Aufidius . . . in *Coriolanus* 312

Basset . . . in *Henry VI, Part I* 187
Beadle of St. Alban's . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* 202–219
Beatrice . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* 46–55
Beaufort, Cardinal . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* . . 186, 199, 202–223
Beaufort, John . . . in *Henry VI*, see Somerset, Duke of
Bedford, Duke of . . . in *Henry V* 164–170, 179, 182
Benedick . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* 43, 44, 45
Bertram, Count of Rousillon . . . in *All's Well That Ends Well* 268–271
Betrothal, The 164
Black Prince, The 88, 112
Blunt, Sir Walter . . . in *Henry IV, Part I* 119, 123, 124, 126, 139, 146–147
Bolingbroke . . . (see also *Henry IV*) 90, 91, 98–115
Bona, Princess 233
Borachio . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* 44, 45

Bordeaux 274
Brabantio . . . in *Othello* 58
Buckingham, Duke of . . . in *Henry VI* 202, 220–223
Buckingham, Duke of . . . in *Henry VIII* 250
Bullen, Anne . . . in *Henry VIII*, see Anne Bullen
Burgundy, Duke of . . . in *Henry V* 164–170, 179–182

Cade, Jack . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* 201
Caesar . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* . . 324, 327, 336–343, 356–358
Caius Marcius . . . see *Coriolanus*
Cassio, Michael . . . in *Othello* 58, 59, 61–87
Celia . . . in *As You Like It* 4, 5, 6–13, 20
Chamberlain, the Lord . . . in *Henry VIII* 347–362
Charles VI of France 88, 156, 164–170, 179–182, 186
Charmian . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 327–358
Chaucer 3, 89
Citizens of Cyprus . . . in *Othello* 61
Civil War 235
Claudio . . . in *Measure for Measure* 289–293
Claudio . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* 41, 42, 43, 47
Cleopatra . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 324–359
Clown . . . in *All's Well That Ends Well* 272–277, 287
Clown . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 327, 348–351
Coleridge 88, 268
Conrade . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* 44, 45
Corin . . . in *As You Like It* 6–13
Coriolanus 311–323
Coriolanus . . . in *Coriolanus* 311, 312, 322, 323
Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury . . . in *Henry VIII* 250
Cymbeline 60
Cyprus, Isle of . . . in *Othello* 57, 61

Dauphin . . . in *Henry V* 155
Dauphin . . . in *Henry VI, Part I* 186
Death of Cleopatra, The 327
Desdemona . . . in *Othello* 58, 59, 60, 79, 80
Disgrace of Michael Cassio, The . . . in *Othello* 61
Dogberry . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* 44, 45
Dolabella . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 327
Don John . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* 43, 44, 45
Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* 43, 44, 45
Douglas . . . in *Henry IV, Part I* 144, 150
Duc d'Orleans . . . in *Henry V* 155

Edward of Lancaster, Prince of Wales . . . in *Henry VI, Part III* 233, 235, 242, 243

Edward IV (Edward of York) . . . in *Henry VI, Parts II and III* 199, 233
Eglamour, Sir . . . in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* 26, 28
Egyptian guards . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 327
Eleanor, Duchess of Gloster, see Gloster, Duchess of
Elizabeth . . . in *Henry VIII* 251
Reference in notes on *Henry V* 182
Elizabeth, Lady Gray, Queen of England 233
Emilia . . . in *Othello* 59, 79, 80
English Lesson, The 157
Enobarbus . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 325, 326
Exeter, Duke of . . . in *Henry V* . 164–170, 179–182, 235, 242, 243

Falconers . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* 202
Falstaff, Sir John, reference in *Henry IV, Part I* 114–118
Famagusta . . . in *Othello* 61
Fletcher . . . in Introduction to *Henry VIII*, reference . . . 249
Ford, Mistress . . . in Introduction to *Othello*, reference . . . 60
Forest of Arden . . . in *As You Like It* 3, 6
France, King of . . . in *All's Well That Ends Well* . . . 269–271
France, King of . . . in *Henry V*, see Charles VI of France
Frederick, Duke . . . in *As You Like It* 3
Friar . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* 45
Froissart 154
Fulvia . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 324

Gallus . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 327
Gamelin, Tale of . . . Chaucer, reference 3
Ganymede (Rosalind) . . . in *As You Like It* 4, 21
Gardener, The . . . in *Richard II* 92, 96–101
Gentlemen of the Court, attending upon the king . . . in *Henry VIII* 252
Gentlemen of the Court, guests of the Cardinal . . . in *Henry VIII* 252
Gentlemen of the Guard . . . in *Othello* 61
Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia . . . in *Coriolanus* 313
Glendower, Owen . . . in *Henry IV, Part I* . . . 116, 124, 125
Gloster, Duchess of . . . in *Henry VI* 186, 200, 224–232
Gloster, Duke of . . . in *Henry V* 164–170, 179–182
Gloster, Duke of . . . in *Henry VI* . . 186, 187, 199, 200, 202–223 224–230
Guards, Egyptian . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 327
Guards to the King . . . in *Richard II* 102
Guildford, Sir Henry . . . in *Henry VIII* 252–265

Hal, Prince of Wales . . . in *Henry IV, Part I*, see *Henry V*
Hamlet — Claudio compared with . . . in Introduction to *Measure for Measure* 292

Haroun el Raschid . . . in Introduction to *All's Well That Ends Well*, reference 289
Harry Monmouth, Prince of Wales . . . in *Henry IV*, see Henry V
Harry Hotspur . . . in *Henry IV*, see Hotspur
Harry Percy, see Hotspur
Hastings . . . in *Henry IV* 118
Helena . . . in *All's Well That Ends Well* . . . 268–272, 279–287
Henry of Lancaster, Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV (see also *Henry IV*) 111
Henry IV 114–147, 152, 153
Henry IV, Part I 114–153
Henry V, Prince Hal . 114–118, 138–147, 149–153, 154–156, 164–183
Henry V 164–183
Henry VI 185, 199, 233
Contrasted with Richard II 246
Henry VI, Part I 185–198
Henry VI, Part II 199–232
Henry VI, Part III 233–248
Henry VIII 249, 252, 260–267
Henry VIII 249–267
Herald, A . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* 224, 229
Herald, A . . . in *Othello* 61, 62
Hermione . . . in Introduction to *Othello*, reference 60
Hero . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* . . 43–45, 46–53, 54, 55, 56
Hero and Leander . . . Marlowe, reference 19
Holinshed 88
Hotspur (Harry Percy) 114, 115, 116, 117, 119
Hotspur Defies the King 119
Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, see Gloster, Duke of . . . in *Henry VI*

Iago . . . in *Othello* 57–87
Imogene . . . compared with Rosalind and Julia 25
Compared with Desdemona 60
Inhabitant of St. Alban's . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* . 202, 209–219
Iras . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 327–358
Isabella . . . in *Measure for Measure* 289–292, 296–307
Compared with Portia 309
Isabella Pleads for the Life of Her Brother 294
Isabelle, Queen of England . . . in *Richard II* . 88, 92–109, 113, 154
Isabelle, Queen of France . . . in *Henry V* . . . 164–170, 179–182

Jacques . . . in *As You Like It* 3, 5
James I, King of England 251
Jessica, . . . compared with Julia, Rosalind, Portia, Viola, Imogene 25

Jester . . . in *Henry VI* 202
Joan of Arc . . . in *Henry VI, Part I*, Introduction 186
John, Prince . . . in *Henry IV, Part I* 118
John of Gaunt 90, 111
Julia . . . in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* 24–42
Julia Receives a Love-Letter 27
Juliet . . . in *Measure for Measure* 290
Junius Brutus . . . in *Coriolanus* 311

Katherine, wife of Hotspur 116
Katherine of Aragon . . . in *Henry VIII* 249, 250
Katherine of Valois . . . in *Henry V* 155–184

Ladies attending on the Queen . . . in *Richard II* 92, 102
Ladies of the court of France . . . in *Henry V* 164
Laertes . . . in Introduction to *All's Well That Ends Well*, reference 268
Lafeu . . . in *All's Well That Ends Well* 271
Lamplighter, A . . . in *Othello* 61
Lancaster, House of 185, 186
Lancastrian soldier who killed his son . . . in *Henry VI, Part III* 235, 239–242, 328, 333–336
Lancastrian soldier who killed his father . . . in *Henry VI, Part III* 235, 237–241, 328, 333–336
Langland 110
Laviche, the clown . . . in *All's Well That Ends Well* 272
Lawyers . . . in *Henry VI, Part I* 188
Leonato . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* 43–45
Leonatus . . . in *Cymbeline*, reference 60
Leontes, King of Sicily . . . in *Winter's Tale*, reference . . . 59
Lords in attendance on Burgundy . . . in *Henry V* 164
Lords in attendance on the King . . . in *Henry IV, Part I*. 119, 139
Lords of the court of France . . . in *Henry V* 164
Lovell, Sir Thomas . . . in *Henry VIII* 252–265
Lucetta . . . in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* 27–41
Lucio . . . in *Measure for Measure* 294, 296–307

Maids of Honor . . . in *Henry VIII* 252
Marc Antony . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 324
Marcius . . . see *Coriolanus*
Margaret . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* 46–48
Margaret of Anjou, Queen of England . . . in *Henry VI, Parts I, II, and III* . . 186, 187, 199, 200, 202–223, 233, 234, 235, 242, 243, 247
Marie, sister to Isabelle and Katherine of Valois 155

Marlowe 19
Masque of Hymen 4
Masque of Shepherds . . . in *Henry VIII* . . . 249, 260, 261, 266
Mayor of St. Alban's . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* . . . 202, 210–219
Measure for Measure 289–310
Mecaenas . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 326
Men of London Streets . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* 224
Menenius . . . in *Coriolanus* 312
Merry Wives of Windsor, reference 60
Messina 46
Michael Cassio . . . in *Othello*, see Cassio
Milan 24
Miracles, Two 202
Monmouth, Harry, see *Henry V*
Montano . . . in *Othello* 61
Mortimer, Edmund . . . in *Henry IV, Part I* 116
Mowbray, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk . . . in *Richard II* . . . 90
Much Ado About Nothing 46–54
Musicians . . . in *Henry VIII* 252
Mustapha . . . in Introduction to *Othello*, reference 57

Nerissa . . . in *Merchant of Venice*, reference 42
North, Sir Thomas 311
Northumberland, Earl of . . . in *Henry IV, Part I* . . . 119–137
Northumberland, Earl of . . . in *Richard II* 102, 105–109

Octavia . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra*, reference 324
Octavius, see Caesar
Officers . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* 224
Oliver . . . in *As You Like It*, reference 3–5
Orlando . . . in *As You Like It*, reference 3–5
Orleans 187
Othello . . . in *Othello* 57–63, 74–80
Othello 57–87

Parolles . . . in *All's Well That Ends Well* 366, 368
Parting, The 102
Percy, Henry, Earl of Northumberland, see Northumberland
Percy, Henry or Harry, see Hotspur
Percy, Thomas, Earl of Worcester . . . in *Henry IV, Part I* 119–137
Perfect Lover, The 6
Phebe . . . in *As You Like It* 4–18, 19, 20
Pierce of Exton, Sir . . . in Introduction to *Richard II*, reference 91
Plantagenet, Richard, see York, Duke of

Plutarch 311, 324
Polonius . . . in *Hamlet*, reference 268
Portia . . . in *Merchant of Venice*, compared with Julia . . 25, 42
Compared with Isabella 309
Prince Hal Is Called to Duty 221
Prince of Wales . . . in *Henry IV*, see Henry V
Prince of Wales . . . in *Henry VI*, see Edward of Lancaster
Proculeius . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 327
Proteus . . . in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, reference . . . 24, 25, 26
Provost . . . in *Measure for Measure* 294
Punishment of the Duchess, The 224

Reignier, King of Anjou, reference 186
Richard II 88–113
Richard II 88–91, 102–113, 114, 115
Contrasted with Henry VI 246
Roderigo . . . in *Othello* 58, 59, 61
Roman Soldiers . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 327
Romans 311
Romeo and Juliet, reference 18
Rosalind . . . in *As You Like It* 3–5, 6–13, 18–23
Rosalynde 3
Roses, Wars of . . . see War of the Roses
Rousillon, Count of, see Bertram, Count of Rousillon
Rousillon, Countess of . . . in *All's Well That Ends Well* 268–287
Rowland de Bois, Sir . . . in *As You Like It*, reference . . . 3

St. Alban's 199–201
Sands, Lord . . . in *Henry VIII* 252–265
Saxton 128
Schubert, Franz, reference 26
Seleucus . . . in *Antony and Cleopatra* 327
Servant to Angelo . . . in *Measure for Measure* 294
Servants . . . in *Henry VIII* 252
Servants to Gloster . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* 224
Shallow, Justice, reference 117
Sheriff, The . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* 224
Shrewsbury, Earl of . . . in *Henry VI*, see Talbot
Shrewsbury, Battle of 116
Sicily 46
Sicinius . . . in *Coriolanus*, reference 311
Silvia . . . in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* 24, 25, 26
Silvius . . . in *As You Like It* 4, 6–18
Simpcox, Saunder . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* 202
Soldiers of Lancaster and of York . . . in *Henry VI, Part III* . 235
Soldier's Wife, A 313

Somerset, Duke of (John Beaufort) . . . in *Henry VI, Part I* . 188
Stanley, Sir John . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* 224
Steward . . . in *All's Well That Ends Well* 272
Stories of the Plays
All's Well That Ends Well 268
Antony and Cleopatra 324
As You Like It 3
Coriolanus 311
King Henry IV, Part I 114
King Henry IV, Part II 116
King Henry V 154
King Henry VI, Part I 185
King Henry VI, Part II 199
King Henry VI, Part III 233
King Henry VIII 249
King Richard II 88
Measure for Measure 289
Much Ado About Nothing 43
Othello 57
Suffolk, Earl of (William de la Poole) . . . in *Henry VI, Part I* 188, 200, 202
Sylvius . . . in *As You Like It*, see Silvius

Tacitus 152
Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury . . . in *Henry VI* 187
Tarquins . . . in *Coriolanus*, reference 311
Tiberius . . . reference in Plutarch 152
Titian 268
Torchbearers . . . in *Henry VIII* 252
Touchstone . . . in *As You Like It*, reference 4
Townsmen of St. Alban's . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* 188
Towton 235
Trumpeters . . . in *Henry VIII* 252
Tuscany 268
Two Gentlemen of Verona 24

Ursula . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* 47–53
Usher attending on Valeria . . . in *Coriolanus* 313

Valentine . . . in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* 24, 25, 26
Valeria . . . in *Coriolanus* 313
Venice 58
Vernon, Sir Richard . . . in *Henry IV* 148
Vernon . . . in *Henry VI, Part I* 188
Verona 24
Vienna 289
Vienna, Duke of . . . in *Measure for Measure* 289

Viola . . . in *Twelfth Night*, reference 25
Virgilia . . . in *Coriolanus* 313, 323
Volscians . . . in *Coriolanus* 311
Volumnia . . . in *Coriolanus* 313

Walworth, Mayor of London 111
War of the Roses 185, 188, 233
Warwick, Duke of . . . in *Henry V* 164
Warwick, Earl of . . . in *Henry VI, Parts I, II* and *III* 188, 200, 233
Wat Tyler 111
Westmoreland, Earl of . . . in *Henry V* 164
White Rose and the Red, The 188
Wife of Saunder Simpcox . . . in *Henry VI, Part I* 202
William de la Poole . . . in *Henry VI*, see Suffolk, Earl of
Winchester, Bishop of . . . in *Henry VI*, see Beaufort, Cardinal
Winter's Tale, reference 59
Wolsey, Cardinal . . . in *Henry VIII* 249, 252
Women of London . . . in *Henry VI, Part II* 224
Wycliffe 110

York, Duke of (Richard Plantagenet) . . . in *Henry VI* . . . 188, 199, 233, 243
York, House of 187, 243
Young Queen's Grief, A 92

160
7/+

A
y
1

DATE DUE

3 5134 00147 5405

817
S5
PR 263 .G7
Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.
Short scenes from
Shakespeare ad how to act

B
are subject to the rules governing those libraries.

NO CHARGE FOR BOOKS.—The books circulated by the State Library are free to all citizens of Oregon who will agree to observe the rules of the library and pay transportation charges both ways. Shipment is made by mail or express and all prepaid charges, including insurance on valuable books, must be remitted upon receipt or return of package.

BORROWERS.—Adults become registered borrowers upon application for service. Minors should give signature of parent or teacher with first request. Use library registration number on all succeeding requests, and give rural route or necessary information if package is to be delivered to country address. PRINT NAME or write plainly. Those living in towns having free public libraries must borrow through them. Loans for school use are charged on school cards when request is made or authorized by principal or superintendent, otherwise the charge is a personal one.

NUMBER OF VOLUMES.—Any reasonable request for books will be granted if applicant wishes them for study or for relending and books are not needed elsewhere.

TIME KEPT.—Books must be received at State Library within 28 days from date of loan. They may be renewed for the same period, upon request, unless reserved for other borrowers. Date upon which books will be due in library is given on notice of shipment. Some books will be issued for shorter periods and may not be renewed, and some collections for schools and clubs are lent for eight weeks.

FINES.—A fine of one cent a day must be paid for books kept, without renewal, beyond period for which loan is made. Notice will be sent when books are five days overdue without having been renewed. No book will be lent to anyone who has failed to meet the obligations of borrowers as given in these rules.

LOST AND INJURED BOOKS MUST BE PAID FOR.—The number of pieces lent is given on notification postal and borrowers are held responsible for this number unless notice of shortage or error is sent immediately upon receipt of package.

BOOKS MUST NOT BE MARKED, MUST BE KEPT CLEAN, AND CORNERS OF LEAVES MUST NOT BE TURNED DOWN.

THE
J.K.GILL CO.
FIFTH AND STARK
PORTLAND
ORE.

S0-CEK-477